BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

VOL. 3: NO. 1.

JANUARY, 1931

In this issue—

F. Britten AUSTIN

Rosita Forbes

ACHMED ABDULLAH

"EVERYWOMAN"

by May Edginton

"PRIVATE LIFE OF THE GANGSTER"

by C. Patrick Thompson

Beatrice GRIMSHAW

Cutcliffe Hyne

Hannen SWAFFER

1/-

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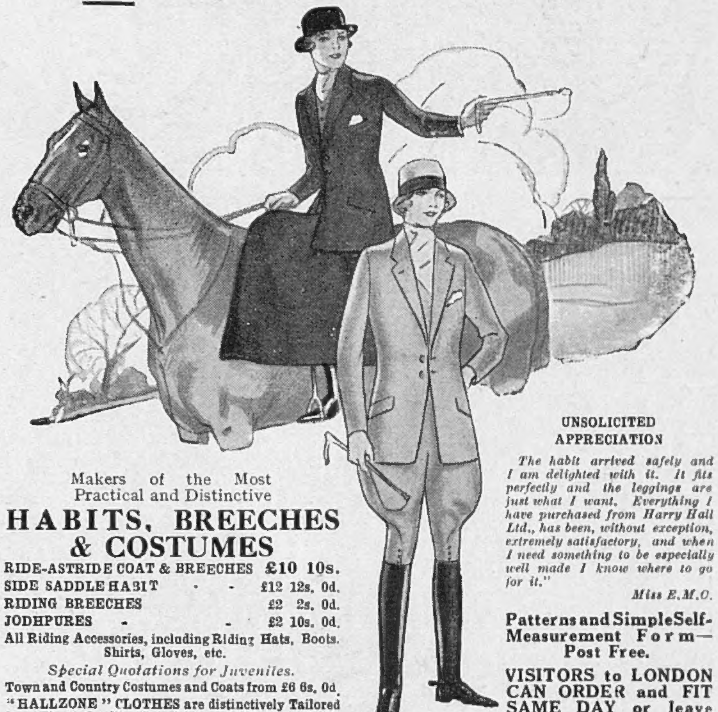

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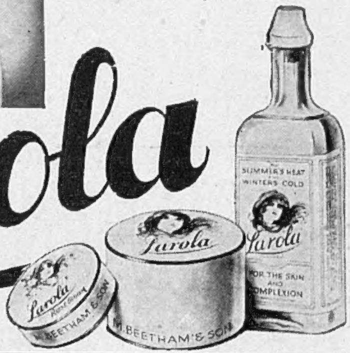

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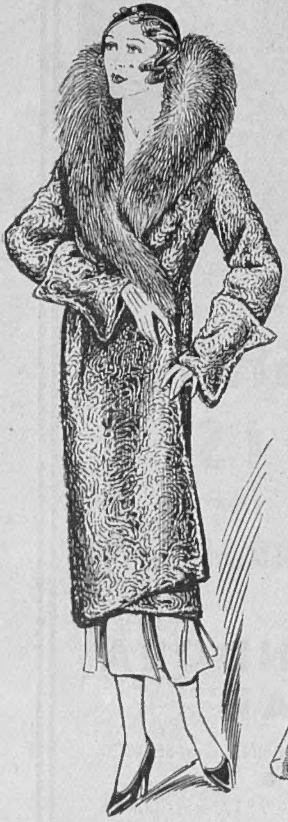
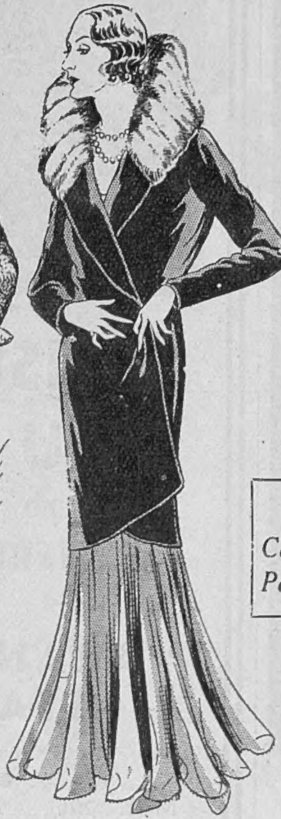


12 HANDSOME FUR COATS in natural Russian foalskin and beaver, etc., of which sketch, in beige dyed American broadtail and white dyed fox, is a typical example. Original prices 79 to 98 gns.

SALE PRICE **59 Gns.**



ATTRACTIVE EVENING COAT in black ring velvet with becoming collar of white sheared coney fur, warmly interlined and lined throughout in white rayon satin. EXCEPTIONAL VALUE. Actual value 8½ guineas.

SALE PRICE **98/6**

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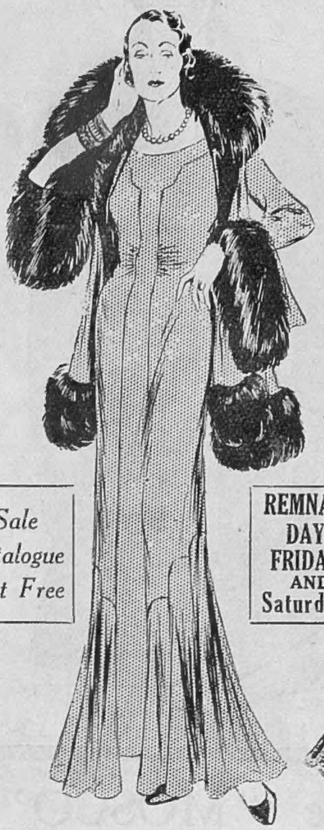

SMART DINNER ENSEMBLES, various styles and materials of which sketch copy of a Worth model in heavy quality georgette, coat of georgette richly trimmed fur and lined velvet, is an example.

Original prices 28½ to 45 gns.

SALE PRICE **18½ Gns.**

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DAYS
FRIDAYS
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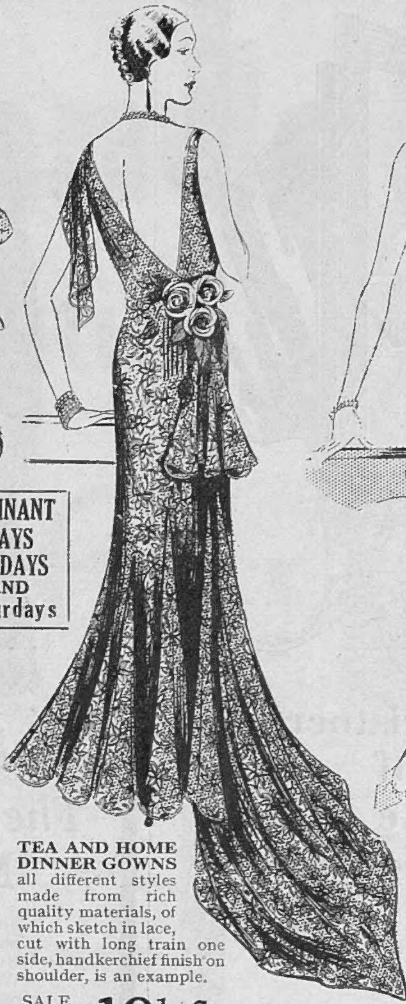
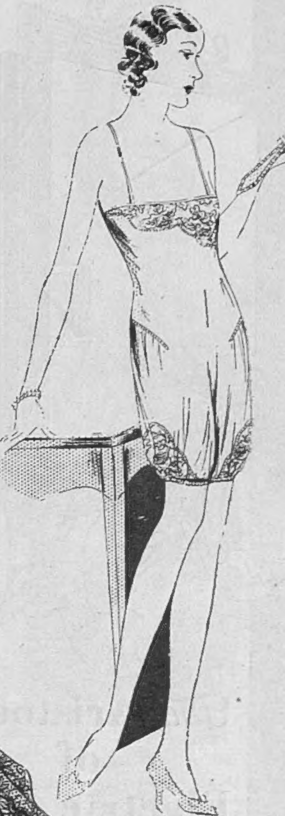
Saturdays



TEA AND HOME DINNER GOWNS all different styles made from rich quality materials, of which sketch in lace, cut with long train one side, handkerchief finish on shoulder, is an example.

SALE PRICE **10½ Gns.**



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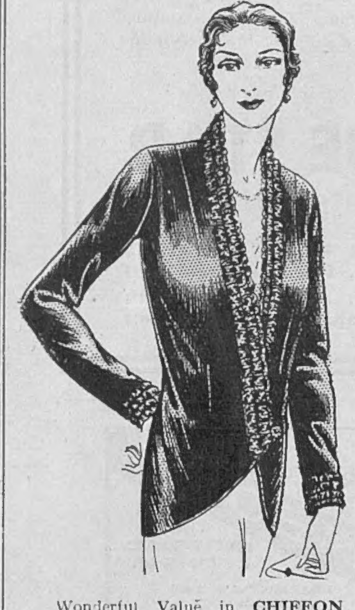

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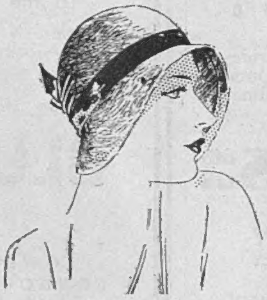
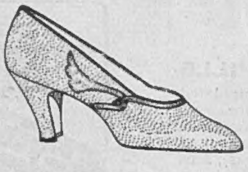


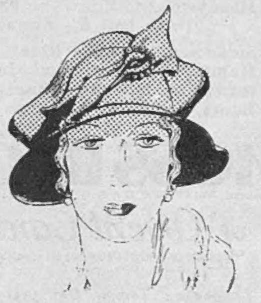
NEW SMALL BRIMMED HAT for early spring wear; hand made; in fine quality felt, in black and good colours. Actual value 49/6.

SALE PRICE **39/6**



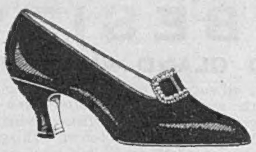
CREPE DE CHINE EVENING SHOE with satin strappings. In moss or jade green, sable and parchment, Spanish-Louis heel. Hand sewn.

SALE PRICE **39/6** per pair



BECOMING HATS in felt, velvet and velour, of which sketch in brown felt is an example. Original prices 5 to 5½ gns.

SALE PRICE **49/6**



BLACK SATIN COURT SHOE, with flexible beaded buckle, a comfortable and well-fitting shoe.

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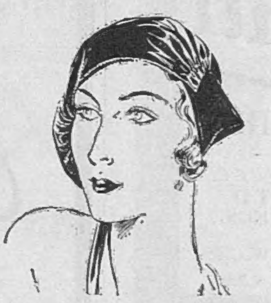

ATTRACTIVE VELVET CAPS, all different shapes and colours, of which sketch, softly draped, is an example Original Price 52/6.

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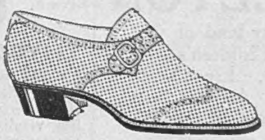

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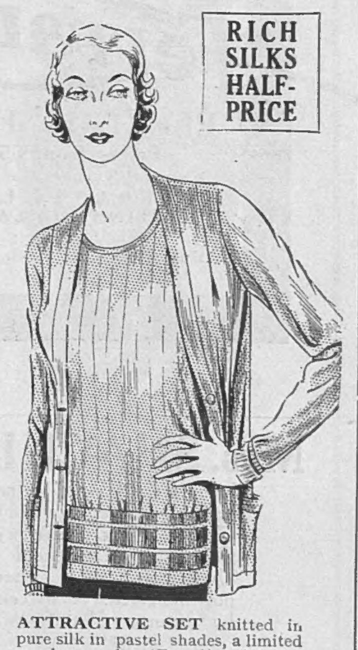

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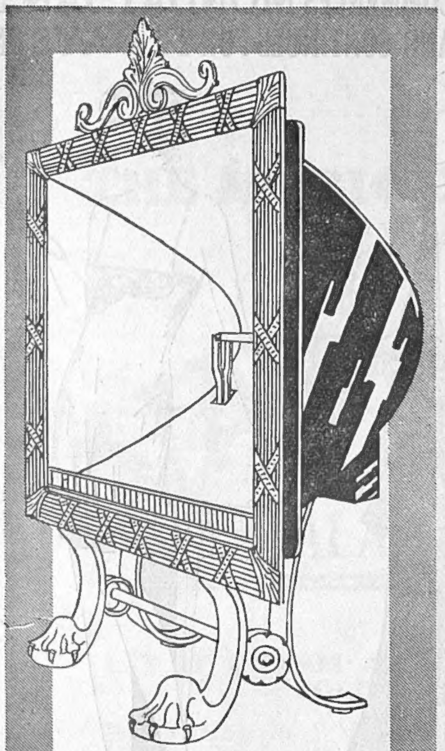

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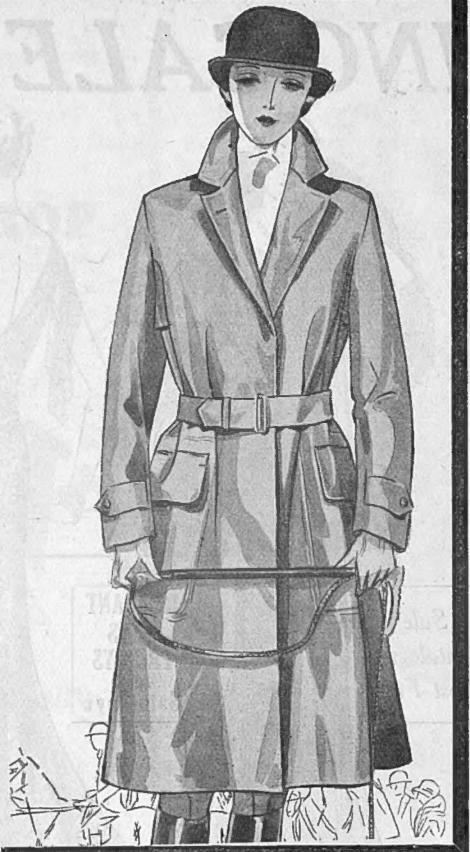

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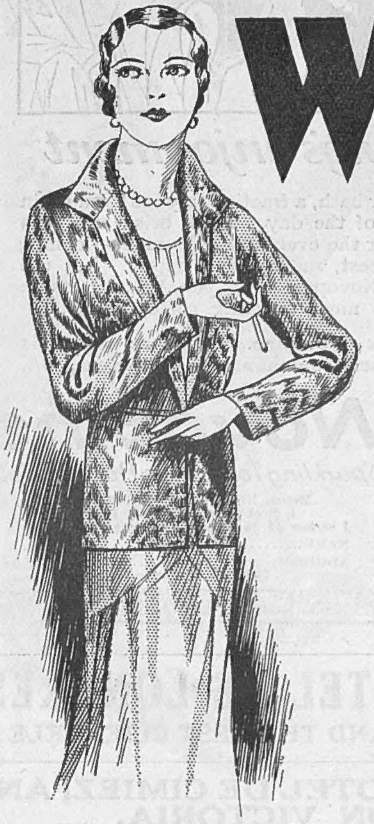

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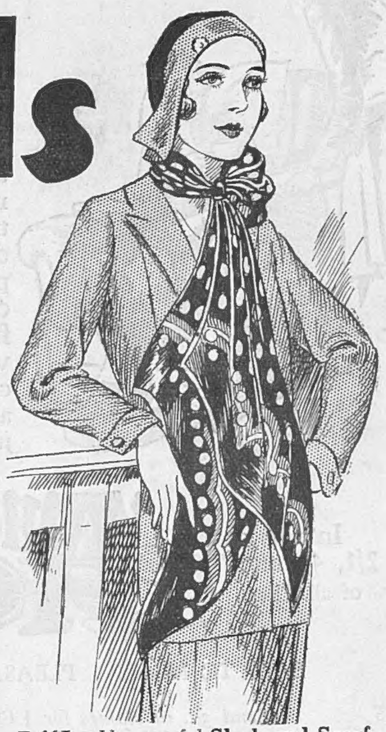

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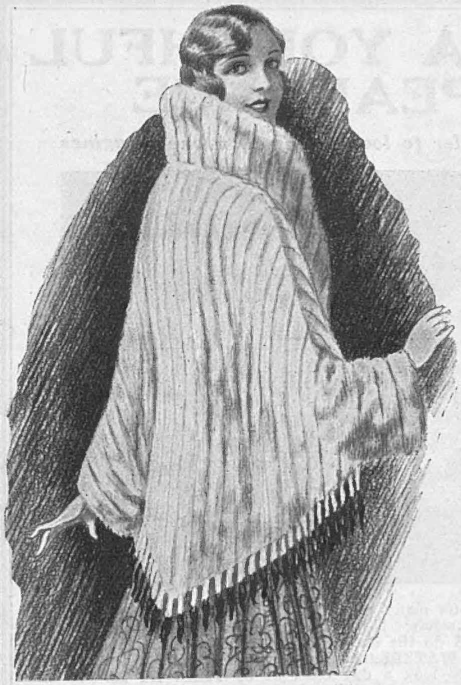

O.5.—A very effective and useful **Bridge Coatee** in White Coney, trimmed real Ermine tails, lined ruched crêpe-de-Chine.
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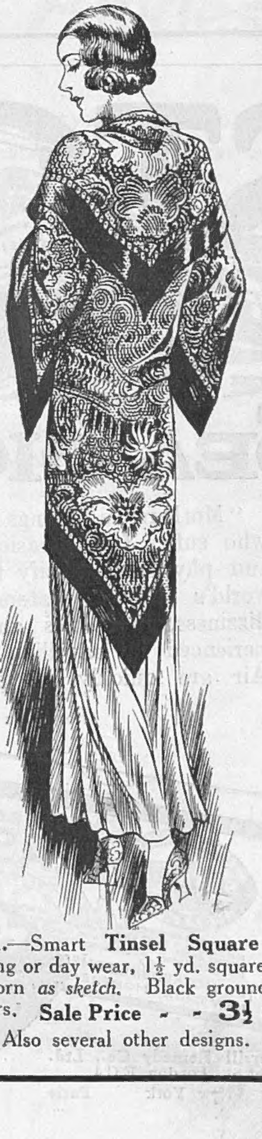

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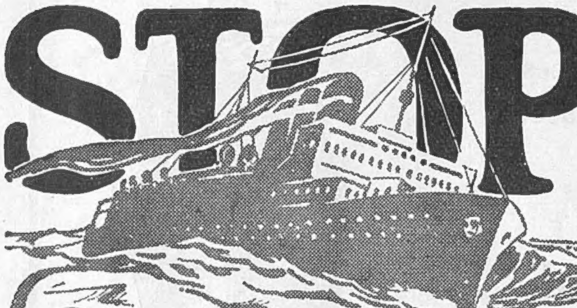

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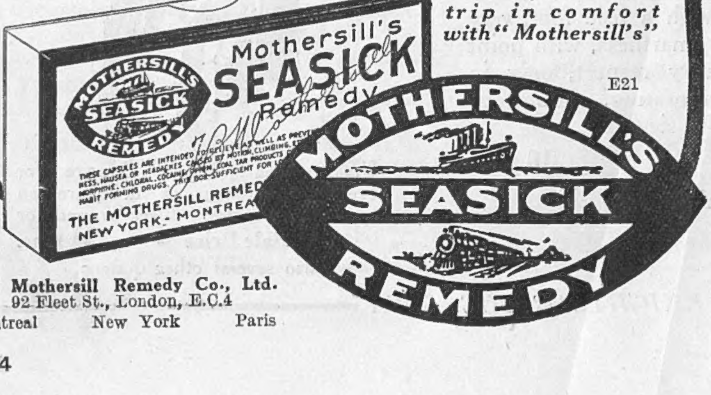

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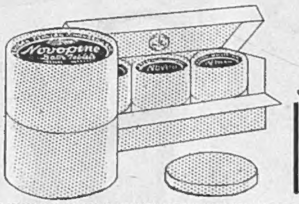

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BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men and Women

JANUARY, 1931

Vol. III—No. 1

Complete Contents of this Issue—January, 1931

Cover Design by Nunney.

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 124. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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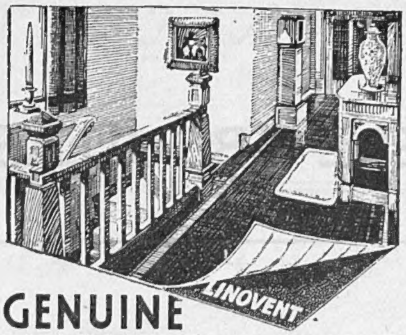

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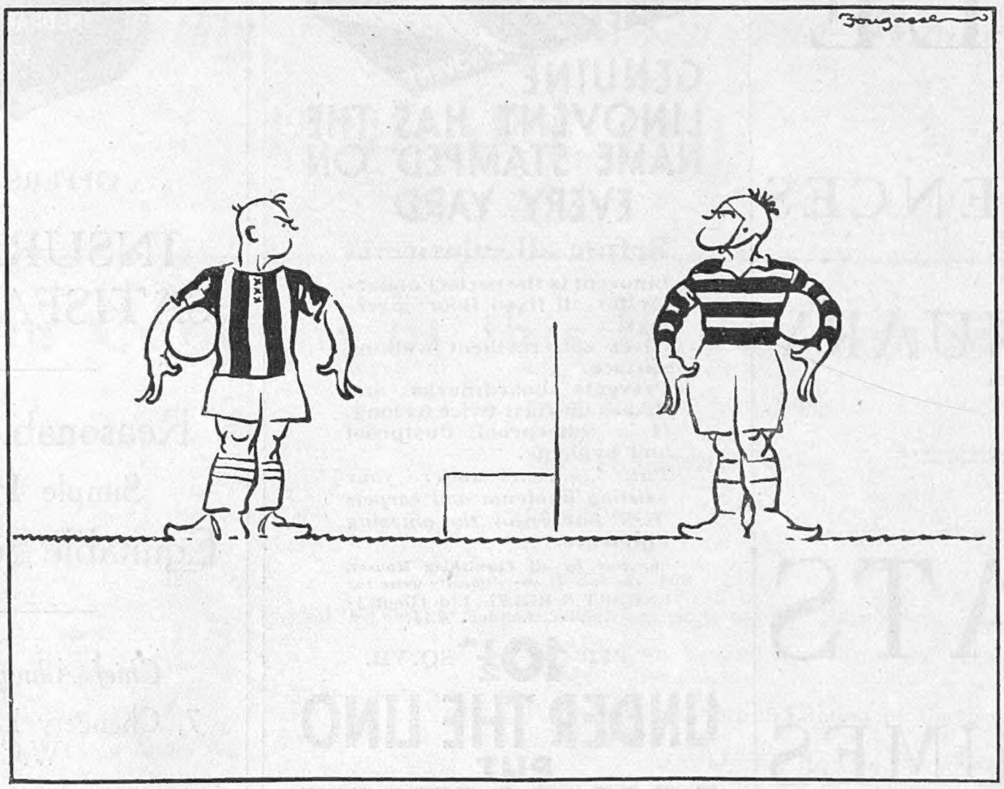
LONDON—WHERE ABDULLAS COME FROM



THE LONDON GUIDE

SPORTS AND GAMES

London provides, for the earnest seeker after pleasure, a large variety of Sports and Games, ranging from football on the one hand to football on the other.

There is also football (known as the sport of the masses, from the fact that 22 people take part while 60,000 look on).

Then again there is Rugby football, where the stripes go across instead of downwards (and there may be other minor differences as well, one of which is depicted above).

Other London sports and games include flat racing at Epsom, steeplechasing at Aintree, rowing at Henley, fishing in Scotland, winter sports in Switzerland, and the care of the skin at Juan-les-Pins, as also listening on the wireless to boxing matches in the States, and reading the papers about cricket in South Africa or Australia.

And, lastly, there's a sort of game called Golf, which, alas, gets itself a great deal talked about in the City—this City of London, where as of course you know, ABDULLA CIGARETTES come from.

FOUGASSE

VIRGINIA **TURKISH** **EGYPTIAN**

BRITANNIA & EVE

Vol. III., No. 1 *A Monthly Journal for Men and Women* January, 1931

Editorial

"Came *the* Dawn..."

"CAME the dawn . . ." The Old Film catch-phrase had a fine ring to it. It was both postscript and prelude, offering food for thought, but no time for thinking. The story could not end with a starving *ingénue* tramping the streets of a great city or a peroxide vamp breaking up a happy home in a High-Life Orgy of wine, women and jazz. There was more to come, and the tag said so, tersely, in three words of drama and three dots of anticipation. . . .

The Dawn is always coming like that in the world of make-believe. Defenceless heroines fighting for their virtue or their che-ild declaim it with reason and gusto almost every morning of their lives. Another day of Drama, another reel of Romance. It may be diamonds, it may be disgrace, but something will happen and happen swiftly. If it doesn't, we shall fumble for our hats and make for the gangway regardless of our neighbours' corns.

Our own lives, we are led to believe, are inordinately dull. Their monotony and narrowness are positively distressing, seeing how short are our days and how wide and wonderful the great world, nine-tenths of which we shall never see. We know nothing of romance and adventure. Our very emotions are ruled and ordered by a tame, polite, inexorable syllabus. "Came the dawn," indeed! Came the plumber, more like, or the eight-forty—And How? Why, just as everything else comes, and goes—the Cook, the yearly holiday, the boring relations, the Demand Notes, the Sunday joint. . . .

What can be done for the slave of routine whose plaint is "Life is so dull, so petty, so pointless"? Are we to encourage every bored Breadwinner to trample on his black hat, consign his family to oblivion and take a single ticket to the Wide Open Spaces? That remedy belongs to satire and the Stage.

It all depends whether you believe that life *is* a drab, meaningless rut. Some don't. Some think it's colossally, dynamically, superbly worthwhile, whether you live it in Fiji or Finchley, in cottage or castle. Some say that the secret of happiness is not breaking bonds, but keeping them; that the art of living is to make your own mountain from the few insignificant molehills at your disposal. If this philosophy hits the nail on the head, the importance of being Nobody takes on a significant glamour. Someday we may be glad that this "Came the Dawn" business was not for us; only the homely, humdrum epilogue, whispered as the embers die, "Came the Dusk" . . .

Private Life

GRAFT, greed and Gangster, sighing for a —with flowers, by request. of America's Underworld

By C. Patrick

Al Capone, Chicago's liquor king. He owns a Spanish castle built on an island off Miami

AMONG the minor perplexities of social life in the fashionable centres of the Florida coast just now one may mention the gangster. Since Scarface Al Capone bought a Spanish castle on one of the little islands off Miami, installed a telephone exchange, a large-scale business office organisation, and a bodyguard of gunmen, and made the friendly acquaintance of the mayor, the chief city officials, the sporting fraternity and many visiting notables, gave lavish parties and impressed all by his geniality and generosity—since this happened there has been a notable tendency on the part of other gang leaders to acquire Florida residences; and, as a young American hostess said to me last summer, "It's quite a nice point of etiquette what one does when one meets a gangster at a dinner or a dance. Really, I shall have to look it up before we go south this winter. It's not safe to be unprepared for emergencies these crazy days."

Their descent upon Florida is the newest angle of the private life of American gang chieftains. I find people apt to forget that a gangster may have such a thing. But he has, being in business for his health no more than are any of us. He has needs, wants, ambitions, a social code. He has tastes, some of them expensive; and the more expensive the taste the harder the gangster's drive in the dangerous politico-criminal field in which he operates. Most gangsters even have vanities to satisfy—very silly of them, but there you are; and when one blows a rival's head off with a sawed-off shotgun, just to prove that he is the bigger fellow, one must admit that at least he has the courage of his conceit. They have also girls to impress, mistresses to keep, clothe and parade, and a lot of them have wives and families to look after.

Standards of private life have risen since the Plug Uglies and the Dead Rabbits of pre-automobile, pre-machine-gun, pre-dry-law New York boozed and gorged and womanised and fought. But the life has also become more precarious and complete, prone to be disturbed at intimate moments by the calls of a high-speed business, or the visit of professional bumpers-off armed with "tommy-guns," "belly-guns," "rods" and (or) "pineapples" (as the case may require). The case of Mr. Jack Diamond—really only a very little thug, lamentably aggrandised by unsophisticated British newspapers—is a topical one in point. It is customary for a man engaged in the delicate *affaire de cœur* he was engaged upon to be disturbed—if he *has* to be disturbed—only by blackmailers, the lady's husband, or his own wife. Here we find the unfortunate man interrupted in the climax of what was undoubtedly a grand passion by a rush in of gunmen determined to take, not his girl or his money, but his life. Little wonder that so many of these strange denizens of the American underworld suffer, in their off hours, from anxiety neurosis. . . . Their misfortune, rather than their fault.

NO less an authority than Scarface Al, whose goings-on provide material not merely for local but for world comment, has based a plea for peace among the gangs on the ground that your gangster has to toil so hard that, like any other over-worked citizen, he wants to go home and forget about business. "He don't," said Scarface, a killer not without pathos, "want to be afraid to sit near a window or open a door." Capone had cause for complaint. A gentleman named Hymie Weiss, who was Capone's chief competitor in the liquor business in Chicago's rich north side, had invaded Capone's own home suburb of Cicero and spattered his headquarters, "The Ship," with machine-gun bullets, startling the weary monarch in the midst of a radio concert — the only sort of concert this music-loving thug dare allow himself—in his steel-shuttered and guarded boudoir.

His partner, Torrio, older and essentially domesticated, the sort of man who likes to dine at home, could not stand the loss of all private life imposed upon him by his enemies. He was one of the chiefs of the Five Point gang of New York when Big Jim Colosimo—what a man!—brought Capone and him a thousand miles west to Chicago to do some killing for him (like other rich Italians, he was being worried by Mafia blackmailers). The bootlegging-gambling-restaurant-brothel-white-slaving business he got into enabled him in six years to save a million dollars, buy a nice house, give his

Three gangsters captured by New York policemen and classed as professional killers

# of the Gangster

murder. Wine, women and - machine guns. Pity the poor private life that may end prematurely in a public funeral This merciless account of the Princes and Parasites is both an Obituary Notice and a Chapter of Revelation

Thompson

Al Capone fishing from his yacht at Palm Island, Miami Beach

Chicago police officers reconstructing a crime in which a competitor of Al Capone was shot down by machine guns

wife all the servants, clothes, parties and prestige a woman could desire, and rent his own box at the opera; when there occurred the unfortunate business of the bumping off of O'Banion.

Hymie, that concentrated and humourless Pole, adored the gay O'Banion. He was desolated by his death, and went after Torrio. Life for Torrio became rather like that of a tenant of a front-line trench dug-out in the late war. Twice his car was sprayed with bullets. The first time his chauffeur and his dog were killed. The second time—he was returning with Mrs. Torrio after dining and wanted to say good-night to his kids before they went to bed—several slugs struck him and he went into hospital for a month. Then he arranged to transfer his private life from his home to a jail. Here at least he would be safe. He enjoyed a year of comfortable privacy—they can arrange these things in Chicago, where big money buys everything and everyone, from judges and police chiefs to public prosecutors, state governors, mayors and prison wardens; but, warned that his enemies still grimly waited, he retired from prison by immediate and direct routes, *via* automobile, train and liner, to his own homeland, taking with him his wife and family, and some £200,000 in cash. And now he lives the happy life of a country squire on an estate near Naples, and gives no trouble to anyone.

BIG Jim Colosimo would have been well advised to follow Torrio's example when romance came his way. But he was bull-headed. In his day (unfortunately he is no longer with us) he was known to all the international celebrities who came to Chicago, thanks to that big restaurant of his at Wabash and Twenty-second Street, the Savoy of the monstrous western city. He rose by way of ward politics from street cleaner to saloon keeper, and was already prosperous when he married a good-looking brunette, Victoria Moresco, who ran the two showiest brothels in Chicago. His wife's brothel and white-slave business was a lucrative side-line, and one which gave him the funds to finance the organisation of bootlegging in a big way when the dry law came in and a city thirst which cost £20,000,000 a year to quench was thrown from the sphere of legitimate business into the hands of the criminal underworld. Colosimo was big, opulent, crafty, sensual, brutal under that oily

Charles Laughton as the gangster in Mr. Edgar Wallace's play, "On the Spot," which is a caricature of Al Capone

Italian deference, gross, bold and a killer. Once, when the Black Hand boys demanded a thousand pounds, to be left under a railway bridge, he planted the money there ahead of time, and retired to ambush with two belly-guns. When the four blackmailers arrived he opened fire, killed three, and left the fourth full of pellets. . . . And then, after many years of married life, Colosimo fell in love. The girl, an Australian singer named Dale Collins, had got stranded in Chicago. An agent sent her along to Colosimo. Colosimo looked at her in his office—a beauty, chaste and helpless. He didn't touch her. For the first time in his life he knew a decent impulse. He gave her a job as a singer in his place. She also became for her own private edification soloist at Chicago's most fashionable Methodist Church—until one of the elders spotted her on her job at Colosimo's, and the Church took the worst for granted. Colosimo begged Caruso—who knew him well and always ate at his place whenever he was singing in Chicago—to interest the Italian *maestro* of the Chicago Opera Company in Miss Collins. Caruso obliged. Dale's professional future was assured. And now Colosimo proposed to Dale, and (perhaps in gratitude) she said " Yes." Colosimo divorced his wife and married Dale. Five days later Colosimo was found shot to death in his own café, although no one heard the shots or saw the assassin, and no arrest was ever made. The consensus of opinion was that the killing of Colosimo was linked up with his love story, but how, or why, one cannot say even now without inviting libel actions or (if resident in the United States) a shower of bullets or a " pineapple " neatly attached to the self-starter of one's car. . . . Colosimo was killed in the spring of 1920. I tell his story because, of all the stories of the private lives of gangsters, its high lights are the most illuminating. Money, power, food, wine, women—what more can these men live for ?

CAPONE at least lives for something else. Edgar Wallace has caricatured Capone in " On the Spot." But don't confuse Tony and Scarface. Scarface and none other made that classic remark about the yellow dog—but he didn't put the two men whose lives were demanded on the spot, and he got into a heap of trouble because of it. Scarface makes his prayer to a little plaster saint. Scarface takes his money from brothels and any other illegal vice business in sight. Scarface has taste in women (the present Mrs. Capone has manners, perfect clothes, a slim figure and considerable attractions). Scarface is a killer. But, despite all, he survives, and he never will get burnt on the hot seat (pardon these Americanisms) because of a woman. The fate of Colosimo has taught him a thing or two. He is one of those men who only have to be shown once. Imagine a man who, a mere young killer in a New York gang in 1920, gets taken to a new city as bodyguard by a rich fellow countryman worried by blackmailers, and loses his chief inside a year ; he proceeds to carve out his own empire ; he sees hundreds of fellow or enemy gangsters die under him, survives all attempts to bump him off, outwits all his enemies and kills them when he has to, keeps the rulers of the city nobbled, defies the police to hold him for a multitude of murders, is stated four years ago by the public prosecutor to be operating a business with a turnover of £16,000,000 a year, and is now estimated to have doubled his turn-over and to be a full-blown millionaire. From nothing to millionairedom in under ten years, and in the most competitive and dangerous of all businesses ! That is Capone.

He throws hundreds of thousands of dollars away in night clubs ; but as he supplies the night clubs with liquor, and they provide his houses and gambling dens with business, his enormous expenditure here is no more extravagance than the champagne dinner the wine salesman gives to his clients is extravagance. There is little in Scarface's enormous expenditure which he could not claim legitimately (if he had a legitimate business) as expenses from the income tax people. The price of drink has increased ten-fold, thanks to prohibition. But the purchase price at the source has not increased. It costs no more to distil whisky or to brew beer than it did. The rest is profit. This mighty profit, which no other business in all the world can show to-day, has to be shared. Police and politicians, enforcement agents, railway officials, magistrates and crooked lawyers share it. Capone pays probably £10,000,000 a year for the right of

Police officers watching over the bodies of two suspected lottery racketeers shot down by a rival gang

Slain gangster's last ride. Remains of Dingbat Oberta in a 15,000-dollar casket beneath a canopy of orchids leaving the home of his mother in Chicago way between liquor source and retail bar. The margin of profit left him is enough. He needs plenty, but he has it coming in, every day, and in cash. He panders to the appetite for liquor, for gambling, and for women. It is a good business. It is so good that gunmen have to be hired to protect it. But that is simply unfortunate. Capone has not wielded a gun for years, although he has been responsible for the killing of scores of rival gangsters. For £40 you can get almost anyone of no importance—a man or woman without influential friends or relatives, about whom no official or politician will kick up a fuss, and no hard-boiled relative will start a feud—killed in any gang city in America, where 12,000 persons are murdered every year, or around three dozen a day, and not 1 per cent. of the killers ever get tried for the crime. Judge then what a millionaire king of the underworld, maintaining his own private army to protect his business, can do if he wants to.

District Attorney Grain and police officers making investigations and taking evidence in the room in which Jack Diamond was shot

Jack Diamond, who was recently refused admission to the British Isles and the Continent and shot in the bedroom of an hotel on his return to New York

CAPONE is only 32. Newspaper photographs usually libel him. He is predisposed to flesh, but he is quite good-looking, with a stocky figure and a clear, luminous, wary eye, rather like a boxer's. He drinks, but in moderation, and only the best. He is never drunk. He values his business and his life too much. He works with human material as he finds it. He gives the most lavish parties I have ever seen outside the circles of that world of high finance frequented exclusively by schemers of the Hatry type—whose technique is not so remote from Capone's as you might think. Like all successful gang chiefs (there are not many), he is a great maker of friends. He gives lavish presents. He will give you anything, from the huge foreign vote of Chicago to the life of an enemy, if you mean anything to him. He wants money, popularity, power—and no trouble. He has the first three in plenty; the last still eludes him.

O'Banion is worth a glance. You may remember him. His 100,000-dollar funeral provided the first really sensational gang story for the newspapers outside the States. Married and settling down, he decided to retire, and chose a moment when he had inside information of a police offensive against his group's brewery to sell out to his Italian partners for cash. He stayed on in Chicago, and in his business "front," a flower shop. An error. Really, an error. What he had done was the unpardonable double cross, and the persons affronted were Capone and Torrio. . . . . O'Banion was Irish. That means a pull with inevitable politicians and police chiefs, and a natural alliance with Italians, next to the Irish the most active and reckless politicians and get-rich-quick men in New World city civilisation. He had been a newspaper circulation man, but he was too quick with his gun and his wits to stay there. His political pull explains his success in the bootlegging game with Capone and Torrio, who put him in charge of the police and politicians' bribery department. City executives and police chiefs came to dinner with him. He had such a pull that when he shot Maxie and Dave Miller in front of a crowd in the lobby of the La Salle theatre he escaped conviction. He sang and was a good companion. The wives of

(Continued on page 120.)

Marion Roberts, the chorus girl, alleged to be in the room when Jack Diamond was shot

Everywoman

IT had happened.

Somehow Lea had always felt—in spite of the modern woman's sinister fear of the future—that Fate had something rich, gentle, safe, in store for her. Her friend Elena, who had filled Lea's position before her, had told her so; and Elena was now the Honourable Mrs. Thames, with correct *ménage*, an adorable little child, a satisfactory husband. The promise of all this was being made to Lea, too.

As soon as they were settled into the back of his smooth, swift car, with a chauffeur as expressionless as a Robot in front of them, Dorian Vandela had turned to her as if he could not help himself, put his arms round her, said with a long sigh: "Oh, Lea, I do love you. I'd give you everything in the world if you'd love me." She had waited just a second, thinking with extreme swiftness, or rather, looking at the picture of love with Vandela with extreme unbiassed clarity, because she did not think that he meant . . .

She was so accustomed to men trying and saying . . .

Then he said: "*Will* you marry me, Lea?"

She had never been the cold and languid beauty that she looked, floating about Lambière's showrooms, head mannequin as Elena had been before her. Always masked before those cool, pleasant stares from the women, and the judicial looks of the men the women sometimes brought with them, there had burned in her the elemental fires. "Don't let go—yet," Elena had urged before she left Lambière's. But now she could let go. She subsided into the arms that held her. It was darkish, running through Montagu Street; she felt as if she were fused with him in that long kiss of desire.

She did not love Vandela, but she desired love, and safety, a rich and passionate husband, a *ménage*, a child, like Elena's.

"When?" he said.

"I don't know. Soon."

"To-morrow? Next week? The week after that?"

"Or the week after that. One can't get married quite so fast."

"I suppose not. . . . I love you."

They ran into the circle of light about Marble Arch.

"Dorian, it's light!"

"Say you love me and I'll let you go."

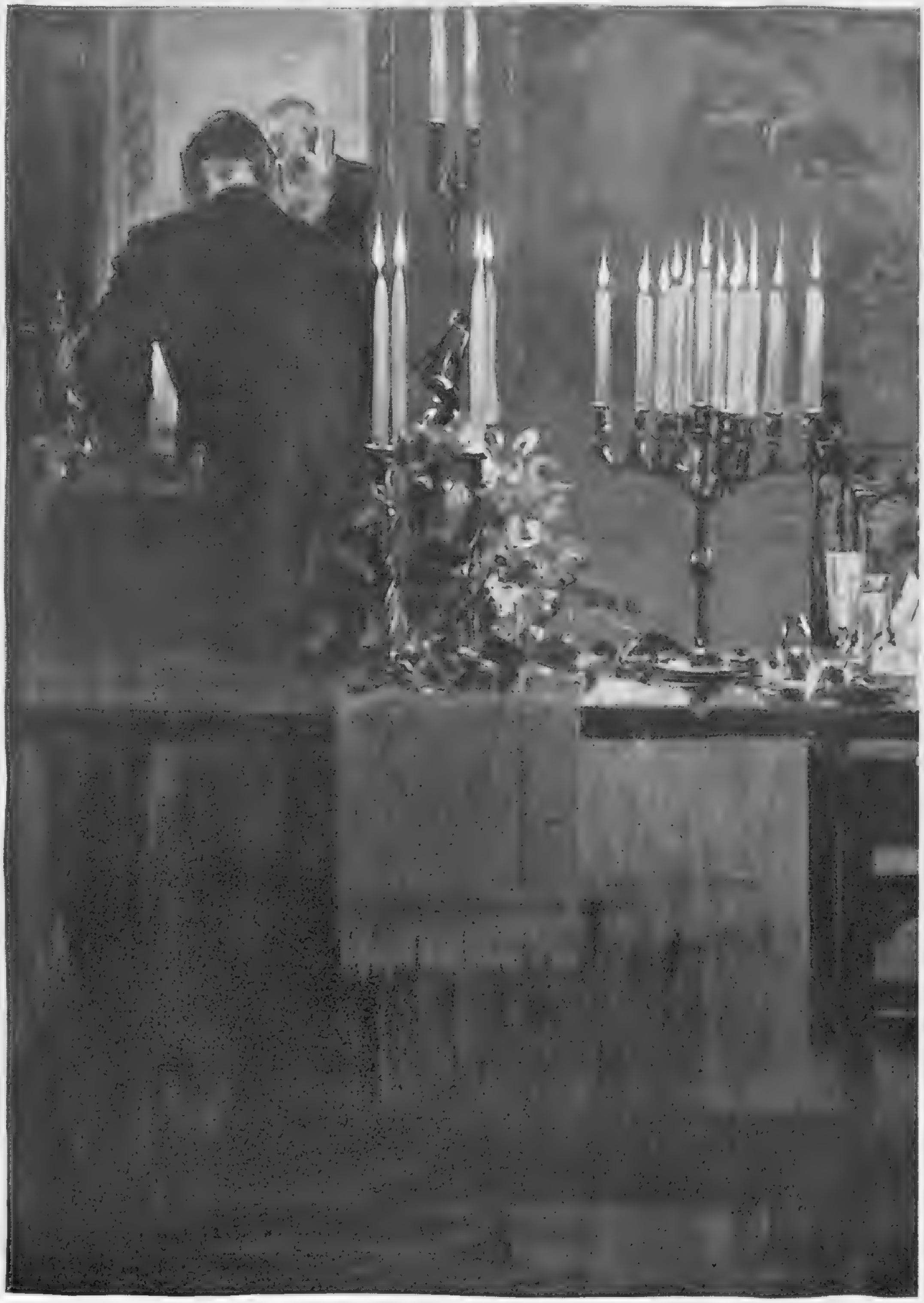
"I love you." In that moment she loved him or any other presentable and passionate man.

She sat back in her corner. He had not spoiled her perfect hair, red, dark and burnished, without a ripple in it. Her lip rouge was the kind that did not come off. She wore one of the gowns and cloaks from Lambière's, the night-blue model whose suave, long silhouette was unbroken by so much as an inch of fur anywhere. On her short, white, sensitive hands, tremulous on her knee, she had the two splendid rings that her mother had left her—huge emeralds, square, held finely in the thinnest of settings. That was all she had left of her mother, or of her father, who had been a very impecunious Colonel of Infantry. She had no relations, she thought swiftly, wealthy enough to give her a real wedding; but Elena would do something. She felt Vandela's hand on hers under the light rug.

"Darling."

"Dorian, darling," she murmured back.

They were dining at the Berkeley. She went in before him,



They looked at each other, smileless; she sat down; Vandela bent, took

Part 1: By May Edginton

A Brilliant Problem Portrait of Modern Marriage

Illustrated by FORSTER

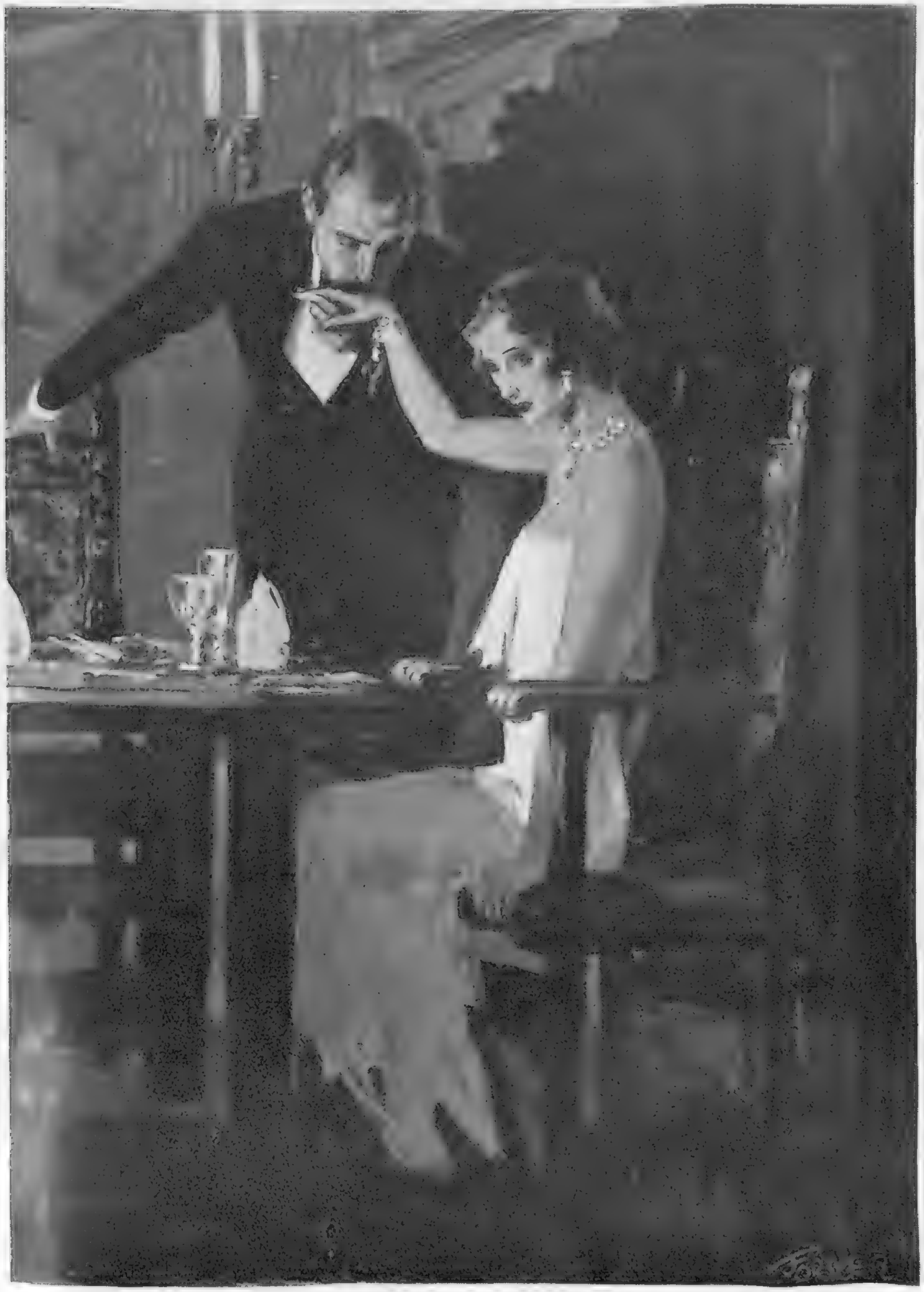
with a supreme triumph and assurance, even greater than the assurance she practised daily at Lambière's. They had a table by the windows on the Berkeley Street side. Ah! life was superb! Her modern secret fear of life went. She was to be provided for and cherished just like her mother and her grandmother and their ancestresses before them.

Then Vandela began to order their dinner, with all the preciousness of a lover trying to please the beloved.

She had been with him often before: done a Henley Saturday afternoon with him, played tennis with his party at Ranelagh, gone for long drives—dangerous with passion—to dine with him out in the country. Every time she had thought to herself what it might mean; but she had been so unsure. She had looked into the distance at the anxious years . . . But she had never let go, yet.

Now within her reach were happiness and safety. She was a lovely girl; and this night she had a quality of such unearthly brilliance that, just for her moment, she could have had the whole restaurant at her feet.

They rose and danced merely to be in each other's arms.



her hand and kissed it. "You are really better, darling?" she said

A WOMAN had small, practical thoughts even in the midst of the love-making on the homeward drive. She didn't want him to come up to her tiny flat and see it in the unattractive disorder in which she had been obliged to leave it to-night. Once he had been there, for cocktails, with other people, but then she had dressed it. There were the graces of flowers and clean cushion covers. Now there were no flowers, and the cushion covers were dingy. What it was to be poor! When he had called for her to-night she had met him, punctual and radiant, on the threshold, and hadn't let him in. It had looked like reserve and prudence. She murmured now into his ear:

"I believe you were disappointed when I didn't ask you in to-night."

"God! I was, sweetheart!"

"Well, I won't ask you in to-night at all, please, Dorian. I want just to fall into bed and dream . . ."

"Ah, well," he said, "it won't be so long now . . ."

"Not so long now . . ."

As they kissed good-night she murmured: "Besides, I'm tired."

"Wait till I can take care of you!"

He saw her to her threshold, waited till she had opened her door into her dimly lit little hall. He looked through for a moment, smiling ruefully. The liftman was waiting for him, and watching. Vandela looked at Lea with longing eyes and whispered: "You know how I feel—turned away right at the gates of Paradise." She returned the look with one that would have delighted any lover: "You know how I feel—shutting you out."

The liftman shuffled his feet.

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

She closed the front door and leaned against it for a moment to rest from the pent-up passion of the evening. Then she straightened up and went to the door of her sitting-room. She was smiling. Smiling, she opened the door—and drew away, shocked, frightened, taut, on guard. The big, husky young man, with hair as red as her own—only lighter, more flaming red—jumped forward, stood and looked at her. "Lea. We both swore we'd never let go . . . but . . . See. I'm here! It's too much for me—life's short, so they all say. Lea!"

She had one overwhelming thought at that moment. "Thank God, I didn't ask Dorian in."

THE next thought was a weary, questioning one: "Why is one sometimes so *mad*?" She stood holding the deep-blue cloak very closely swirled about her in an attitude which proclaimed: "Don't touch." And the young man, who had come forward, who had lifted his arms to take her in, dropped them again, looked queerly at her very white face.

And his eyes focused on her mouth—the rich, lively, vital mouth, with its effect of riotous warmth, of a woman who has just been kissed by a lover.

She had not spoken.

They stood looking at each other, each on guard, fierce, shocked.

He spoke again:

"Lea, darling, it's a week since you gave me that latchkey, and not till to-night . . ."

She cried urgently: "Oh, why had it to be to-night? To-morrow I would have written to you."

"What has happened?"

"I'm engaged to be married—to be married in three weeks. So happily! So splendidly!"

"Money?"

"Other things, too! Other things, too!"

"But money—money first. Well . . . then, Lea . . ."

He took something from his pocket and dropped it on the little table between them. It was the latchkey. She snatched it up.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "I wouldn't take it back. Do you know why I used it to-night? Because at last, after all these months, I've got that job you know of. After all this time of shameful hard-upness! It makes a man ashamed to be so hard-up when he is with a girl like you. Well, it's six hundred a year—I had a heavenly impulse to use the latchkey and tell you—and perhaps—who knows what mightn't have happened? Whatever you gave or didn't give, all I had would be yours, anyway. But six hundred a year—I take it that sum is very small to you now, compared with . . ."

She was silent, clutching the latchkey so hard that its imprint was already deep in her palm.

"You don't want me here?"

"Please," she spoke again, "try to understand, Jack. Please go. Did—did—anyone see you come?"

"I walked—ran—upstairs. Liftman was out of sight somewhere." He watched her face, and his own was white, too. He watched her relief.

"You understand, Jack?"

"I understand all right, honey."

He moved towards the door round the table. She moved round the other side of the table, away from him. At the door he stopped.

"But tell me, Lea, why did you give me the key? You loved me that day you gave me the key?"

She was silent again; because, yes, she had loved him that day, recklessly. And she had had a great despairing wish, that day, to live recklessly.

"I kissed you," he said. "I loved you. You loved me."

"Please, Jack, go."

"I never would have used the key, honey, except to-night—with the great news. Because I knew, of course . . ." he hesitated awhile and went on: "You are a proud thing, not like a lot of girls. I knew, with you, it would have been the first time, and you might have regretted. Believe me, I never would, and I told you so, though it seemed so wonderful of you to give me the key. You must have loved me—must have, that day."

He opened the door. "I'll remember that day," he said. "Good-bye, love."

He was gone. Then she wanted to cry after him—but did not: "I *am* glad of your great news. I am! I am!" She stood listening instead—trusting him, as she knew she could, to go very quietly, very cleverly, for her sake. But she began to cry.

SHE was with Elena Thames, in the hour between five and six, after Lambière's had closed, and before Elena's husband had come back from a directors' meeting in the City. The nurse had just taken the baby away from its play with its mother. Lea had not told Elena yet. She had played with the baby and thought: "Soon I'm going to be like Elena."

The calm, comfortable butler—"I hope we have one like that," Lea thought—brought cocktails. They leaned back in the deeply luxurious satin chairs. The fire that had informed Lea last night at the Berkeley Restaurant glowed softly in her again. She had expensive fresh gardenias pinned to the lapel of her slim black coat.

"What has happened?" Elena asked.

"I'm going to be married in three weeks; and everything's splendid!"

"Not to . . ."

"Not to Jack Chester. Oh, no! no!"

"One just can't be terribly poor nowadays," said Elena, with relief, "and I was afraid, after what you'd told me of him, and after that Sunday morning I saw him walking with you in the Park . . ."

"Oh, no! no! We had never settled anything, you know." Yet suddenly she thrilled all over, thinking of the latchkey. Was she glad or sorry he had not taken her at her riotous, reckless, regrettable word of an evening not so long ago? Glad, of course! Her fingers tightened round her cocktail glass.

"How nearly one does fatal things, Elena!"

"Most of us quite do them. I was lucky to have got Jim."

"Yes. You were lucky. Lambière said so. And you're awfully happy, Elena?"

"Oh, awfully happy, dearest. And now you're going to be lucky and happy too. Do I know him?"

"I imagine so. I'll make you guess. Guess! He's a little over thirty, rich, races at Cowes, has a heavenly flat a stone's-throw from here and a little manor-house in Dorset."

"How can I guess? I've met scores of that brand of man since I married Jim."

"Are there so many?"

"No, there aren't really," Elena amended. "That's the trouble. And the ones there are don't have to marry girls fighting for a living like you and I were. See, already I put your fighting days in the past tense! Girls like us are only too ready to hand over everything for once-a-week dining and dancing, and a day at Ascot, and our flowers and cigarettes. That's what I've been afraid of with you, Lea—that you'd get tired; and you'd begin it all; and once begun, it is so difficult—"

"For girls like us. I suppose it is."

"Girls like us, without the brain and the will power to make really solid careers; with just our divine figures, and a little small talk, and no background to speak of. We aren't equipped to provide for ourselves."

"You know, Elena, about Jack, I nearly——"

"It's over now. You're safe?"

"Safe."

"You can be married from here if you will, Lea. Jim'll let me do anything I want, especially since the baby."

"Oh, if I got a baby like yours!"

"Easy, dearest, isn't it?"

"It seems too divine."

"It is."

"You're an angel to say I can be married from here—just a little quiet wedding it can be——"

"But a very nice little luncheon afterwards for your own relations——"

"Poor old ladies from the country!"

"And *his* nearest relations and intimate friends. Say twenty to thirty?"

"You're an angel!"

"And now, Lea, we're off the immediate subject. Who is he?"

"Dorian Vandela."

Elena fell quite silent, her dark, lovely face of a sphinx turned to Lea. They gazed into each other's eyes. Elena rose from her chair, and went to put down her glass somewhere. Lea looked after her. Elena could afford now to buy the kind of gowns that once she had worn to tempt other women to pay a great price. How charming was the room! How deeply cushioned the chairs! How abundant the fragrant flowers! Yet, with all its sophisticated *décor*, how secure, how homely—the baby's small laughter still seemed to sound in it. This aura, this setting, was what she and Elena loved, what women of all time loved. In their deepest hearts, they hadn't really wanted to go, in Lambière's gowns, to the Savoy, to the Carlton, to earn their dinner with smiles, wit, flattery, half-promises, from men who wanted them for an hour or two, but not for life. There were so few men, with the requisite prizes in their hands, who wanted them for life.

She and Elena had often talked of that. Two beauties, royal in their exotic gowns, yet they knew that there were few vacant thrones.

Lea was thinking of this while, loiteringly, Elena was depositing her cocktail glass. Then Elena came back, her lovely great sphinx eyes upon her.

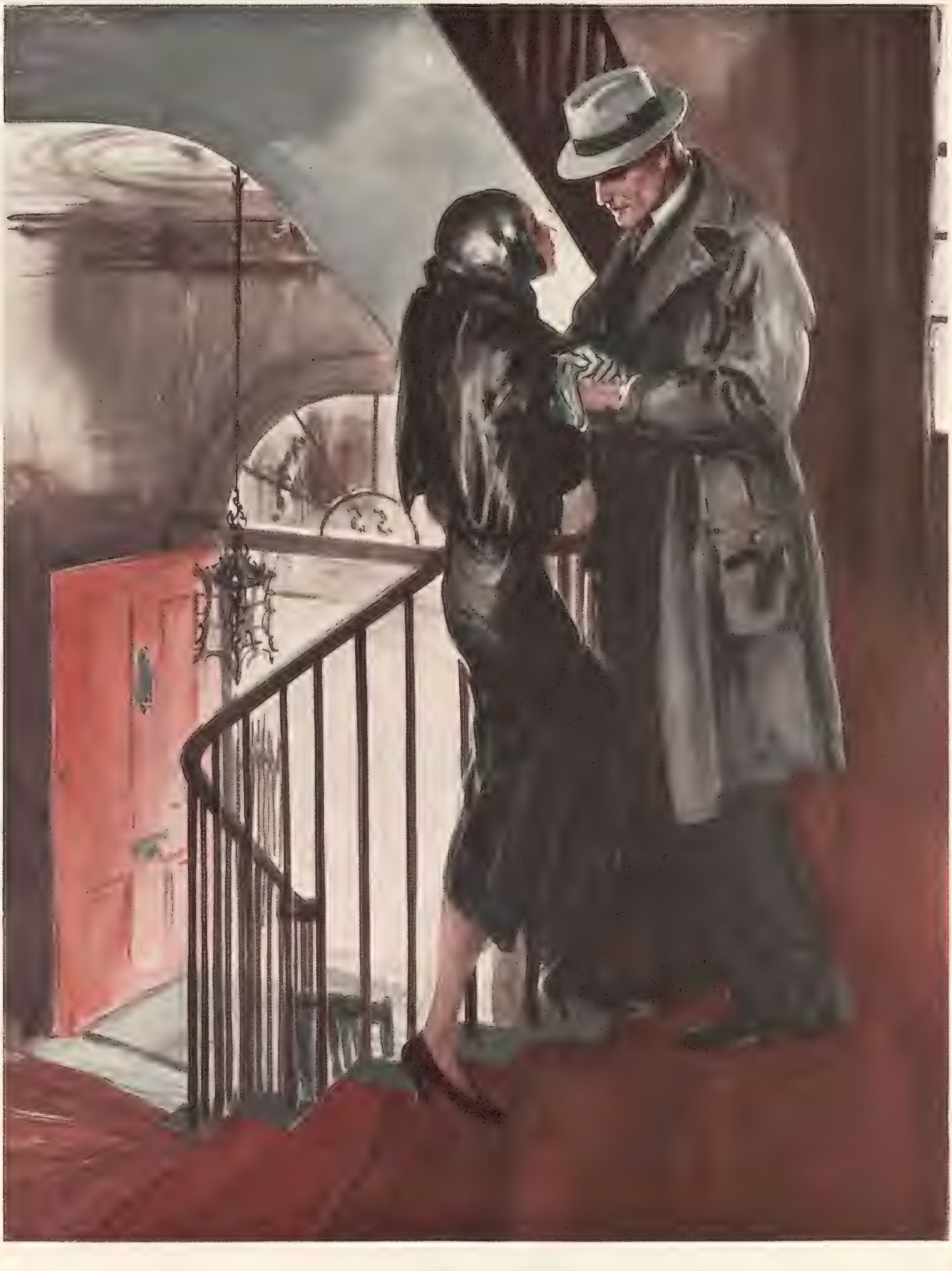
"You and I are the wife kind, Lea," she said. "We always were, and we always knew it. We're not a bit the real courtesan. Men used to tell me that the high-class courtesan's was the life. I always resisted. So did you. You and I, Lea, we've seen and handled beauty, and we love beauty, and we've lived poor, but soft. Poor, but soft. A very attractive girl can, if she can borrow clothes from Lambière. We couldn't marry the poor men who might have asked us if they'd met us—but they didn't meet us; we looked so expensive. And the rich ones—oh, there are very few kings looking for queens like us." She threw herself again into her chair. "I'm lucky in having Jim. You're lucky . . ."

She stopped suddenly.

"You know Dorian, Elena?"

"Yes, my dear, I know him, and so does Jim."

(*Continued on page* 109)



"It's urgent," she said, and came up the remaining two stairs to him. She caught his hand, twined her fingers into his . . .

Berlin

By Negley Farson

The Messenger of Love. A novel innovation installed in a Berlin Palais de Danse by which messages can be sent by a tube mail system to any table

Above: an impression of the Night Lights of Berlin

Below: the opening bars of the refrain of "Elisabeth," a tune that has enthralled Berlin. It is from the musical comedy "The Wonderbar," produced last month at the Savoy

SEVERED human arms and legs lying on the jewellery counters of Wertheim's big department store, tinkling and crashing outside of plate-glass windows being carted off in wheelbarrows, busloads of spike-helmeted, fat-necked German police rolling slowly down the Leipzigerstrasse — Berlin's Regent Street.

"Mister, I tell you—it all happened in a minute. A lot of jung boys. First thing we know is stones coming through the windows. . . . Did I look out to see who was throwing them? I did not! Then I hear cries outside—'*Germany, Awake!*'—so I know it must be the Hitlerites."

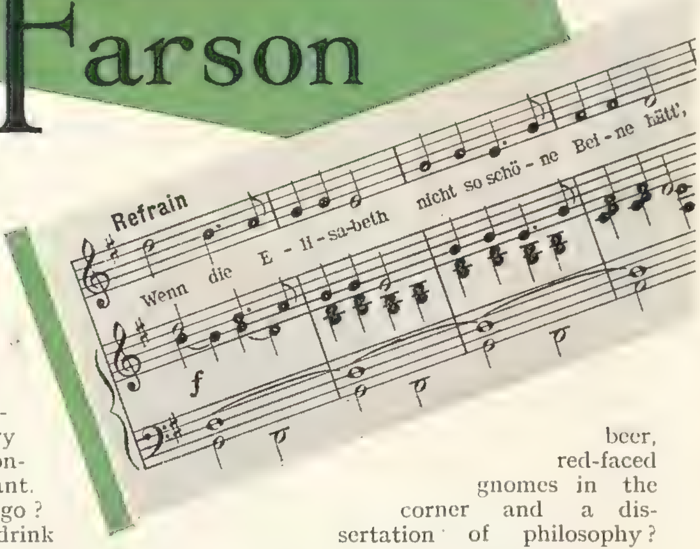
He picked up a girl's leg.

"We gotta take these things out of the windows. You seen our sign up already outside?—'*These windows destroyed by exterior force. Please see our exhibition inside.*' Now I gotta put this young lady together again."

I left him, a sleepy-eyed Jewish floor-walker, trying to do a Humpty-Dumpty with the store's window dummies.

Where would I go? In London at that hour I should have had to go home to bed—unless I was lucky enough to belong to a night club which happened to have an extension hour. The lights of London would have been out. In Paris? The lights of Paris would have been glittering all right—but over booby-hutches and tourist-traps. Paris night life is not for the Frenchmen. But this was Berlin—midnight, and the whole town wide open. Berlin was real—run for the Germans. Its lights do not whirl. Steady and strong, purple, red, green—pulsing mercury tubes outlining whole buildings—beacons above mountains of leberwurst, sauerkraut, bretzels, lakes of beer. All real. It must be. No tourist would be tempted by such food, by such dancing, by such jazzless music. One in every eighth house, I knew, contained a café or a restaurant. 16,600—where would I go? An orgy of food and drink awaited me!

"Where do they get the money?" asked my comrade. "This town beats me. They sit in the cafés from ten in the morning till three a.m. the next. Everything they make seems to go into their stomachs—and look at their stomachs!"


Refrain
Wenn die E - li - sa-beth nicht so schö - ne Bei - ne hätt',
f

MIDNIGHT — we wandered down the bright streets. Did we want a *gemuetlich* evening, a corner, a bare board table in one of those carved-oaky Ratskellers, Seidels of good brown Munich beer, red-faced gnomes in the corner and a dissertation of philosophy? Did we want ice-cream, music and cakes? Did we want to be high-toned—Viennese music and dinner jackets? The lights beckoned us; young ladies smiled and invited. We walked on and on and on. Beer halls, cafés, conditoreis passed like a slow-motion film.

"Listen," said my friend, "I've figured it out. It's a mathematical certainty. If I fall down, there will either be a café or a beer hall at my head or my feet."

"That's geometry," I told him. "Don't fall down yet."

after Dark

An American journalist's impressions, obtained during a recent visit, of the Night Life of Berlin. He describes how all classes in Berlin spend the dark hours and the fare provided for their amusement

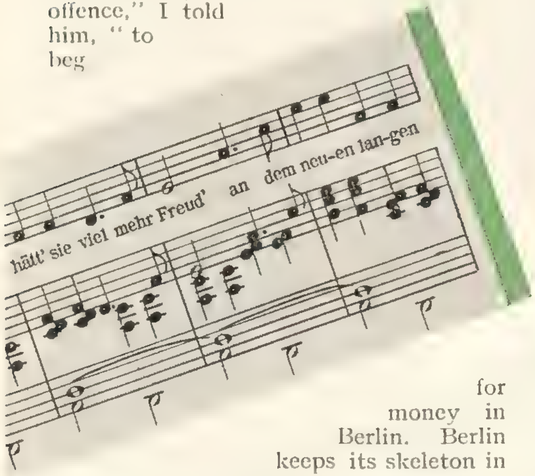
Telephones are installed in the high-class restaurants to enable patrons to talk from table to table

"Well, anyway, it's a fact."

The traffic was not dangerous. Fewer expensive private cars, it seemed, than any city in Europe. Taxis were legion. The people who passed us all looked well dressed. They weren't smart—although most of the young girls seemed to be trying to look like Greta Garbo, with long hair down their backs.

"Where's the beggars?"

"It is a prison offence," I told him, "to beg for money in Berlin. Berlin keeps its skeleton in its closet."



"What about the ex-service men? Remember, in London, how little bands of them stand by the street kerbs playing lugubrious little tunes—'Land of Hope and Glory,' and satires like that? Where's the starving acrobat who turns hand-springs during the entr'actes in the theatre?"

"All *verboten*," I assured him.

"Is anybody starving in Berlin?"

"I don't think so: the Government gives them a dole—just enough to keep the jobless alive. I know two ball-boys at my tennis club who are on the dole now that the rainy season has come on. They will be on it until next season opens. They get fifteen shillings a week."

"Just enough to live dolefully," he said.

ELDORADO! *This is the one!* We stared at a papier-maché naked figure guarding a brilliant doorway. Was it a man? The anatomy baffled us. A bas-relief of fauns and nymphs along the scarlet entrance hall all seemed of the same sex. "Hello, dearie!" the bar-tender greeted us. "Shall I hit him?" asked my friend. "Hush!" I hissed. "We are in danger!"

Strange men danced before us with crimsoned, bird-like finger-nails. They wore gold bracelets on their clammy wrists. They danced together. Around the walls was the same strange fresco of nymphs—or were they that? Coy creatures danced entwined with low-neck dresses that bared backs like Jack Dempsey's. They sang in shrill falsettos. Some of them hadn't shaved.

"Strewth!" gasped my comrade.

He pointed to a young Berlin boy and shop-girl, heads leaned over, foreheads almost touching over a slowly disappearing sausage and two small glasses of beer.

"Sink me! That pair looks absolutely repulsive—they're normal!"

"Now, places like that," he asked, when we got out into the fresh air, "are they run for foreigners?"

"Did you see any inside it?"

"Just us."

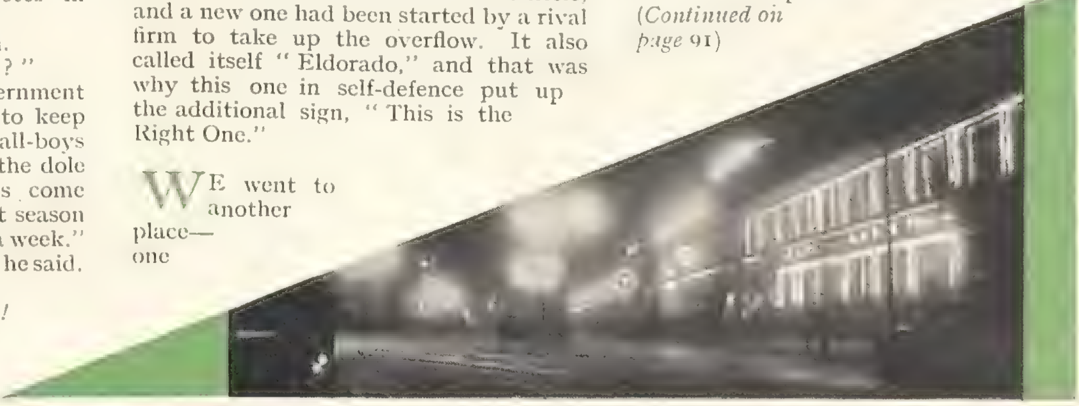
I explained to him that two years ago I had been in that selfsame abode of ultimate decadence, that the bar-tender had called me "Dearie" then, that I went away angry, yet smug in my belief that it was merely a tourist set-up to show the visiting banker from Paris, Illinois, U.S.A.—and Birmingham—the dangers of Berlin after dark. As a matter of fact, it was nothing of the sort; the place had been such a wow that it couldn't hold even its Berlin clientele, and a new one had been started by a rival firm to take up the overflow. It also called itself "Eldorado," and that was why this one in self-defence put up the additional sign, "This is the Right One."

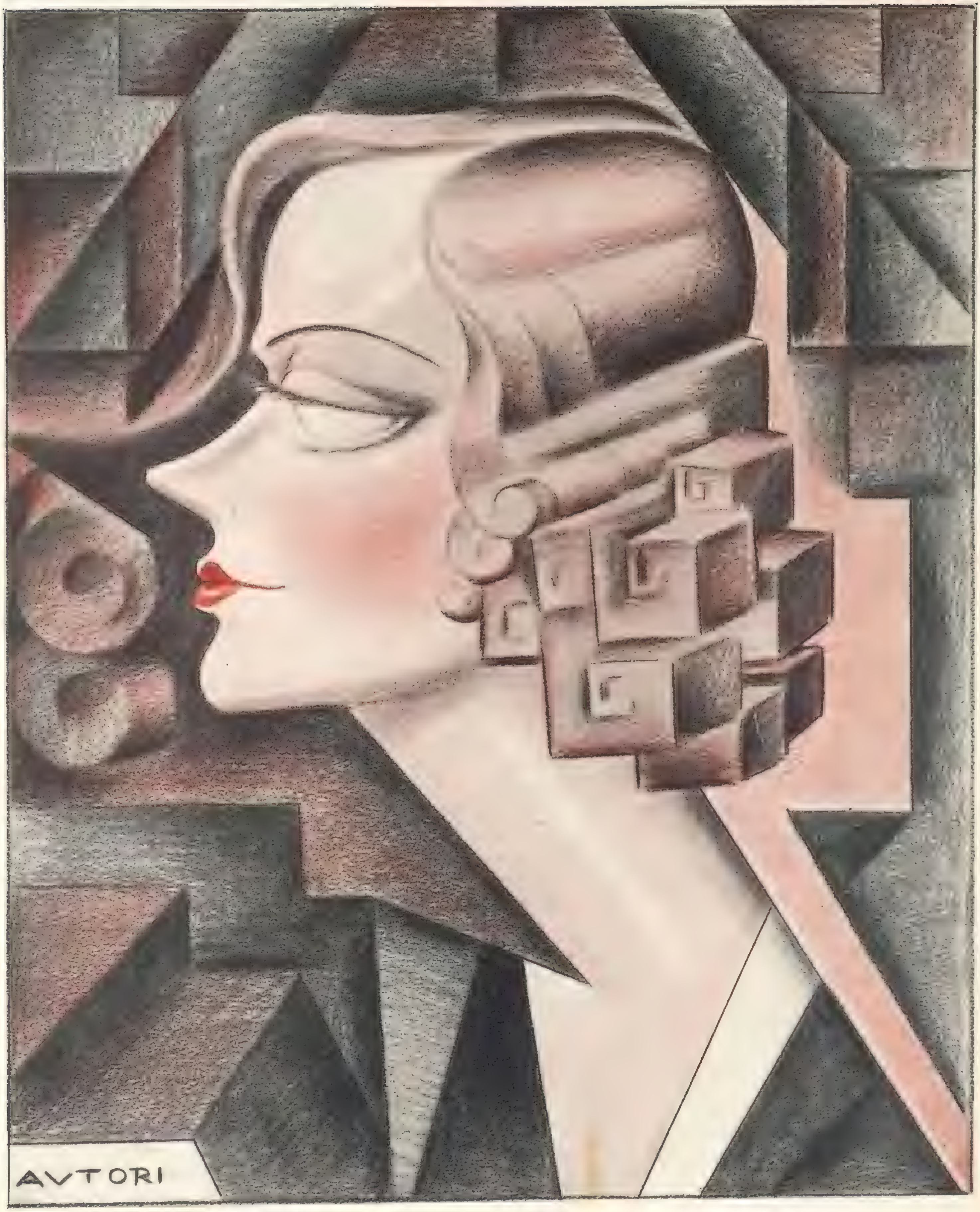
WE went to another place—one of the several thousand where Berliners of the middle class go for a good-night cup of coffee and cake. This place of amusement was an innovation, however, built in layers like a chocolate cake. There were five layers, each full of Germans, each with an orchestra, and a sort of square hole cut down through the middle of the lot allowed the orchestras to follow each other like a ship's watch. Streams of illuminated water flowed in long glass channels like in the gardens of Shah Jehan in fabled Delhi. Goldfish, bulgy, pop-eyed, with chiffon tails, ogled up at us. Stairways of shining metal ascended like curvatures of the structural spine. The drinks themselves were *pousse-café's*—built in four decks, different specific gravities, coloured red, green, purple—rainbow beverage. Ice-cream, hot sherry, and caramel were combined in one dose to produce something that titivated the shop-girl's tongue, if it didn't knock her out!

"But they are only taking about one drink," said my friend, who had been trying to get his eyes to focus again. "They sit for hours over one sip."

I told him he was getting nearer to it. They spend their money because—in uncertain Germany—they think there is no use to save. But they haven't got much to spend.

(*Continued on page* 91)



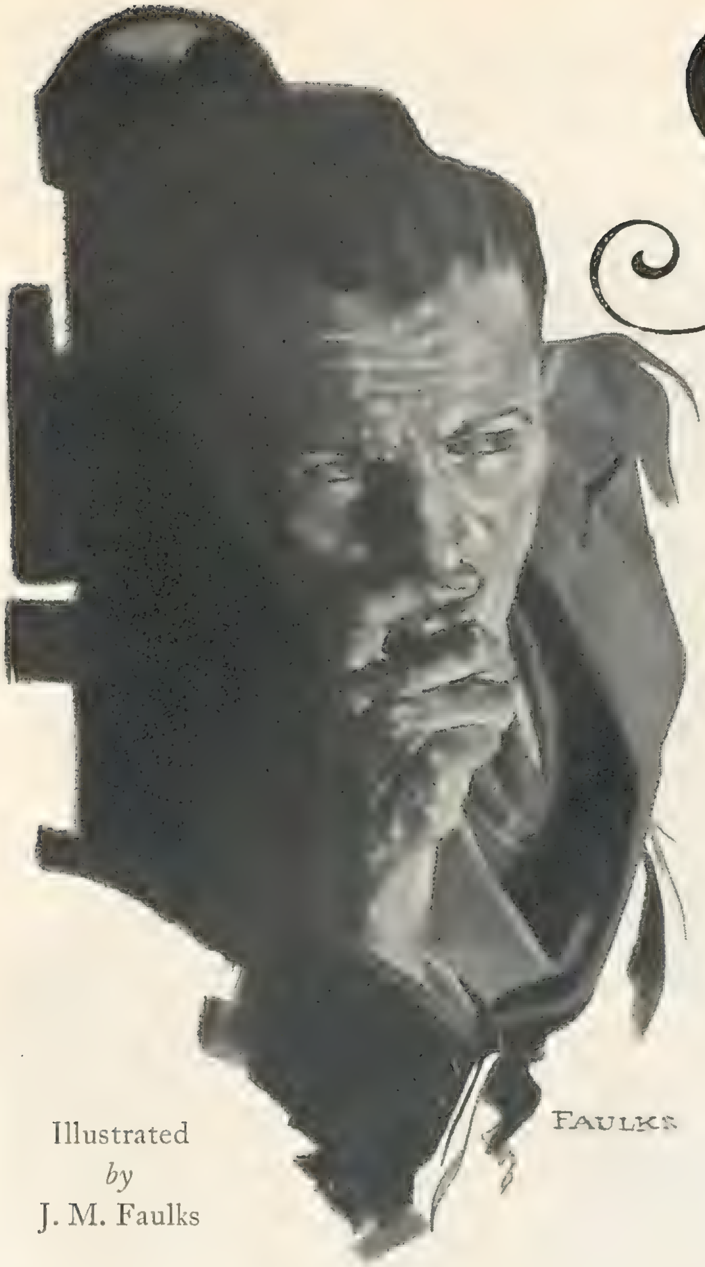


Society in Caricature

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava

By Autori, the Italian Cartoonist and Operatic Basso.

THE tragedy of the Meopham air disaster in July last year, in which the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, and many well-known Society people who were returning from Le Touquet, including Lady Ednam, lost their lives, took place while his son, the Earl of Ava, and his bride were honeymooning at Brioni. The Earl is now the fourth holder of the title. His beautiful wife, whom Autori presents on this page, was, before her marriage, Miss Maureen Guinness, the second daughter of the Hon. Ernest Guinness and a niece of Lord Iveagh.



Straight from Prison

Seven years, and then . . . release . . . a ghost coming back to the noisy, terrifying world . . . Two women . . . one who had waited, patiently, saintlike . . . the other . . . just a woman who understood . . .

By
Christine Jope-Slade

Illustrated
by
J. M. Faulks

It was arranged between them on her last fortnightly visit to the prison prior to his release that she should not meet him when he came out, but that he should go direct to her flat off Baker Street.

They both thought it better so.

They were all very kind, suddenly human. After seven years he suddenly saw the prison, the routine, the staff, in exactly the same light in which a small boy sees his preparatory school the last week of the term in which he leaves, but he came out into a thinner world than he had remembered.

He was in London, and it was four o'clock in the afternoon. He climbed into a taxi and drove to Elfreda's little flat off Baker Street.

He felt little but the impressiveness of those black, leaning, solid streets.

He did not know that he was numbed.

Elfreda welcomed him in her pretty little flat. She was self-conscious, as if he were a big son returning from abroad.

Everything was as he remembered it seven years ago when they had shut him away for fraud on a big scale.

Seven years ago he had been a wizard of finance, living in a crackle of important share certificates, a whirl of gold, the intoxication of big figures written and breathed reverently by smaller, more frightened men. He had crashed. He had dragged lots of helpless, black-coated city moles down with him. In return those thousands of moles had shut him away in a more molelike darkness and attrition than their own for seven years.

He had paid. He was free. He was back in Elfreda Stewart's flat in Baker Street. They had been engaged when the crash had happened, and she had stuck to him. They were engaged still, and she was still sticking to him. Only she was terribly nervous and striving desperately to be normal, to be casual, to be matter of fact.

" Do sit down, Guy. I've got the kettle boiling and some of your favourite cakes."

He sat down, and he thought he knew how ghosts speak, and even eat and try to do normal and everyday things.

" They were damned decent to me. The governor and the head warder . . ."

Elfreda knelt beside him awkwardly. She put her chin, rather absurdly, in the bent crick of his arm that held the teacup.

Instantly he became palsied with fear of the fragile teacup. It was so long since he had handled things that mattered. He was concentrating chiefly on the teacup as she spoke.

" I've been thinking, Guy. I don't want to speak about prison. It is better not. Let's make a pact, a vow that we'll never speak about it. It is over. It is finished. It is behind you. We're going to start all over again now, from this very moment, from this very *second*. There is no prison. There never was a prison. It is all finished. I know I am right, Guy. I've thought about it a lot. Our attitude must be that it is something that never happened, that never was. Life begins this afternoon."

" You want that, Elfreda ? "

" I not only want, I insist. I will not listen to any reminiscences, or references to prison. It is finished. The very word has ceased to have any personal meaning for either of us. It is over. Life begins this afternoon."

He looked at her curiously. She had been so good to him. Her goodness was like a million unanswered letters, a thousand presents unacknowledged. The immensity of her unacknowledged, tacitly accepted goodness appalled him. It filled him with a temporary abhorrence of her so that he had to turn his eyes away from her long, pretty, earnest face.

" We must start being normal right away. There is no time like the present."

" No. I suppose not. Elfreda, you've been very good to me. But for you I don't think sometimes I could have got through. I owe you a lot."

She got to her feet briskly. She dropped a kiss on the top of his head.

" I am happy if I've helped you, Guy. Now have some of those crumpets before they get ice cold and soggy, my dear, and give you indigestion."

He wished she would not treat him so determinedly like a convalescent.

"Mother is coming to supper to-night, and Daddy, and Charles, and Yvonne."

"Oh, God!"

"Guy, I thought it so much better to be normal and sane about things straightway, just as if nothing had happened, dear. That is the line I want to take—just as if nothing had happened."

"Yes. Of course. I dare say you're right, Elfreda; only, you see, I hadn't thought things out—I hadn't sorted things out. I mean I'm still in a pretty ghastly muddle—morally, or mentally or spiritually, or whatever you call it! I am not me. I'm sort of swimming round and round in the dark in my own mind."

"You must not be morbid, Guy, dear. I'm so sure I am right! There is a man I know, Guy, not little, not narrow-minded, but human. Oh, so human, Guy! I asked him to come too. He doesn't know anything except that you have been in grave trouble. He is a clergyman. He is marvellous!"

He knocked the cake stand over with a sudden, brisk movement. He flushed up to the roots of his hair.

"I'm a clumsy devil! It's not being used to having things about, you know."

"My dear, it doesn't matter in the least."

She was being patient with him. He could feel her feeding him the length of her patience as one feeds a clumsy, impatient dog the length of its lead. For a second he kicked and fretted on the end of it; then the old numbness enveloped him again.

IT was not perhaps Elfreda's fault that she made him feel dreadfully in the way, as if he was paralytic and she was cleaning the whole room round him. She had four hundred pounds a year of her own and a reputation for "daintiness."

All Elfreda's relatives were very kind to him. It was obvious they saw in him a brand plucked from the burning by Elfreda. It was plain they thought her misguided but marvellous, idiotic but exalted.

They took their cue from her. She had obviously discussed it with them. Prison was a thing of the past. Life began that afternoon. It continued from seven years ago, without hiatus or break.

He listened to their conversation. He felt an outcast, exactly like the one child at a grown-up party. His politeness was a piteous strain.

Their eyes nailed his attention with little red-hot agonising nails. He ached to be away from them—to be alone. He was used to being alone. Looking back on his old loneliness, he saw it, surprisingly, like luxury he had thrown over without thought.

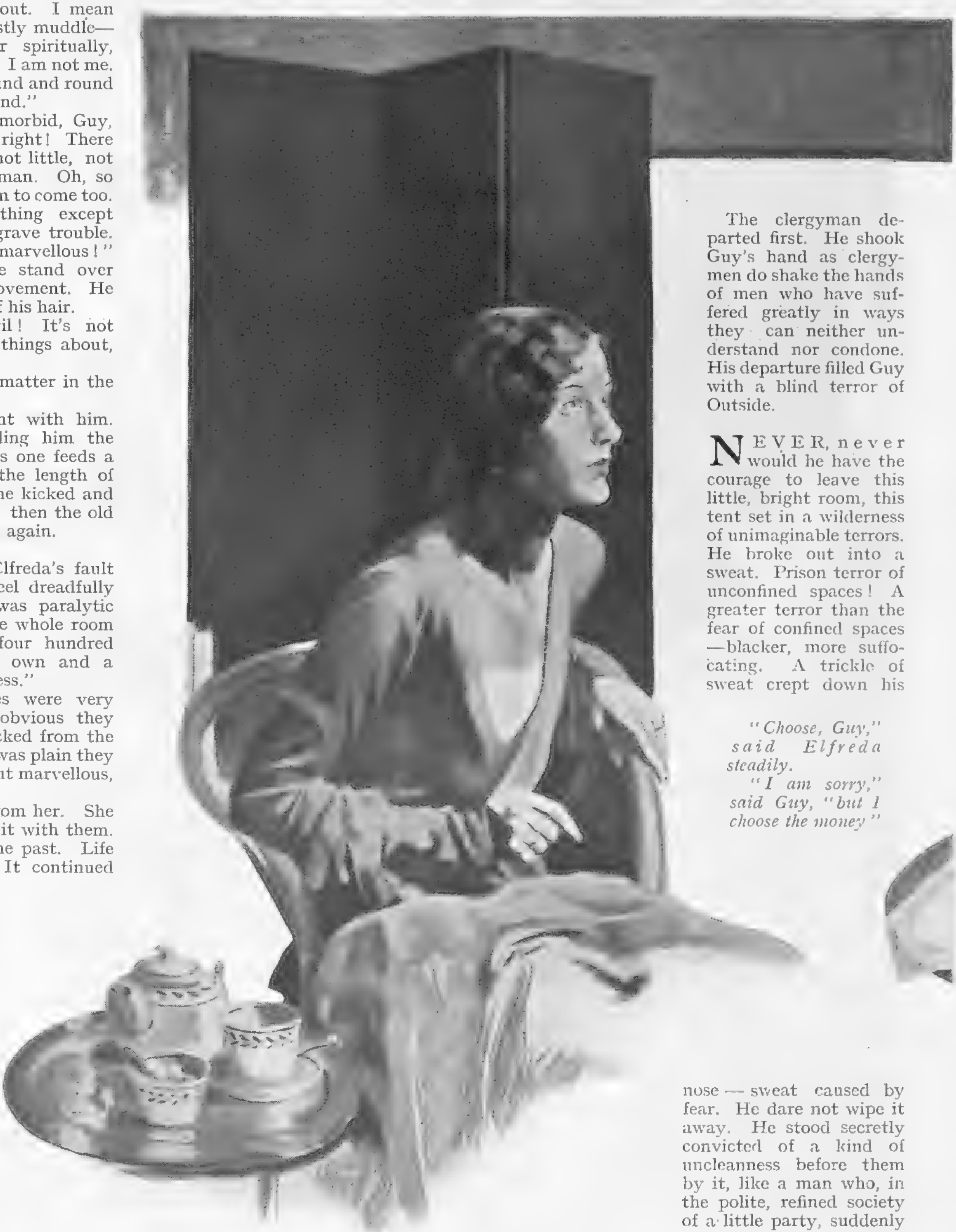
The Reverend Hollywood Williams, that suave crammer of churches, that greedy collector of huge congregations, reminded him of the prison chaplain. He carried that same endless box of words.

Oh, God! The ghastly loneliness of that gay, normal little meal! The fairy food, the fragile weapons with which one's raw, red, beefy hand conveyed it perilously from plate to mouth.

Oh, God! The futility of it! He knew how ghosts could feel: poor ghosts who came back to find that people were not really aware of them. His silly, mumbled replies seemed snatched off his lips into space.

He saw that he was disappointing Elfreda. Now and again her bright, kind eyes dwelt on him bracingly, encouragingly. They were all "helping him." Helping a ghost to live! It was agony.

They turned the wireless on. The world that had been timeless for him so long, except for bells, now halted miserably on the slow travelling hands of Elfreda's little gilt clock.



"Choose, Guy," said Elfreda steadily.

"I am sorry," said Guy, "but I choose the money"

The clergyman departed first. He shook Guy's hand as clergymen do shake the hands of men who have suffered greatly in ways they can neither understand nor condone. His departure filled Guy with a blind terror of Outside.

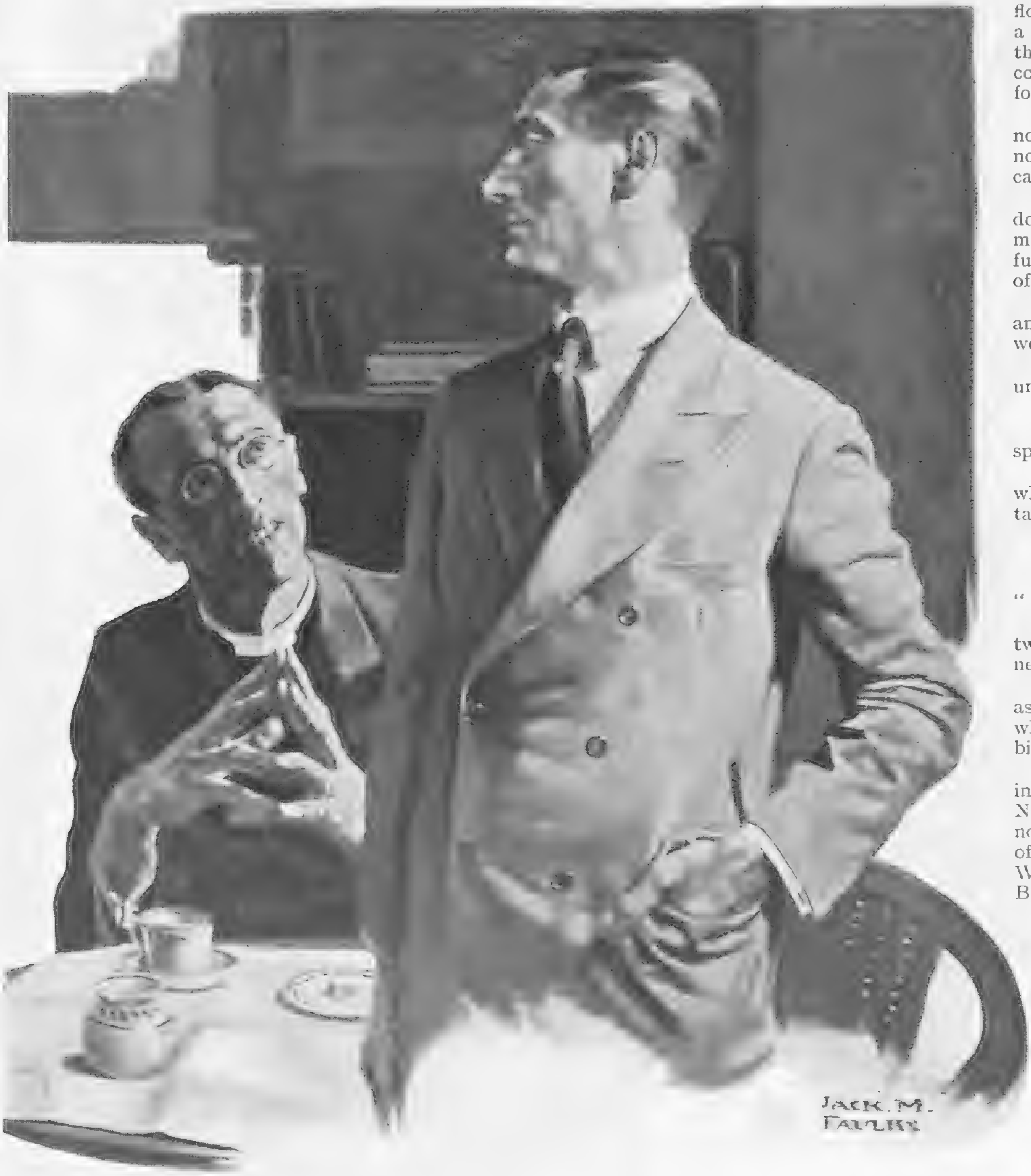
NEVER, never would he have the courage to leave this little, bright room, this tent set in a wilderness of unimaginable terrors. He broke out into a sweat. Prison terror of unconfined spaces! A greater terror than the fear of confined spaces—blacker, more suffocating. A trickle of sweat crept down his nose—sweat caused by fear. He dare not wipe it away. He stood secretly convicted of a kind of uncleanness before them by it, like a man who, in the polite, refined society of a little party, suddenly feels a bug or a flea on himself.

The relatives went. He was alone with Elfreda.

Surely she'd let him stay? Surely she saw his fear? Surely she'd understand that a man who had lived in a cage could not just have the cage door propped open after seven years and—blindly run out? He had forgotten the convention, the niceness, the innocent girlishness of Elfreda, who was thirty-two. Surely just this once she'd let him stay in this safe, warm little cell of hers? It wasn't that he wanted anything else, could have borne the thought of anything else. Not that. She had another room. Elfreda was speaking.

" I'm afraid you'll have to go now, dear. It is late."

How many millions of years ago had she said that ? Once it had seemed to him beautiful, all somehow white, and dewy, and virginal. That was because the virginity was being preserved for him, and it had seemed to him, because of that, of infinite value. Now the one thing in the world that mattered was that he should stay put !



" Where—where should I—shall I—could I go ? "

" Hotels are open all night for men, dear."

Elfreda was the type that believes that everything is open all night—for men. The night was a time when men became alive and prowled, like unquiet beasts, in their true colours ; while nice women stayed in their little bedrooms, under their fathers' roofs, or their personally rented private roofs, and folded their clothes neatly, and read a novel for a little while before they " dropped off."

" Come round after breakfast, Guy, and we will talk about the future. You have money ? "

" Oh, yes, yes. They gave it back to me. I have lots of money."

" Then good night, my dear, my very dear. God bless you."

She helped him into his coat. She put his bag and his umbrella in his hand. Like a good woman, she sent him out into the wilderness and remained beautifully, so rightly "purdah."

IT was raining. She had given him his umbrella. He stood in the doorway pulverised with nerves.

God ! to go out into that cold, steel-mesh world, to wander in it perhaps for weeks, years, centuries, while upstairs there was a warm, cosy little cell where one was safe. Damn the woman ! He didn't want to harm her. He just wanted to stay quiet, *safe* !

A girl came out of the bottom floor flat, and shut the door with a bang that shot him clean through the head, and left him completely dead with terror for the moment.

Elfreda's block of flats were not expensive. She knew no one in them. She was careful about that.

The girl came to the open doorway, looked at the steel mesh of rain, and said cheerfully, " Blast ! This is a hell of a place for taxis ! "

She was a chit. A young chit, and saucy too. Her teeth were marvellous.

" I lent a girl friend my only umbrella, drat it ! "

" I've got one."

" Yes, I saw that before I spoke to you," she grinned.

" Let me hold it over you whilst we go and hunt for a taxi."

" That's not a bad idea."

" You hold on to my arm."

She mimicked a little child. " All right, Daddy."

It was better now there were two of them in the wilderness.

Her clothes were as " saucy " as her face. " Perky," that's what she was. A perky little bit.

" I'm going to a bottle party in a studio. It'll be a scream ! No corners, no screens and no divans ! Ever heard of a bottle party like that ? Where do you come from ? Been to a party at one of the flats ? "

" Yes. Miss Stewart's."

" Gee ! I'll bet it was some party. Grannie, and the old lady from next door ! I beg your pardon. Perhaps she is a pal of yours. Where are you going now ? "

" To an hotel—if I can find one."

He was terrified again.

He wanted to cling to her, to hold her hands, clutch her little shining blue mackintosh that glistened under the street lamps of Baker Street. The buses terrified him, lumbering past like tumbrels. Again he had that terrible, transparent, thin-whipcord feeling.

" There is a rank down that other street. I'll bet they're cruising round the theatres, damn 'em ! Where do you come from ? "

He heard himself say in a shrill, high voice, speaking the one human word since he had left jail that morning :

" *Prison.*"

Then the tears came.

He leant up against a lamp-post and he sobbed. He was again thin, but now he was no disembodied whipcord : he was a single string of a harp shaken with nervous vibration and a beautiful, exquisite, divine self-release.

She reached up and patted him.

" Poor old devil ! Poor old boy ! Damned bad luck ! Hold on now, hold on ! Steady. Steady. That's the stuff. Ease up. What did you get in for ? "

"Fraud."

"Damned bad luck!"

"Others get away with it. The men that were with me."

"You bet they did. Dirty old swine! Look here, you aren't fit to be left."

"I'm all right. I'm going to an hotel."

"Hotel my hat! You want a talk. Get it off your chest. I know. You can't tell me. I used to know a fellow once—thirteen years he did, then he came back to the Company. Played the priest! That was a scream, wasn't it? The nun fell for him. That was a scream too; if you'd only known—but he got her all right; and he talked himself sane on her. Got it out of his system. That's what you want. Get it out of your system. I'm fed up with bottle parties. Let's chuck it, and go home."

"I beg your pardon."

"You don't need to. I know men. I'm not a good woman. It is a good thing to know men, but it doesn't make a good woman. Joke over!"

He heard his little voice, his little, little voice.

"I'm so frightened."

"I'll bet you are. You are nothing but a bundle of nerves, and I don't wonder. I'll mix you some hot toddy. Come on now!"

"Elfreda lives upstairs."

"She needn't know. The top flat at £150 a year never knows how the bottom floor flat at £70 lives. Take it from me."

He laughed. The first real laugh for seven years.

"You're a damned good sort! What's your name?"

"Butter."

"Butter?"

"My name's Beryl Butterfield. I'm on the stage—chorus. Legs and love! The girls call me Butter. Come on now. No sense in hanging about. Do you smoke a pipe?"

"I did."

"Got it with you?"

"Yes."

"All right. Come on back and light up. I'll bet the fire will light up. It's a gas one, that's why. Joke over! Come on, old sport!"

"You're a good woman."

"A real gent's best insult. Cut it!"

In the tiny flat she took off her hat, and he saw that her hair was gold. There was a lot of gold about the flat of the same colour—picture frames, bowls, some spindle chairs. What wasn't gold was pink, and what wasn't pink was a cushion or a lampshade.

She drew a huge pink brocade armchair in front of the gas fire. She made him drink hot toddy and took his pipe from his pocket.

"When you want to turn in, there's a divan over there. It's held better men than you, Gunga djin. My girlish nest is just the room beyond, so if you get the heebe-jeebies you can yell and mother will be right with you."

He loved her outrageously dyed golden hair, the fearless sparkling honesty of her vivid cornflower blue eyes, with their long mascara eyelashes like spiked railings enclosing miniature artificial lakes. He liked the rosy ripeness of her scarlet mouth, the evenness of her huge white teeth.

He looked at her with almost childish wonder after several years in a masculine world, as he had once looked at females when he was very young, and realised things suddenly, and in a flash they had ceased to be females and to become deliciously, tantalisingly, marvellously—*women.*

"You won't be happy till you get it off your chest."

"All right."

"I'll sit here. Gas away."

He held shivering hands to the blaze.

"You see, in a way, Butter, it was marvellous as well as ghastly. It's like the fools who wouldn't let you talk about the War. I mean—one was the War. I mean the War was one. Well, prison—it is like that . . . . One was prison, and prison was one. I'm going to cry again. I know I am."

She slipped on to the arm of the chair behind him. She put her warm, plump little arms round him. He could feel them through the thinness of her crêpe de chine dress. She held him closely, this dear stranger from the rain-swept streets, this fragment of humanity.

"All right, old son. All right."

With his face pressed against her breast, her hands stroking his hair, he began to talk. Fragmentary talk, impressions, scraps of conversation, details of an endless seven-day menu, and as he talked the soul rested. It became in proportion. He was no longer disembodied. Through the saga sobbed out on her breast he regained reality for himself.

Dawn came in at the window, a pale little trickle of light.

He slept in the chair with his head on her breast.

He opened his eyes and looked up at her.

"God!" he said wonderingly, "and last night I didn't know you!"

She said, with her mouth twisted, "Idiot! You don't have to know some people—you just do."

He had a sense of shame now when he was with Elfreda, but why should he feel shame? Elfreda infused that greasy quality into his night with Butter. She knew nothing of it; protected by Butter's careless chivalry and his own cowardice, she would never know—and yet she could unconsciously make of that queer, half-holy night of naked need and radiant giving just a crude episode in a gaudy flat with a chorus girl. But when he was away from Elfreda it came clean again—sweetly clean.

Over the sketchy breakfast of bacon, marmalade, cheese biscuits, and surprisingly excellent coffee, he had explained to Butter the exact relationship between himself and Elfreda.

"You see she stuck by me."

Butter nodded.

"She would," she said; and then "Sorry! She's not my style . . . and I suppose that's a compliment. Nice clothes, you wear. I like 'em. Public school?"

He nodded.

"'Fraid so."

"Oxford?"

"Guilty."

"I thought so."

She looked at him as beamingly as if he were some pleasant flower she'd just classified to her own satisfaction.

"And you were a millionaire?"

"Theoretically. On paper, you know; no one is actually a millionaire."

"And now I suppose you've got to ask old Straight Seams upstairs for your pocket money till you land a job. You poor old devil! You poor little old devil! Look here! I've £100 saved, and I'm going after a job this morning for the States. Claudd & Klift are taking out 'Bright Belles'—you know, the musical show. No, of course, you don't know, poor lamb! Well, it's run a year over here."

"You're God's good woman, Butter."

"Don't call me that early in the morning," she said irritably. "You're putting me clean off my stroke! I'm not handing you the hundred—but if twenty . . . ."

Subsequently he had such nice little meals with Elfreda. He felt she was "getting him into her ways again" all the time, making a little gentleman of him.

Sometimes he felt he couldn't breathe in her flat for being a perfect little gentleman; and oh, how he hated her nice little clergyman friend! He knew all about Guy. *Of course* he'd bothered to find out . . . all in a good cause! Guy saw him and Elfreda conversationally "pawing him over" prior to his release—how best to "help" him. He taxed Elfreda with it gently, and Elfreda said evasively, "Well, of course, Guy, the name"—as if his name were an unfortunate personal odour.

When Elfreda was out he "slipped in" to see Butter. Respite. Tents of utter relaxation in the desert of outworn good form and decorum in a world of everlasting mental dust, sheets and spiritual disinfectant.

After that first breakfast together, Butter, like a little lady, never referred to Elfreda.

He knew Butter liked him. Queer, sweet Butter, who somehow managed to wear his education and background like a borrowed decoration—so proudly.

He said one day, suddenly:

"You're damn pretty, Butter!"

She turned on him.

"I'm thirty-four, and my calves are cows! It's only because you're like the fellows in the trenches. I remember they used to come out and think the old flower women were the front row of the chorus. Why! you poor boob! Oh—clear out! for God's sake *clear out*!"

He cleared out, shaken, puzzled and contrite.

"I haven't hurt you, Butter?"

"Hurt me! Every gentleman knows you can't hurt a chorus girl; it's part of their education."

Then, seeing his bleak dismay, she suddenly put her arms round him and squeezed him, squeezed her plump little body against his, squeezed her soft, warm, painted mouth against his. Never since those days when women were fairings for a bright lad with money in his pocket, and those later days before Elfreda, when women were the most expensive glittering presents on the Christmas Tree for a clever boy—never since those days had he felt anything like that. Only it had, underneath the sudden hot stir, that clean, young, bright quality of their first meeting.

"Now go," she said. "And do you mind terribly . . . not coming back?"

He came back days later to find a quiet, busy, suddenly middle-aged Butter going to America. This sudden laying away of her "kittenishness" hurt him strangely. It struck at his heart.

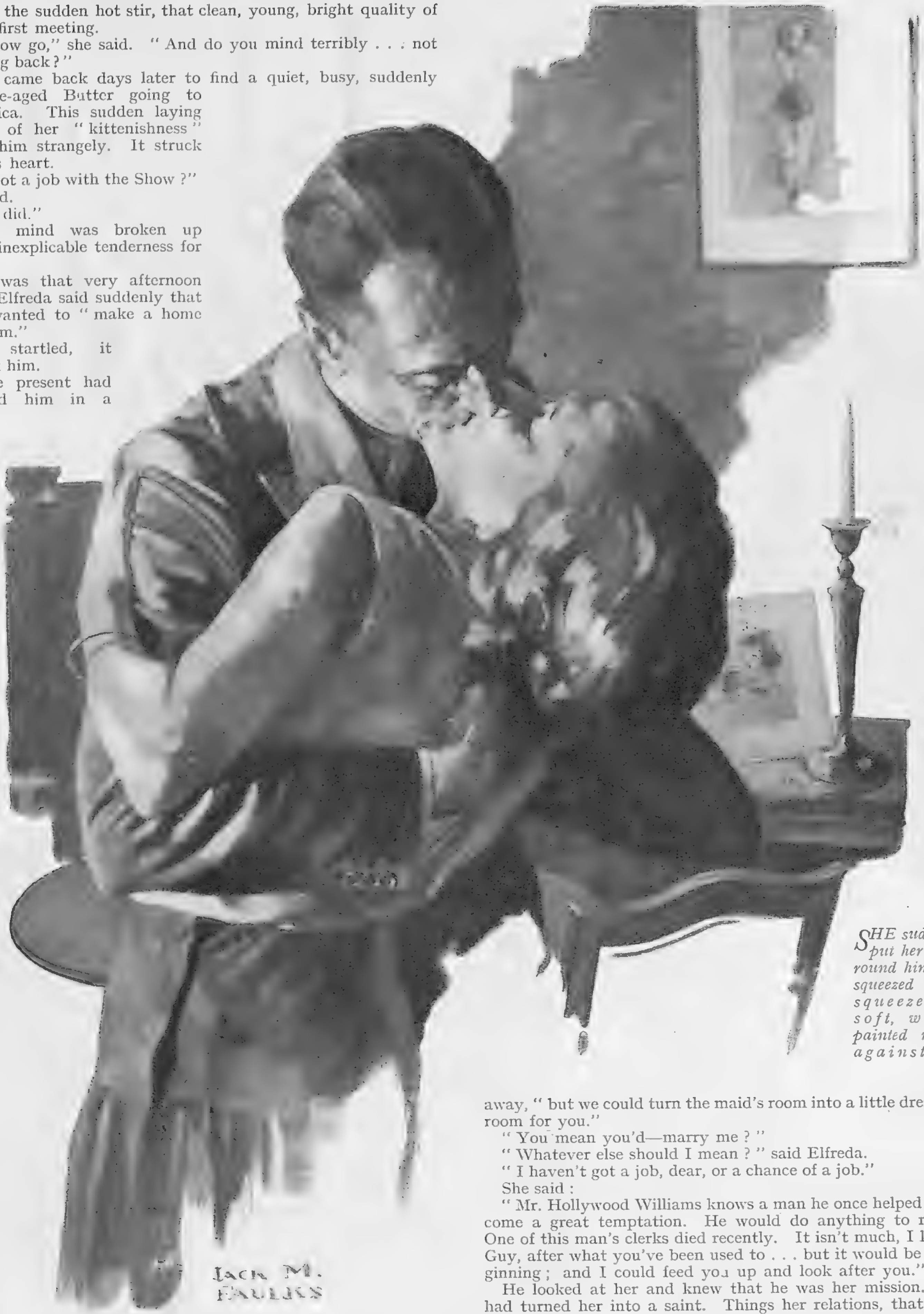
"Got a job with the Show?" he said.

"I did."

His mind was broken up with inexplicable tenderness for her.

It was that very afternoon that Elfreda said suddenly that she wanted to "make a home for him."

It startled, it shook him.



SHE suddenly put her arms round him and squeezed him, squeezed her soft, warm, painted mouth against his

The present had lapped him in a sort of nervous, protracted doze ever since he came out of prison. Waking, he saw Elfreda full of implacable resolve beside him, and knew an unavoidable day had dawned.

"I have four hundred a year, Guy, and you could live here."

"Oh, but you wouldn't like that."

"It would be a little small," said Elfreda, flushing and looking away, "but we could turn the maid's room into a little dressing-room for you."

"You mean you'd—marry me?"

"Whatever else should I mean?" said Elfreda.

"I haven't got a job, dear, or a chance of a job."

She said:

"Mr. Hollywood Williams knows a man he once helped overcome a great temptation. He would do anything to repay. One of this man's clerks died recently. It isn't much, I know, Guy, after what you've been used to . . . but it would be a beginning; and I could feed you up and look after you."

He looked at her and knew that he was her mission. He had turned her into a saint. Things her relations, that wry-necked crow of a padre, had said winged back to him. They exalted her, and she was intoxicated with it, drunk on her own ineffable goodness to him. He was the altar on which she was going to sacrifice herself at all costs . . . and she'd hold down the altar and fight till the death to retain it in order to do the job.

He said suddenly:

"Is the Padre married, Elfreda?"

"He is. He has a wife in a lunatic asylum. She has been there for six years."

(*Continued on page 112*)

Never to see his native land again. A typical convict and his dog. Devil's Island can be seen in the background

The Island of Lost

The Horrors of Devil's Island, the French Penal Colony where Life is Death and "Freedom" further Slavery

SOME four hours by steamer from Cayenne there lie a group of islands, the Ile Royale, Ile St. Joseph, and Ile du Diable. On all of them there are convicts, and it is on account of the last named that France's penal colony in French Guiana has come to be known to the world as Devil's Island.

Actually the bulk of the convicts are on the mainland, there being some six thousand distributed between St. Laurent du Maroni and Cayenne. At the time of my visit another thousand, who had escaped their guards, were running loose in the forests. The majority of these are by now probably dead of starvation and fever.

Though I am a professional travel writer and I went to "La Guyane" especially for copy, I wrote nothing about the place except an article or two. There are some things that are too horrible to write a book about. Devil's Island is one of these.

Even now as I close my eyes the scene of our arrival comes back to me like some ghastly nightmare. We were lying at the mouth of the Maroni river, waiting for our tide. A rusty old launch came alongside, manned by three ragged-looking wretches and carrying two armed men in the stern. The launch was bringing us our pilot, a coal-black, voluble fellow, who made a great fuss about swinging himself on board. But it was not the pilot nor the armed officials that held my attention. That crew—those three emaciated, tortured-looking men! What could they be? Instinctively I knew. They were Devil's Island convicts.

We made our way slowly up the river until we came in sight of a rickety wooden pier. A little group of white uniformed officials stood on the pier. Near by a gang of men were lined up between warders. They were sprucely dressed in clean shirts and trousers, with numbers painted in black upon their shirts, but had no boots or socks, for the convicts are not given these. One guessed they were a "show" party, brought down for fatigue duty in connection with the arrival of the boat. I might have thought no more about them had I not noticed one look up at the boat, where we lined the rail laughing, talking, excited, and saw tears start into his eyes. The tricolour flew from the stern of our boat. He was looking at the only bit of France that he would ever see again.

ON the left of the quay there was another group of men. They were not well dressed like the fatigue party, nor washed nor shaven; the majority wore nothing but a pair of tattered trousers; their bodies were emaciated, their eyeballs yellow from fever; in their eyes the terrible, stricken look of men who know they have been left to die. These men were the *libérés*, the cruellest feature of the whole system of this living hell. A *libéré* is a convict who has served his term in the penitentiary and is condemned to spend a certain number of years in the colony, usually the rest of his life. No food, nor clothes, nor shelter is provided for him. He must find work and earn these things for himself. But how can he in "La Guyane," where there is no work at all except the forced labour of the convicts, sweating in the timber yards? So when the boat comes in, which is once a month, with an occasional cargo vessel in between, the *libérés* come down to the quay, hoping for a few hours' employment handling cargo. And some drop in their tracks as they handle the heavy bales. I have seen them.

Well, the gangway was lowered; and the time had come to go ashore. Already sick of my job, I slipped a camera in one pocket and a gun in the other. I took the gun because I had no permission to visit Devil's Island and was not sure how

Souls

By Arthur Mills

Outcast sons of France. A group of convicts working in the lumber yards of St. Laurent

I would be received. Also at night, when the *libérés*, like starved jackals, are prowling the dark streets, most people who are not convicts find a gun a comforting companion.

My most useful asset was a box of cigarettes. With a handful of these I induced a gentleman, stripped naked to the waist, who was working with a pick-axe by the road-side, to pose for me. He was doing time for murder and was a cheerful-looking bloke, very different from the shattered wreck with a broom in its hand, half-blinded by maltreatment, that I next photographed. I will never forget how this second fellow trembled all over as I came up to him and could not believe I was going to give him cigarettes. That was the last time I used my camera in French Guiana.

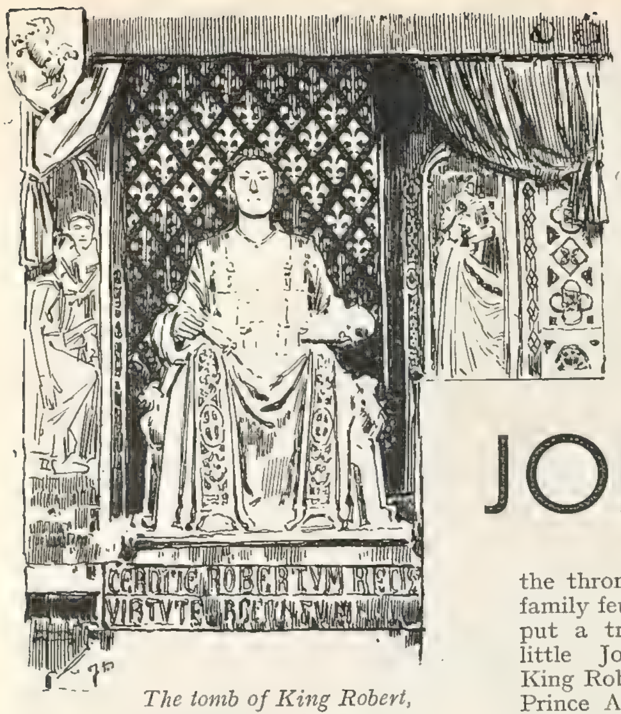
A boat's crew of convicts. The only means of communication between the mainland and the Island

Still uncertain how I stood socially, I made my way back to the boat as dusk was falling and admit to being heartily thankful to get on board. For somehow I do not think Devil's Island would be a very healthy place for foreign writers if word went round that their presence was to be discouraged. The majority of the inhabitants have proved themselves expert in some form of murder, and one would not deserve or get much sympathy if one was " bumped off."

But the French are nothing if not hospitable in their own colonies, and when I got on board the *Biskra* I found the Governor of the penal settlement himself and several of his staff assembled. The Governor was a grand old chap, and when we found we were both old soldiers we drank whisky together and became friends. In fact he was tickled, rather than annoyed, by the idea of a British writer coming unbidden to Devil's Island. The *Biskra* was going on down to Cayenne that night, but she was returning to St. Laurent du Maroni, and the Governor promised when she came back to show me everything I wanted to see.

AT midnight we stopped off the actual Ile du Diable just long enough to drop and take on board a sack of mails. Once again a boat rowed by convicts came out to us. The captain of the *Biskra* stood at the top of the gangway ; he would not allow any of the fatigue party on deck ; they came just to the top of the steps and dropped their sack of tragic letters, then slunk back into the darkness.

Men who have actually been on Devil's Island—and I have talked with two—tell me it is the awful loneliness of the place that tries them most. There the island stands—just a rock on which a few cocoanut palms grow—and which a man can walk the entire way round in twenty minutes. Day after day, month after month, the prisoners (of whom there are about fourteen on the island at the moment) live there with nothing but the roar of the sea and the sharks for company. Some are eventually driven mad by the never-ending sound (*Continued on page 92*)



The tomb of King Robert, grandfather of Joanna

TRAGEDIES and

Described by NORMAN HILL

Painted by F. MATANIA, R.I.

THE STORY OF

JOANNA the CRUEL

THE fairest scenes of nature have, by a strange prank of history, been the setting of man's greatest cruelties. The lovely Appian Way outside the walls of Rome witnessed the persecutions of the early Christians. The glorious square, overshadowed by the campanile of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, once echoed to the dying groans of Savonarola. It was on a bridge in fair Montereau that the gallant Charles the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, was foully done to death by Tanneguy Duchatel, and the shadow of the Giralda in Seville has often fallen on the forms of men marked for death by the inexorable Inquisition at its latest *auto-da-fé*.

Naples, fairest city of all shores, history doomed to a record of cruelty and baseness unsurpassed by any other city of men. It is said that the siren still sings her enticing dirge among the rocks which jut out into the green-blue sea of that beautiful bay, where Sorrento glimmers like a red jewel and Procida rises sadly from the waters. Men and women have stooped to unspeakable viciousness and folly to rule the city, whose cobbled stones and lime-washed walls have witnessed, to within the memory of some still living, a succession of horrors which sicken the most callous student. From the days of Virgil, Naples has talked in terms of the dagger and stiletto. Massacres were too commonplace to record, and rapine too frequent to cause comment. The Neapolitans, from the time of Guelph and Ghibelline to the day of Garibaldi and Crispi, lived under the guiding principle of the fundamental unimportance of human life. Joanna, a woman of culture, who delighted in the society of Boccaccio and Petrarch, was Queen of this tragic city. They called her " the Cruel " because her crimes and misdeeds singled her out from among her subjects and contemporaries.

If the quality of mercy can be extended to those who murder in cold blood, a measure must be granted to the unhappy Joanna. She lived in the age of chivalry, a word which has cloaked so effectively the turbulent story of vice and blood which went to make up the middle ages. Her grandfather was a usurper who had ruthlessly removed his elder brother from the throne of Naples. In the resultant family feud much blood was shed, and, to put a truce to this wanton suffering, little Joanna, the granddaughter of King Robert, was married to a weakling, Prince Andreas, a direct descendant of the dispossessed monarch. The little girl was barely five years of age. Her " husband " was just two years her senior. The tragedy of her life had already begun.

IN those days children were pawns in the game of kingship, and the parents of both Prince and Princess congratulated themselves on the adroitness with which they had effected this monstrous match They might have made some amends for their crime by care in the education of the two children, but even here they failed. The intellectual well-being of Andreas was entrusted to a scheming friar who ill concealed his ambitions for personal power at the expense of his charge. Joanna was placed in the care of a hoyden of the lowest class who had inveigled her way into favour at court. Her evil character quickly asserted itself in the outlook on life of the pretty Joanna. Each day the child was taught to regard her boy husband with loathing. The Princess's conversation was a mixture of the refined tongue of the Neapolitan nobility and the crude expressions of her teacher, Philippa, the basely born woman who watched over her studies. She was encouraged to mix with Philippa's young son, and the chroniclers, who are never very kind in these matters, hint that long before the girl had grown up she had surrendered to the rough charms of this child of the gutter.

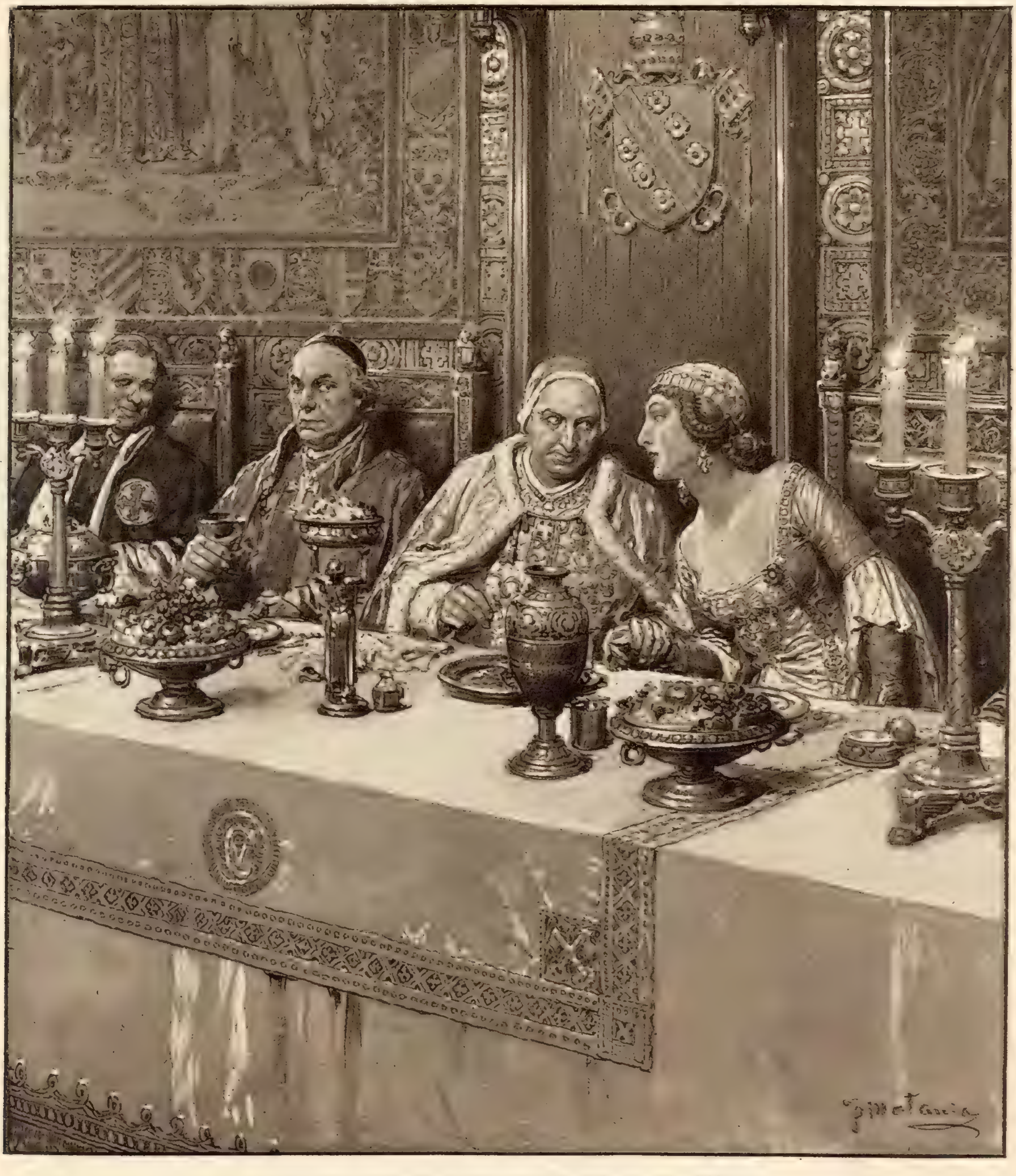
No princess in history was less favourably circumstanced than the unhappy Joanna. She was old in body and mind by the time she had reached sixteen and her face and figure developed a voluptuousness which is usually denied to women until later in life. Her fair hair and pretty mouth combined with an ample bosom and slender waist to make her the most sought after girl in Southern Italy. In addition to her physical charms, Joanna quickly showed that her brain and intelligence were more than a match for the culture of her day. She was proficient at languages and music, and her artistic tastes were gorgeous in an age of cruel magnificence. But even this gifted, lovely creature could not escape from the incidence of environment. Her first glimmering of life had been a court of vice and sensuality. She had never been taught restraint, and morals and scruples meant nothing to her. She may be said never to have known what sin was. She found herself surrounded by handsome courtiers and flatterers, and drank in their adulation with a zest pardonable in a woman who had the misfortune to be so beautiful. She accepted their compliments and caresses with a like nonchalance, for love affairs were of no more moment to her than the prickly pears which adorned the cactus plants on the dusty highroads outside the city. In those early days, while her puppet of a husband still persisted in his pathetic attentions to his beautiful wife, Joanna had serious thoughts for but one man—the uncultured but richly attired son of Philippa, the wretched youth who is known to history as the Count of Evoli. To him she gave herself with that burning passion known only to the women of Southern Italy. There was no thought of deep love. To the end of her life, Joanna remained a stranger to true affection.

WHILE the evil Robert remained ruler of Naples, the personalities of both Joanna and Andreas were naturally eclipsed. Philippa on the one hand, and Friar Robert on the other, could scheme and cajole for their own petty purposes, their voices carried no weight in the affairs of state. The King himself, although he had welcomed the marriage of the boy and girl in the first instance, afterwards regretted its necessity. Andreas was a constant reminder of the days of usurpation, and the mediæval conscience played strange tricks with guilty, superstitious monarchs. He came to loathe the very presence of the unfortunate prince, and when he died he left the throne of Naples to Joanna, his granddaughter, as sole ruler, and not to Joanna and Andreas jointly.

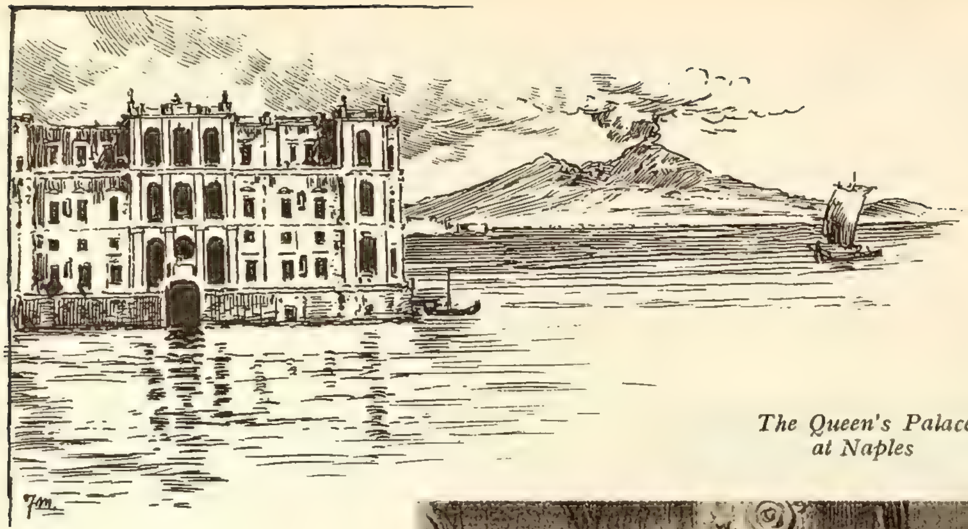
In the days of her extreme youth Joanna had been content to trifle with lovers and play with poets. They had amused her. She had loved extravagant clothes, exotic flowers and costly jewels. They seemed necessary attributes to her pretty face and form. But she had not thought seriously of wearing a crown. The duties of monarchy had seemed such an unwarranted interference with the pleasures of the court and the tiltyard. But once she had been given supreme authority, her attitude of mind changed. Her beauty must now be made the tool of ambition. Her supremacy must be maintained at the price of sentiment.

Friar Robert saw his life's scheming threatened with failure. Forgetting his vows of poverty and obedience, he roused Andreas to action, pointing out the perils of delay if the prize of wealth and power were not to be lost. He stirred the populace to arms, while Andreas wondered in a listless way what it was all about. Joanna, for her part, appealed to the Pope for support, and the obliging Pontiff, having heard of the Queen's charm, acknowledged her sovereignty. Thinking herself secure and despising the impotent screeches of the mob outside the palace, Joanna took a new lover, a handsome young man, Bertrand, the son of her grandfather's chamberlain. The Count of Evoli, who had enjoyed her favours for so long, did not appear to mind. After all, he had not been ejected from his position at court, and he preferred to keep his head on his shoulders rather than question the fickle fancies of a queen.

Andreas was to suffer the doom of a complaisant husband in due course. He



She supped with him and spoke of the oppressions and hardships which come to Queens when they have no powerful friends



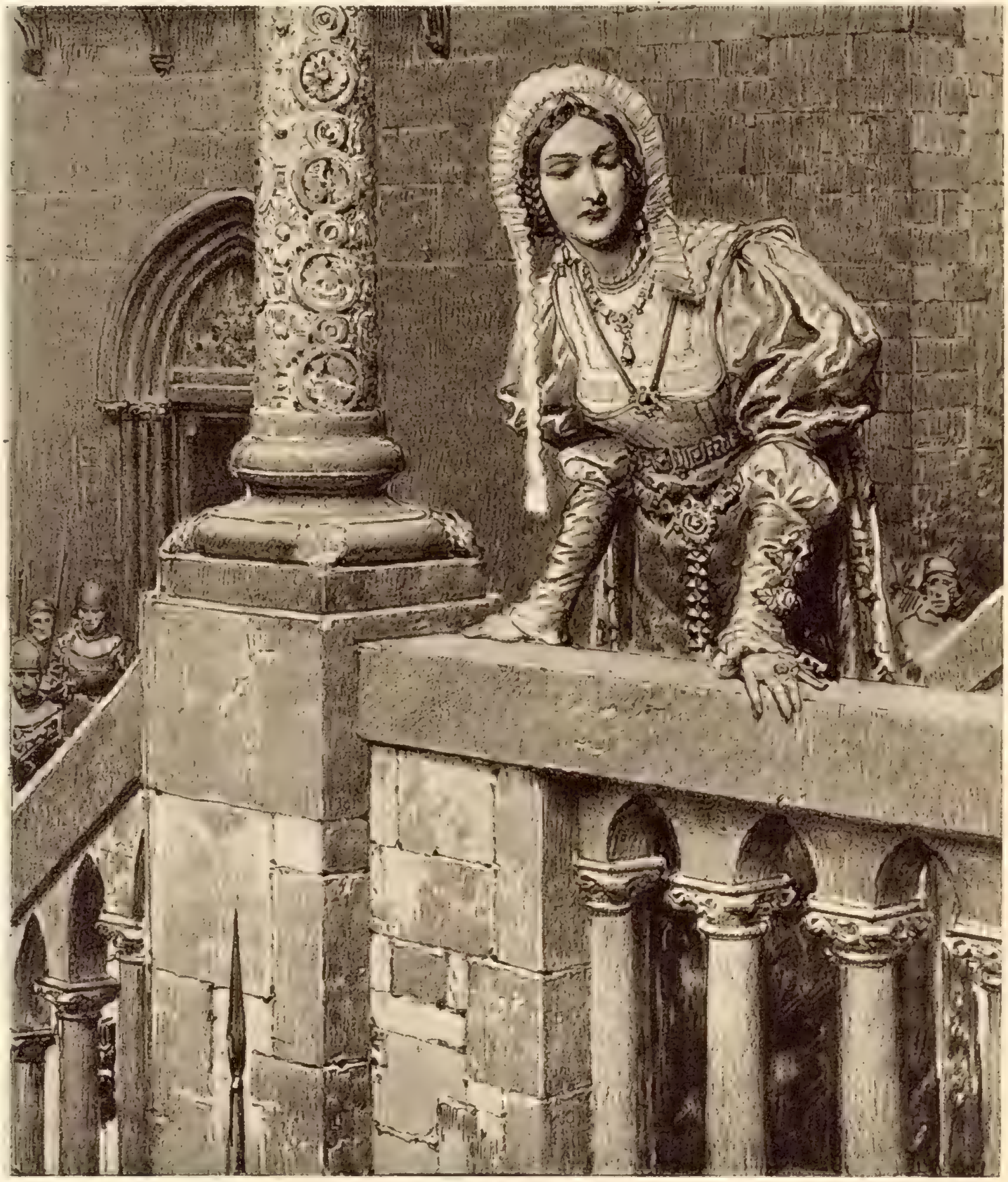
The Queen's Palace at Naples

was not greatly interested in the casuistries of Friar Robert, and rather regretted the disturbances in the city. He was even alarmed when news was brought that the Pope had changed his mind and wished to see Joanna and himself crowned jointly as rulers of Naples. The Supreme Pontiff was still enjoying the relics of that omnipotence bequeathed to the Holy See by Hildebrand. Men trembled at the thoughts of excommunication, and the weapon of the interdict caused whole nations to tremble. It was too early in history for any king to defy the Pope with impunity. Joanna, greatly as she resented this change in the Pope's point of view, prepared for the joint coronation with a heavy heart. The last shred of affection she had entertained for her lord Andreas was stretched to breaking point.

The Count of Evoli and Bertrand the lover had no such fears of the omnipotence of the Pope. They realised that the coronation of Andreas meant the ascendancy of Friar Robert, and their own certain execution or disgrace. With a wit and wisdom worthy of a better cause, they persuaded Joanna that Andreas should be quietly put away. The young Queen had hitherto refrained from thoughts of murder. It was the only evil idea she had not entertained, and, after overcoming the first feelings of revulsion, she tacitly agreed with the two adventurers. After all, she would not miss the tiresome caresses of the ineffectual Andreas.

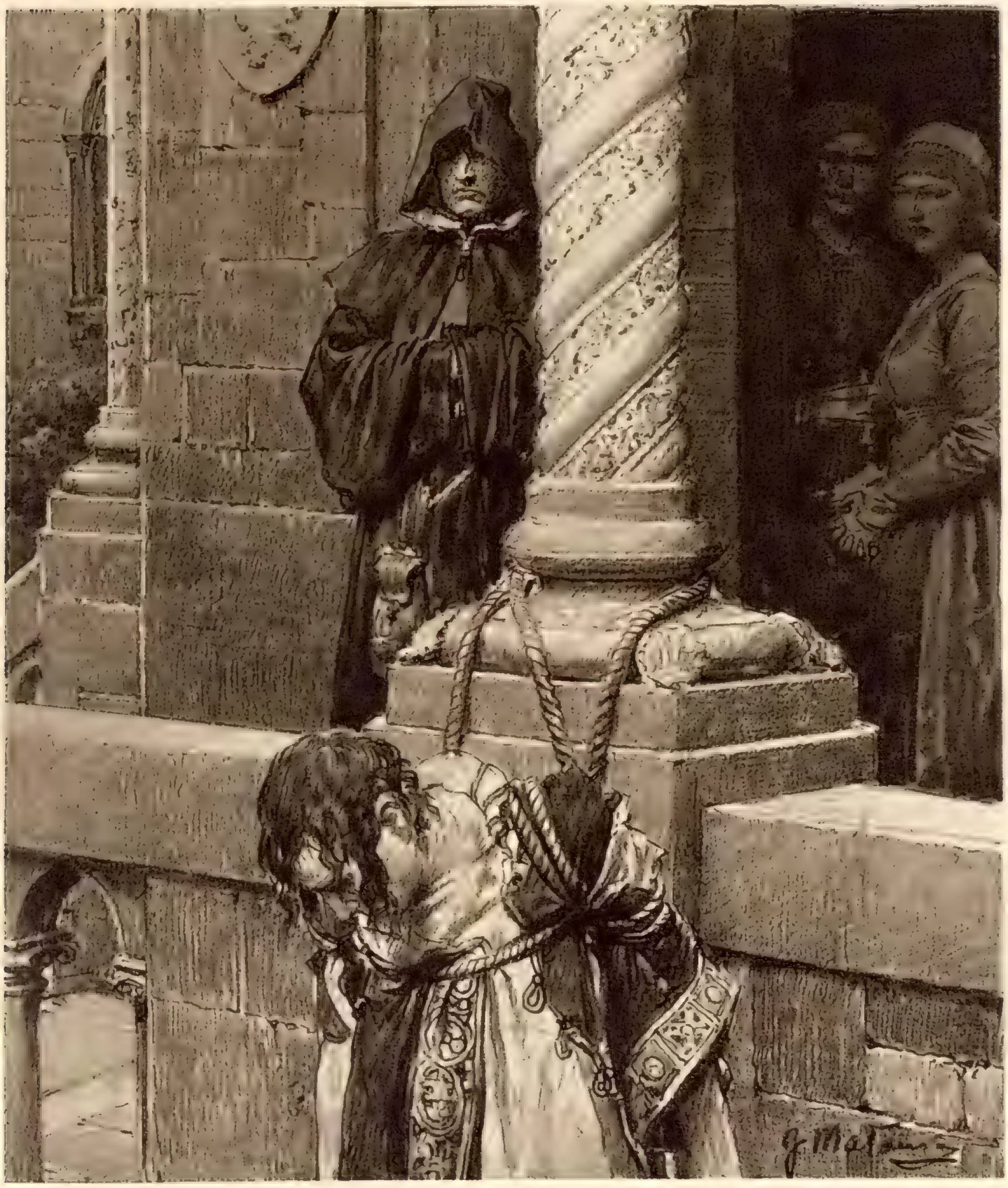
IT happened at Aversa. The Queen and Andreas were staying in the royal palace awaiting the completion of arrangements for their joint coronation. She had spent the day selecting silks and embroideries, while Andreas had indulged himself in the equally congenial occupation of the chase. He ate a hearty meal in the evening and retired to bed in a room overlooking an open verandah of the kind which you can see in Campania by the thousand to this day. Just before dawn the prince was awakened by a servitor who said a messenger with urgent dispatches had arrived from Naples and wished to speak to him. Throwing on a few clothes, Andreas stepped out over the red tiles of the gallery to greet the courier, and, in the gathering light, found himself in the midst of a group of armed men. Before he could speak one of them had plunged a dagger into his body. Andreas groaned with pain and stumbled along the gallery to the door of his wife's sleeping chamber. He hammered on it with ever-failing strength before another assassin gave him the quietus with a two-edged sword. Joanna did not stir. The palace was in an uproar, but still no sound came from her room. Indeed her husband's body had been cut down from a balustrade, over which it had been callously hung by the murderers, before she made her appearance. She took one look at the corpse and then ordered a carriage to drive her into Naples with all speed.

PITY had no place in Joanna's character. When she reached Naples she declared herself horrified at the tragedy of Aversa, would leave no stone unturned to punish the assassins, and wrote with her own hand a list of the proscribed. In that list were contained the names, not of the murderers, but every man and woman in Naples who was personally distasteful to her or who threatened her power. They were arrested and Joanna devised forms of torture for their dispatch. She was wont to watch the executions from the windows of her palace and smile at the pitiful



She was wont to watch the palace and smile at the pitiful appeals for mercy from her victims as they were broken on the wheel or sawn asunder. And to set a seal to her callousness she married within a week or two Louis, the Prince of Tarentum, a young man whom she had admitted to her favours a day or two previously.

But, like so many monarchs, Joanna reckoned without the voice of the people. The Neapolitans, sentimental in spite of their perfidies, kept a warm corner in their hearts for the memory of Andreas. They resented the insolence of the Neapolitan nobility who supported the Queen, and waited an opportunity when they in turn could repay insults with assassination. Joanna found herself with a magnificent throne, but no subjects.



executions from the windows of her appeals for mercy from her victims

She dared not appear in the streets, and she was obliged to consent to a further trial of men but remotely connected with the murder of Andreas. They were found guilty and condemned to unmentionable deaths. But even this did not suffice. The brother of the dead Andreas, who had now ascended his father's throne as King of Hungary, determined on a more complete revenge. He enlisted the support of the febrile Pope, who was persuaded (quite rightly) that his authority had been flouted. He published a Papal Bull ordering a further investigation, and among the men who were now named as conspirators was the Count of Evoli. That despicable young man was not permitted to say anything in his defence or arraign the Queen who had thrown him over with such ruthlessness, for his tongue had been torn from his mouth. He was publicly executed amid the howls of the mob.

Even the wholesale slaughter of everyone connected with the murder did not satisfy the King of Hungary. That ambitious monarch was actuated by feelings of more than brotherly love. The throne of Naples was rich and powerful, and there was no reason why he should not rule the hills of Campania as well as his own kingdom. Once more cajoling the Pope into acquiescence, he gathered an army together and crossed the peninsula. Joanna, now thoroughly alarmed at the turn of events and realising that fortune only smiles on success, managed to get together a shadow of a force which was swept from the face of the earth at its first brush with the enemy. She was obliged to flee from Italy. She hastened to Provence by the valley of the Rhone to a principality which was part of the inheritance of her Angevin family.

IT was at this time she first realised that everything can never be lost to a pretty woman. Ill news has always travelled as fast as swallows' wings. Joanna found herself in the midst of a disgruntled state. The good men of her cities murmured against the presence of a murderess. They feared more for their own safety than for their morals. Joanna dressed herself in her costliest and most becoming clothes and called together the leaders of discontent. Artfully showing off her voluptuous beauty, she presently won their hearts in a speech of devilish cunning, and maledictions gave place to acclamations. The Provençals cursed the Neapolitans, for surely not in all history was ever fair woman treated with such contumely by a vagrant population! These Neapolitans must be indeed men of base instincts and infamous thoughts ever to have suspected a creature whose innocence was written in smiles all round those bright, flashing eyes! If it had not been quite so far from Provence to Naples, many swords would have been hitched to their baldricks that momentous afternoon!

Joanna had not gone to Provence without more weighty considerations than the swaying over of a few thousand illiterate Provençals to her cause. She was quite well aware that in the tall stone palace of Avignon the Pope was holding his court. This was the fourteenth century, the age of French Popes, who preferred the banks of the Rhone to the more sluggish course of the Tiber. For the time being the castle of Avignon had taken the place of Saint Angelo, and Clement was at that moment residing at Avignon protected by French men-at-arms instead of a Roman guard. The Queen of Naples, inspired by her success with the Provençals, wondered what effect a touch of the décolleté would have on a Pope who was said to be not unmindful of the charms of pretty women. Joanna craved an audience, which, shall we say, was granted out of curiosity. Pope Clement had never actually seen this turbulent Queen, concerning whom men were in agreement about one thing only—her beauty. He could not lightly miss an opportunity of making her acquaintance.

Joanna came into the presence in the tall stone hall, the walls and floors of which were hung with Eastern carpets and delicately woven tapestries. She advanced from beneath a great arch into a room filled with knights in armour, and clerics in embroidered vestments or plain stuff habits. The Pope stirred uneasily in his seat as this radiant figure drew near, and by the look in his eye the exiled Queen knew her cause more than half accomplished. She (*Continued on page 92*)

Should Men take the Blame...?

Decorations by Eric Fraser

By Rosita

"YOU know, of course, our marriage has gone West," said the tall young man sitting sideways in a chair of modern and peculiar shape, with his legs hanging over the arm. "Sally expects me to let her divorce me."

"And are you going to?" I asked, remembering that the tall young man was at the beginning of an exceptional career. The Foreign Office suffers from reticence, but it was generally known that this particular youth was predestined for an Embassy. It was even whispered that he had produced a general report in under three months, which unprecedented effort would have suggested an indecent haste in any but the son and grandson of ambassadors.

"I don't know," murmured the tall young man, who never spoke quite loud enough for anyone outside the Foreign Office to hear. "It means losing my job."

Amazed that anyone should contemplate such a sacrifice for a young person obviously intended for the delight of many rather than for the solace of one hard-working and idealistic husband, I hesitated for suitable words.

Misinterpreting my silence, the tall young man shuffled himself into a still less comfortable position. "Oh, of course I'll have to do it, but it'll be a bit of a wrench. I'd have got a step up next year."

"You're quite mad," I said, and felt it.

The following week-end I spent in Wiltshire, where every hunting dinner-party was much concerned because a certain man, no longer very young, whose job depended on his reputation, had decided after eight years of complacence that his wife's liaison was intolerable and that the divorce court should put an end to it. Wiltshire was surprised; a goodly proportion of it was shocked because the man in question did not choose to take the blame for his wife's misconduct.

"Of course," they admitted, "he would be lost without that job of his. He's held it since the war, which is most unusual—generally it's only for a four years' term. I suppose he's made a pretty big thing of it—still, it's hard on her. I don't suppose she wants to marry the other man after eight years."

But why should men take the blame?

When a couple who just can't get on agree to part without any particular animosity, it is taken for granted that the husband will go through the farce of stopping at an hotel with some woman he has never seen before and devoutly hopes he will never see again; but why should he do it when it is his wife who insists on breaking a relationship that may suit him down to the ground?

Since, logically, marriage is no more than any other delicate and confidential business contract, it is surely the defaulting partner who should shoulder the blame?

Neither man nor woman can be expected to live for the rest of their natural lives with someone who is utterly incompatible. Such confinement simply makes beasts of two normally agreeable human beings. Even in the ordinary successful marriage it is appalling the number of things husband and wife have to put up with, and on the whole man is more sensitive than his mate. In olden days he was incapable of talking about what he felt. Now he appears to have become articulate. The spate of talk in which all our sentiments are first washed bare of disguise and finally drowned is as much of masculine as of feminine origin, but I think the average man has still some idea of fidelity, if only to a principle or an ideal, whereas the average woman (if such an anomaly exists) is too busy experimenting with all sorts of newly unleashed emotions to consider a permanent allegiance.

She pays nothing for such experiments, because, owing to the law of England and to a tradition more rigid than any law, in nine cases out of ten man is still forced to take the blame.

UNLESS a woman conducts her love affairs sufficiently blatantly to attract the attention of the King's Proctor, who must be a singularly long-suffering individual or one afflicted with sleeping sickness, she can always count on divorcing her unfortunate husband when she wants somebody else. When she runs away, it is her lover who is sued for damages. When she demands a separation, she takes alimony for granted. The man she refuses to live with is quite good enough to live on so long as it happens to suit her.

In fact, women are determined to have their cake and eat it. That they are successful is due to men's chivalry or to men's cowardice, whichever way you like to put it.

I dare say half the men who let their wives divorce them do it from the best possible motives, but the remainder are surely affected by the fear of criticism. It is still supposed to be "pretty rotten" to divorce a woman unless she has publicly advertised her affection for somebody else. But if there is to be any genuine and decent equality between the sexes, the woman must be prepared to pay for what she does. There can be no such equality while law and tradition prevent her from accepting the full responsibility of her actions.

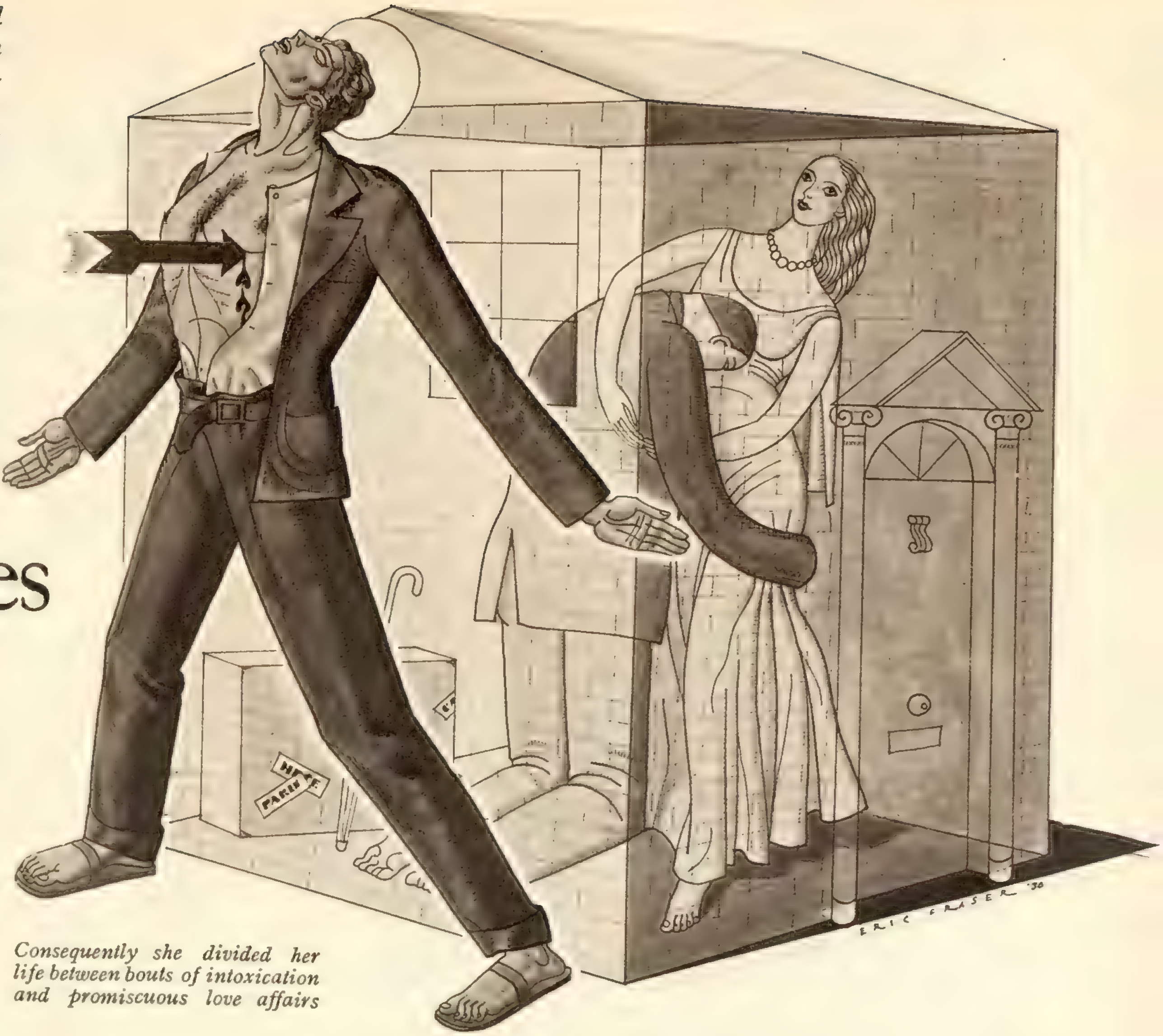
PERSONALLY, I think the whole talk of equality is nonsense, for so long as war exists woman will have to rely on man for protection—where, then, is her equality? But I should like to see friendship between the two sexes, and I don't think this can exist, sincerely and enduringly, while man is penalised for the benefit of woman.

Women are not as fully occupied as men. Physically, they are not as faithful. Mentally, they are more easily diverted and stimulated. Freed from the excessive child-bearing which was the lot of their grandmothers, immensely fit as a result of the healthy lives they lead, it is inevitable that their superabundant energy should find all sorts of new channels, the commonest of which is sexual philandering.

Consequently the first two cases I quoted are among the average. Here is an exceptional one. A man of thirty-seven had been married for ten years to a woman a little younger than himself. During most of those years she was unfaithful to him. He realised it, but his work kept him out of the house all day and sometimes far into the night, so he could do little to stop it. He worshipped his wife, because he was one of those rare beings who live for one person only and are unaware that anyone else exists.

Chivalry was based on the assumption that woman was morally superior to man. It is unlikely that such a belief will continue much longer, and when it is acknowledged that both sexes have the same appetites as well as the same ambitions, chivalry will be reduced to an individual instinct rather than a habit of mind

Forbes



Consequently she divided her life between bouts of intoxication and promiscuous love affairs

When she started drinking, he behaved like a mother and a nurse and a psychoanalytical specialist and a ridiculous idiot as well, instead of as an outraged male. Consequently she divided her life between bouts of intoxication and promiscuous love affairs. Her husband resolutely shielded her from the consequences of both, but his work suffered. He began to lose money. His wife chose this moment to indulge in an orgy of extravagance, after which she went away with a man whom she had no intention of marrying.

The husband had a nervous breakdown, during which the remainder of his fortune disappeared in the Wall Street slump. He did not seem to mind this very much, because he found that by mortgaging the family property he could still allow his wife £400 a year and retain a third of that amount to live on himself. He offered to continue the allowance after she had divorced him providing she would marry her lover, and to this she would doubtless have consented, but her father-in-law, who had some sense of proportion, threatened to send all the facts of the case to the King's Proctor. Consequently the lady was divorced, and because she is small, large-eyed, and appealing, I have heard London criticise her former husband for putting her in such a "false position."

FIFTY years ago women were dependent on men not only for protection, but for their very means of existence. A man took the blame for the actions of his wife and daughters as for those of his other dependents, because he was supposed to be responsible for the state of their minds as well as the condition of their bodies. He kept them according to his wage-earning power, and they gave him obedience in return.

But to-day it is very often easier for a girl to get a job than for a man. She starts with the asset of adaptability. She can turn her hand to anything, whereas a man is still bound by custom, precedent, and the rules of his Union. Why, then, should she be able to claim breach of promises, damages, alimony, and all the rest of it from her rival in the lists of business?

Of course there are many cases in which a woman is entitled to all the support she can get from a faithless husband. If she has spent her whole existence bearing his children and looking after his house till, in middle age, she has no chance of getting decently paid work and making a life of her own, she cannot be dismissed without a pension, like an unsatisfactory servant, in favour of somebody younger and more attractive. But why should the childless wife in her twenties, who has an equal chance in the labour market with the husband she divorces because she wants a change, be able to claim maintenance from him?

Are girls so much less intelligent than the lads to whom they become engaged that they must be protected from the consequences of their own actions by "breach of promise" cases? The worst—perhaps the only—wrong a man can do a woman is to marry her because he hasn't the courage to tell her he's changed his mind.

"Equality" is all stuff and nonsense. Two different sexes with divergent and sometimes opposing functions cannot possibly be equal. The idea is just as foolish as the Socialist's claim that all men, good, bad, and indifferent, shall have equal opportunity and derive from it equal material benefit. But how can friendship, or mutual respect, or a generous comprehension exist while women take advantage of old-time laws enacted to protect their ignorance and helplessness when they were the chattels of a superior sex? Breach of promise is as ridiculously out of date as the Massachusetts Blue Law which enjoins on a no longer Puritan population that a man may not kiss his wife on Sundays!

Equally disgraceful is the suggestion that if a wife runs away, her lover can be forced to recompense her husband in hard cash. An unfaithful or unwilling wife is thus valued at the price of a prize-winning heifer, and her former husband is apparently able to commute his wounded honour for so many hundred pounds. It's a man's own fault if he can't keep his wife, and why should this particular form of failure be the only one to justify compensation?

LET'S have done with all this bargaining between man and woman. In 1931 both are potentially self-supporting. Neither belongs exclusively to the other until death do them part, because it is utterly impossible to make a monopoly of mind and spirit.

All these laws regulating the financial value of man's honour and woman's jilted heart, of a wife's position and a husband's liability, were enacted when females were household goods and their theft or neglect injurious to a proprietarial society determined to ensure the safety of its own and its neighbours' belongings. Nowadays every able-bodied individual has got to work, and (*Continued on page* 92)

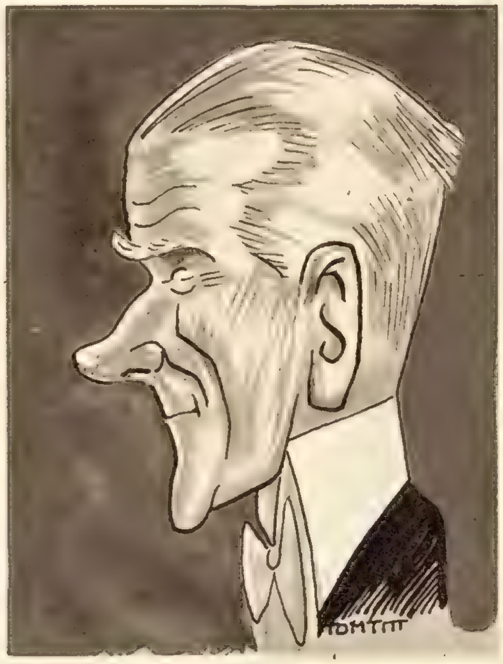
When Frederick

The Life Story of the Playwright whose Satires of "High Life" are in curious contrast to his early days of struggling Poverty and lowly Fortunes

By William Pollock

RATHER more than thirty years ago a youth of sixteen got his first job as a dock porter at Southampton. To-day, at the age of forty-nine, that same youth is the most successful, the most fashionable, the most highly paid writer of English social life plays and films in the world. His name is Frederick Lonsdale.

The story of Mr. Lonsdale's life shows how impish and topsy-turvy life can sometimes be. His father, who had a strain of Irish in him, and his mother left this country and went to live in Jersey, where Frederick Lonsdale was born. "They were the dearest, nicest, kindest people in the world, but they were utterly unable to make any money to speak of," this remarkable son of theirs (the family consisted of three boys) told me. "I was not brought up to do anything in particular, and so, one day, I thought I would go off somewhere and do something—anything that happened to turn up. Southampton was the obvious place to go to from the Channel Islands."



An impression of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale by Tom Titt

Frederick Lonsdale is perfectly frank about everything; and somehow there did not seem to be anything incongruous between the stories he told me of how once upon a time he was often penniless and his house in the heart of expensive Mayfair in which we sat and talked. You might argue from his early experiences that he should have become one of the Ibsens, the Strindbergs, the Sean O'Caseys of the theatre, but that would have been contrary to the way in which his mind works for the stage. The essence of Lonsdale is that he always sees the unexpected angle. So instead of writing about low life, he turned his thoughts to the smart set, the people of money and leisure—not, of course, that they are invariably synonymous.

But let us get back to Southampton. From the docks he found his way aboard a liner as a steward; from that he worked on to the land in Canada; and then he joined the Army—the East Lancashires was the regiment—as a full private, as they used to call them in those days—those days being just after the Boer war, about 1902.

Ex-Private Lonsdale laughed when he told me about his try at soldiering. "I was a dreadful soldier. I was always late for parade, my buttons were never clean, my rifle was always dirty. Oh, well, they invalided me out as soon as they could—so that was that."

BUT the Army first turned his energies to play writing. Some kind of uplift business was instituted by the officers, and every man in Lonsdale's lot was told he had to try to produce some piece of writing off his own bat. Lonsdale wrote a one-act play—why, he cannot explain, for there is no theatrical heredity in his blood.

"It was really a very unpleasant satire on my officers, but somehow it got by and was acted at a regimental concert," he recalled. "It made the officers extremely angry, but good came out of the evil so far as I was concerned. A friend of Henry Arthur Jones happened to see the little piece performed and he got hold of the script and sent it to Jones. In course of time Jones read it and wrote to his friend, saying 'tell the author to go on writing. He seems to have it in him.' That was what made me first seriously think about writing plays for money."

That brought him to the story of the first hundred pounds he ever got for a play.

"I was living in London with two other men, who were also completely broke to the wide. On one particularly black Friday, our landlady issued an ultimatum: we must all pay what we owed her or clear out.

"I said, 'I know a man who puts on plays. I will write him a play during the week end. In the meantime we will cajole the landlady.' We cajoled her—and she agreed to let us stay on till the following Friday.

"I wrote the play. It was called 'Who's Hamilton?' Some of it was supposed to be pathetic, some of it funny. I explained this fully to the other two men, and we rehearsed where they should get lumps in their throats and where they should laugh loudly when I was reading. You see, we dared not leave any stone unturned—we simply had to have some money from somewhere. Well, between us, we sold the play. I got a cheque for £100 down on account of royalties, the landlady was appeased, and—I am glad to say—the man who saved our lives sent the play on tour and made money out of it.

"But that is only part of the story. 'Who's Hamilton?' was produced at the New Theatre, Ealing (London, W.), on a terrible night on which, by some queer working of Fate, a very important man of those days chanced to be dining with friends in Ealing. Failing to find a cab—it was long before the days of taxis—and not wishing to be struck by lightning and drenched to the skin the very important man took temporary shelter in the theatre and thought he might just as well go into the auditorium till the storm abated. He did so—and when I tell you that his name was Clement Scott, you will realise what possibilities hung in the chain of circumstances for a young author.

"At that time Clement Scott was still the most powerful and influential dramatic critic in England, writing for *The Daily Telegraph*, and also for a weekly paper called *The Freelance*. He saw only a portion of 'Who's Hamilton' (fortunately, no doubt, for all concerned), but he evidently saw sufficient for him to be able to write a column about the play in *The Freelance*. It was probably the best notice I have ever had. Clement Scott did not praise the piece extravagantly, but he did say that he had been interested, and that, having come across its author by accident, he intended to keep an eye open for him in the future. That sort of thing was enormously encouraging, of course."

But a play given suburban and provincial production, and a sheerly accidental notice of it does not put a playwright on the high road to Shaftesbury Avenue and Broadway, and Lonsdale had to go on fighting and struggling—and—sometimes—nearly starving. It is difficult to think of him as having done these things when you think of his plays about dukes and lords and earls, full of caviare and champagne and abounding in the choicest cigars and riding in the most luxurious Rolls-

Lonsdale was "Broke"

DOCK porter, ship's steward, farm hand, private soldier —the story of Frederick Lonsdale is a strange graph which climbs upwards through many and varied depressions. Fate, Brains, Independence, Luck—to-day Mr. Lonsdale sits secure on the highest pinnacle of Fortune and Fame

Sasha

A recent portrait of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, whose advice to young playwrights is: Always base your plays on something that has happened in real life

Royces, but actually it was so. To-day Lonsdale can say to the richest film magnates—I apologise for "magnates," but what other word is there for them?—"I know it's a lot of money you're offering me, but you must treble it before I start refusing," but things were not always so with him.

"I AM a lazy man," he said to me. "I know that if I start to write a new play I shall have to do it about a dozen times before I get it to my liking, and that is an appalling prospect . . . for a lazy man. Since I got started I have not, until recently, ever tried to do a new play till I owed at least a hundred pounds, and there are drawbacks to that way of conducting one's life.

"I owed a hundred pounds when I sold my first London play, a musical piece, 'The King of Cadonia' in 1905. All I had of any possible commercial value at that time was the script of 'The King of Cadonia,' written entirely on 'spec.' I was quite determined that the late Frank Curzon, then competing in musical comedy management in London with George Edwardes, should read the 'book' and pay me money for it, but the commissionaire in charge of his office door seemed to be just as determined that I should do nothing of the sort. Day after day I called with my script and asked to see Mr. Curzon, and day after day the commissionaire rebuffed me and said, 'Well, why don't you sent it by post, then?' I, for my part, knew perfectly well that for an unknown person to send a script by post would be perfectly hopeless.

"Well, one day, waiting in the outer office, I saw Frank Curzon come down without his hat and stick. Seizing a chance, I crept upstairs and sat myself down in his office, which was unoccupied. I waited there for two hours, and then Curzon came back. He cursed me roundly for impertinence and various other bad qualities, but I thought to myself it is now or never, and I cut him short.

'I have written a play,' I said.

'Damn you and your play,' he replied. 'Get out of my private office.'

'Listen,' I suggested to him. 'Two hours ago I saw you come downstairs without your hat or stick, and I argued that you would come back for them before you went to lunch. I say that anyone who has sufficient imagination to think like that must have sufficient imagination to write a good play. I want you to read this one of mine quickly.'

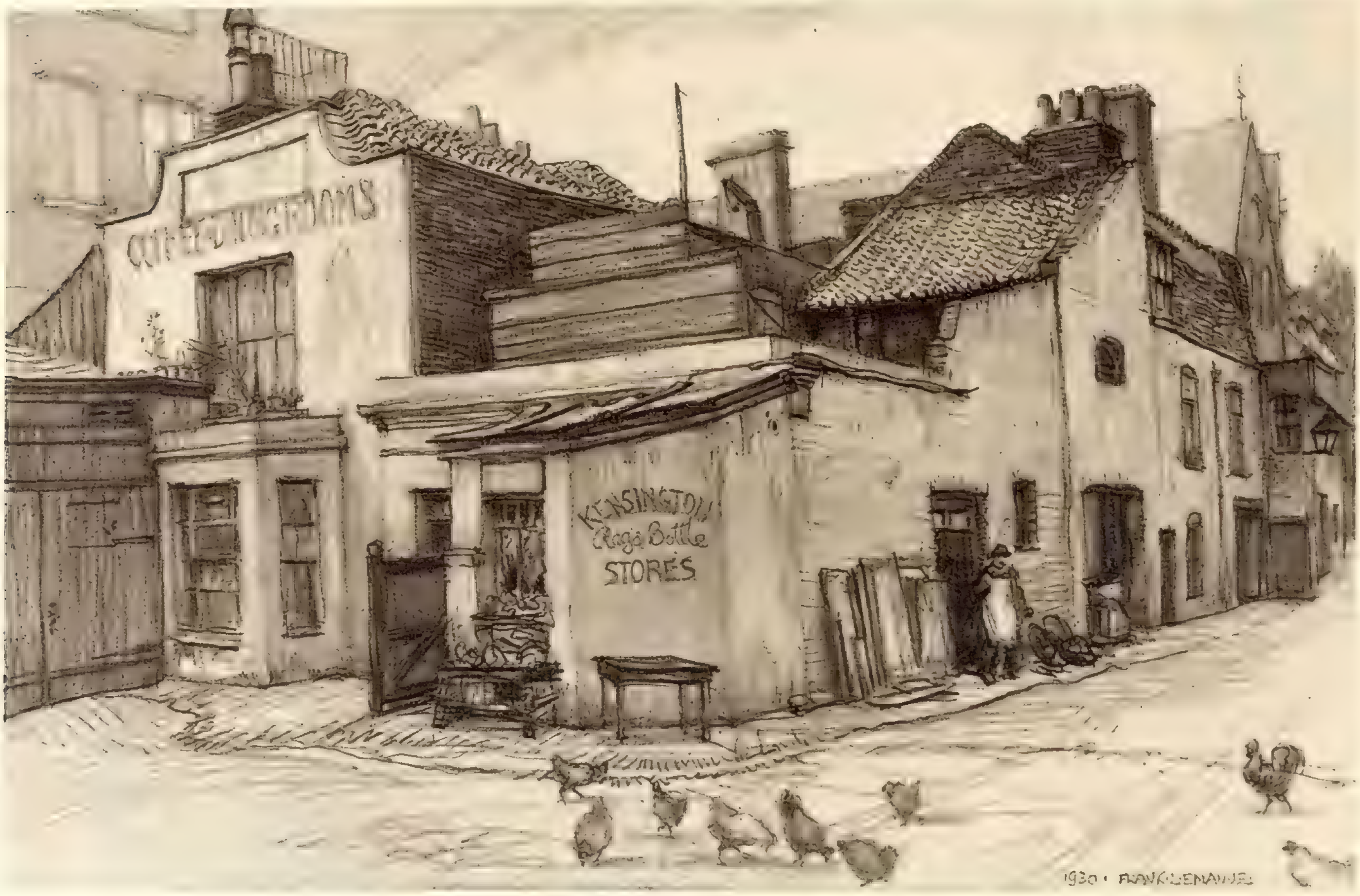
"He did—and 'The King of Cadonia' was put on and ran for a year in London."

That, I suppose, was Freddie Lonsdale's real start; but for that he might not be walking round London to-day with a white muffler round his neck and his hat on the back of his head, or being begged and coaxed to name his own price to go to Hollywood. On the other hand, something else would have turned up to start him off, no doubt, for it is impossible to imagine him as anything but the most fashionable cynic of our times, the most amusingly rude playwright of his period. Actually—by the way—he belies himself in private life. True, some years ago, he and I did begin our acquaintance with a somewhat acrimonious exchange of remarks (which ended in him asking me to stay to dinner), but if I am ever called upon to write his obituary (which

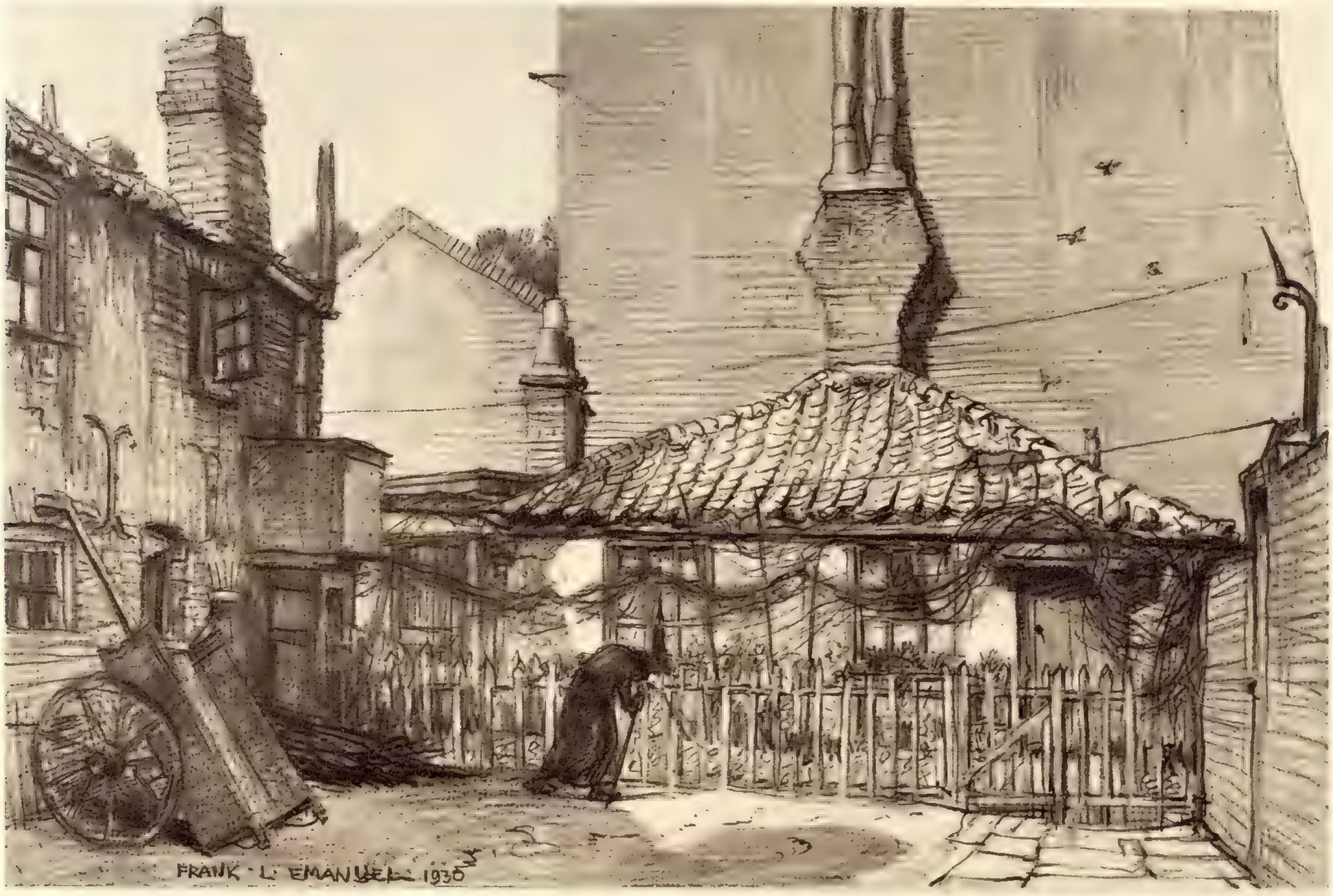
(*Continued on page* 91)

London's "*Round* the *Corner*" Surprises

Country Cameos just off the Beaten Track: Sketched by *Frank L. Emanuel*


COFFEE & DINING ROOMS
KENSINGTON
Rags Bottle
STORES
1930 · FRANK·L·EMANUEL

A Village Corner—*a mere step from Kensington High Street*


FRANK · L · EMANUEL 1930

Rustic Kensington—*three minutes' walk from the busy Shopping Centre*

"Ema, Ema, E"

Haunting, elusive, old Maori song, about Nothing, about Everything, September hears it as a muted theme, a Lullaby of Love 'neath Southern skies, running thro' the sweet, sad symphony of Heart's Desire

Illustrated
by
Edward Osmond

By Beatrice Grimshaw

IT came to her as the island ship lay becalmed in the heart of a rose that had for petals the whole of the evening sky, and every last shard of the crystal-flaked, pink sea. Like a little ivory toy was the "Ysabel," white-hulled, with cream-white sails outspread. Large for an island schooner, the immense blank sea made nothing of her. It made nothing of time, of life itself. September Shaw knew that; she had known it ever since they left the port whose name she couldn't remember, on a day she had forgotten, bound for an island that was called—now, what was it called? . . .

To-day she had learned something else. A fragment of knowledge that had been dimly floating across her consciousness, as flaws in the crystalline humour float across the eye, not really seen, came suddenly into focus, and revealed itself. She'd known it ever since they left—what was that place?—but now she knew that she knew.

These people—these women, island women, with brown-ivory feet and arms, lying on woven mats about the deck; these island men, in daffodil loincloths, limbed like bronze statues—these islanders, such as she saw them, had "arrived."

Hadn't they? What did "arriving," "making good," mean on the other, far, far side of the world? It meant—at the bottom of everyone's heart, whatever anyone might say—it meant a life of leisure, with certain amenities attaching. You had to be free, first of all. To go and come as you liked. You had to have all the nice food you wanted, and something good to drink, whenever you needed it. You had to have a delightful house, and a motor-car or so. You had to have sport, lots of sport; that was necessary—for prestige, if for nothing else . . . Music, as often as you desired. Dancing and fun. Love, of course; whatever brand you happened to fancy . . . people weren't all alike. Delightful clothes, and not too much of them, night or day; that was one of the latest pieces of wisdom that the master race had painfully excavated from the quarry of human experience. When anyone, man or woman, had attained all these things, through marriage, luck, or a lifetime of solid work, people called him, or her, a success. He, or she, had arrived.

But the island people. The savages—as she'd heard them called before she went travelling. The ivory-brown folk with the beautiful manners and the flowers in their hair. Hadn't they possessed all this, from their birth upward? Well, then!

Seeing where her syllogism was likely to lead, September put her hands (nice hands) on either side of her brow (nice brow, fashionably displayed), and told herself that she must be going mad.

DRAKESHILL, the South of England town she had left nine weeks ago by calendar, nine hundred years by feeling. swept like a grey sea-mist across the peony-rose sky. She could see the long main street, with its sea-wall; the new red villas, climbing (like their owners) one above another; the eighteenth, seventeenth, fifteenth century show houses, grey, wonderful, impossible to live in—but people did live in them. She saw the tea-parties, smelled the Scotch tweeds and the heated furs and the cakes. She heard the flipping of cards on bridge tables, the hushed, religious murmur of those who played. They were all so Right, these people. They all adopted so carefully the latest angle of chin and spine, the latest quacking accent. They knew, so surely, that nobody outside their own circle mattered; that even to look over the fence, pluck an idea, a phrase, from neighbouring ground, was Simply Not Done.

And one and all, young and old, in the red villas and the grey houses, and along the streets and the sea-wall, and in the country places round about, these people with their possessions and their correctitudes, their cards and their sports and their parties, were already half dead, and merely putting in the time until they should altogether die.

That was why September Shaw, sole daughter of a house comfortably rich, fiancée of a Drakeshill country squire, and granddaughter of a scandalous, careless "rolling stone" who had won the R.G.S. gold medal in his day (but not the honourable mention of Drakeshill), was atavistically roaming the Pacific world, getting, as she said, a little fresh air into her lungs before she had to settle down in her coffin, with the lid suspended above, ready to be nailed down in five, ten, thirty or seventy years. The doctor had done it for her—the delightful doctor who was new to Drakeshill, and still unfrozen by its congealing influences. He had helped her, made much of a certain after-influenza depression; sent her on a tour round the world. Her mother (whom September didn't like) had seen to it that she took a chaperon with her. September had seen to it that the chaperon threw up her job in Sydney. And now she was voyaging where her grandfather had (much more venturously) voyaged, and beginning to wonder, in the fading rose of that marvellous South Sea evening, what it was that had taken possession of her.

SHE thought it was the singing. These island deck passengers sang almost ceaselessly, to pass away the time; one became used to it, after a while, and scarcely heard it, any more than one heard the south-east trade wind whining in the stays, or the loose reef points fingering the mainsail. But when the song began to falter, and the singers to look bored; when the trade died down, and the big sails loosely slatted and were still, then somebody—some one of the ivory-armed women or the great bronze men—would lift a head and, beating sharply on the deck, swing into "Ema, E!" and all the ship was instantly alive.

No wonder that the brown folk of Lakomana had endless time for dancing and singing, for lying in the shade . . .

You couldn't listen to "Ema, Ema, E!" unmoved. It was not a love song; that was the curious part of it. September, a good linguist, had already picked up enough of the simple island Maori to know when the island folk were singing about love, and when they were not. It was not about love. The island singers could not tell her what it was about. Like many of their oldest songs, it had become so corrupted by centuries of use that it was now a jumble of almost meaningless words. But the swing of it, the boom of it, the cry that ran from high soprano down to Big-Ben bass, and swiftly up again, tore out your very soul.

There were other songs, many well known—"Tofaa, Ma Faleni," the farewell of Samoa; "Goodbye, Oi Beritania," from Tonga, with its naive little wail at the end. Some of them stirred September after a fashion she understood perfectly, and troubled about not at all. Others made her see Dick Reeves, who was to stand beside her for all Drakeshill to gape at by and by—Dick with his perfect demeanour, and his knack of saying nice, conventional things, Dick who loved her better than she deserved. When she heard "Tofaa," she thought of Dick, and became almost sentimental, and that also she understood, and laughed at, a little. September, twentieth-century girl, with eyes full open upon a world that was black as well as white, had made herself a little charm of words, and used it, when the naive love-makings of the natives, or the scarlet songs of some, disturbed her peace of mind. "The wind that blows over the water," she used to say to herself. "The wind that blows over the water!"

That wind had nothing to do with marriage, according to September's views. Or very little. It blew, and passed by. It did not stir great depths. Like the character in the forgotten Gilbert play, she said "Bah!" to it, and straightway forgot.

There were other things to think about, more interesting. This new discovery, for instance—that the island folk, without effort, possessed everything for which the people of Drakeshill and their ancestors had striven, sinned and toiled: everything that allowed Drakeshill legitimately to sit down and wait—card playing, golf playing, hunting and shooting meanwhile—for death. These people, however, were not waiting for death. They drank life foaming in full beakers, they savoured every drop. Were they wiser than—Drakeshill? Wiser to take their sport, their love-making, their dancing and gambling and singing, as they did take these things—each one a separate ecstasy? Drakeshill did not enjoy. Quietly, correctly, it did the right things—waiting for death.

SEPTEMBER, round chin cupped in long, well-bred hands, handsome bare legs folded under her, Samoan way, sat on deck in the heart of the sunset, thinking. "My grandfather thought thus," she told herself. "My grandfather didn't go back."

Then the passenger in the deck cabin, who had been lying there, with a touch of malaria, since the ship left its last port, came suddenly out, in a silk shirt and a scarlet pareu ("But there's more of that anyhow than there is of a swimming costume"), and sat down on deck, his bare legs beside the bare legs of September. He ought to have said something about the weather and the calm. What he did say was: "Are you by any chance the granddaughter of Hereward Shaw?"

Coincidences are only amazing in books. September answered quite coolly "Yes," and twisted round on her haunches to look at the man. He was pale—but that was the fever. He was handsome, in a heavy-browed, sullen way; a face all horizontal lines, or so it seemed. ("I like ruled eyebrows and ruled mouth! but what a temper, eh?") He was quite young; perhaps a shade younger than September, who had struck twenty-seven. And his manners had the touch of carelessness, the flavour of abruptness, that marks a man extremely sure of himself.

"Have you any De Marios?—I'm out," he said. And, helping himself from her case, "They haven't forgotten your grandfather in these parts."

"His family didn't——" September began.

"Of course not. They were cold-plum-porridge people. I suppose that's why *you're* here." He was smoking furiously, very fast.

September made up her mind to enlighten him. Really, he must understand that she wasn't—what was it people called it?—unconventional . . . .

"I left my chaperon in Sydney," she said, in a rather too high pitched voice. "She had influenza—after-effects, you know. Didn't want to come on."

"Chaperons be—drowned!" was his answer. And then, between two puffs of the cigarette she had given him: "What made you leave him behind?"

"Him? Her, you——"

"No. Him."

September's voice rose another half-note. "I had influenza. I was suffering from after-effects. So I——"

"You said that before," he remarked.

"Well, it's perfectly true—in both cases." She did not add that a Viceregal invitation, cleverly engineered by herself, had been the chief cause of Mrs. Simpson's defection.

"I'm not doing any Sherlock Holmes business," came the voice beside her—a curiously rich voice, with something in it that one could only describe as dangerous. "Everyone knows what a diamond half-hoop means. Especially one as good as yours. Shall I draw—Johnny—for you?"

September looked at him, silent, a little hostile. "I'll tell him nothing," she thought.

"He is fairly young. He is reasonably rich. He is very kind, and very patient, and a damned fool."

September said nothing.

He took another cigarette out of her open case.

"Instead of which," he went on easily, "you are now lying off Tinavai atoll."

They were. Tinavai, a good way distant, made, in the sunset, a picture that she was never to forget. The lagoon, unruffled, showed like a flat pink topaz, miraculously raised above the restless amethysts of the outer sea. Wind was coming now; the tops of the Tinavai palms began to shudder and beat; flying cats' paws played lightly with the topaz, and swept on to leave furious claw-marks upon the open sea.

"Clear out, if you don't want to be brained by the main boom," sharply advised the nameless man in the pareu. September rose to her feet in one swift movement, and vanished through the cabin hatchway. Above her head, as she went down, she heard the thud of the crew's bare feet, the cries of the mate and bo'sun. And over all, triumphantly celebrating the break of the calm, sounded once again the swing and the mounting splendour of "Ema, Ema, E!"

MARK SEAGOE was his name. She had learned that from the foolish little visitors' book of the hotel—a sixpenny notebook, left to stray on the verandah. She had learned also that his home was in London. The knowledge left her little wiser. She had never known any Seagoes except the sugar millionaires of that name—a family simply rotten with money. And whatever Seagoe was, he wasn't that.

What was he? For an island wanderer, a traveller unoccupied, he seemed unique. September, wise in her well-informed generation, knew that it was by no means usual for a man in his twenties, handsome, impulsive, unconventional, and apparently unattached, to remain unmoved by the "glad eyes" of innumerable ivory-brown beauties, bent on capturing the stranger. Yet that was what Seagoe did; island gossip, richly inclusive, left nobody any doubts on the matter.

It went further. It suggested—nay, shouted from the very palm-tree tops—that September was the reason.

If she was, she did not know it herself. Like many communicative people, Seagoe was a past master of the art of saying nothing in half an hour's brilliant talk—nothing, that is, about himself.

To September he talked and talked. They were the only guests brought by the inter-island boat; the hotel—a mere shed of iron, tangled in wreaths of fruit and flower—was empty save for themselves and an indeterminate number of charming island girls supposed vaguely to be servants. September was making this stay-over on her voyage round the world because (she told herself) she wanted to study real island life while she had the chance. The actual truth was that a certain parallel of latitude haunted her like a ghost; she did not dare to cross it. Once over that, you were on your way back again . . .

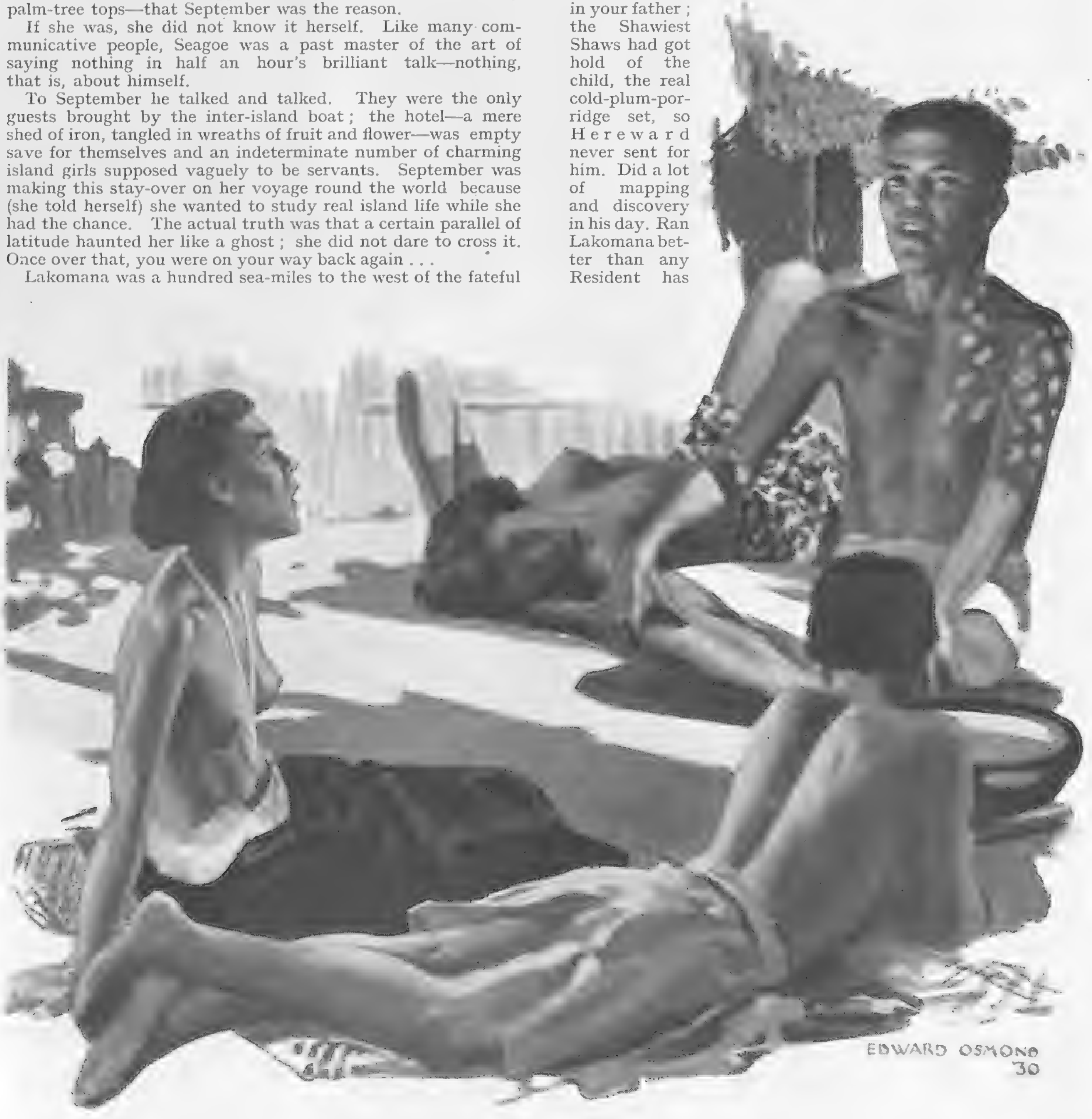
Lakomana was a hundred sea-miles to the west of the fateful line. In Lakomana one was still on the outward road. And one was—undoubtedly—in the real, real island lands.

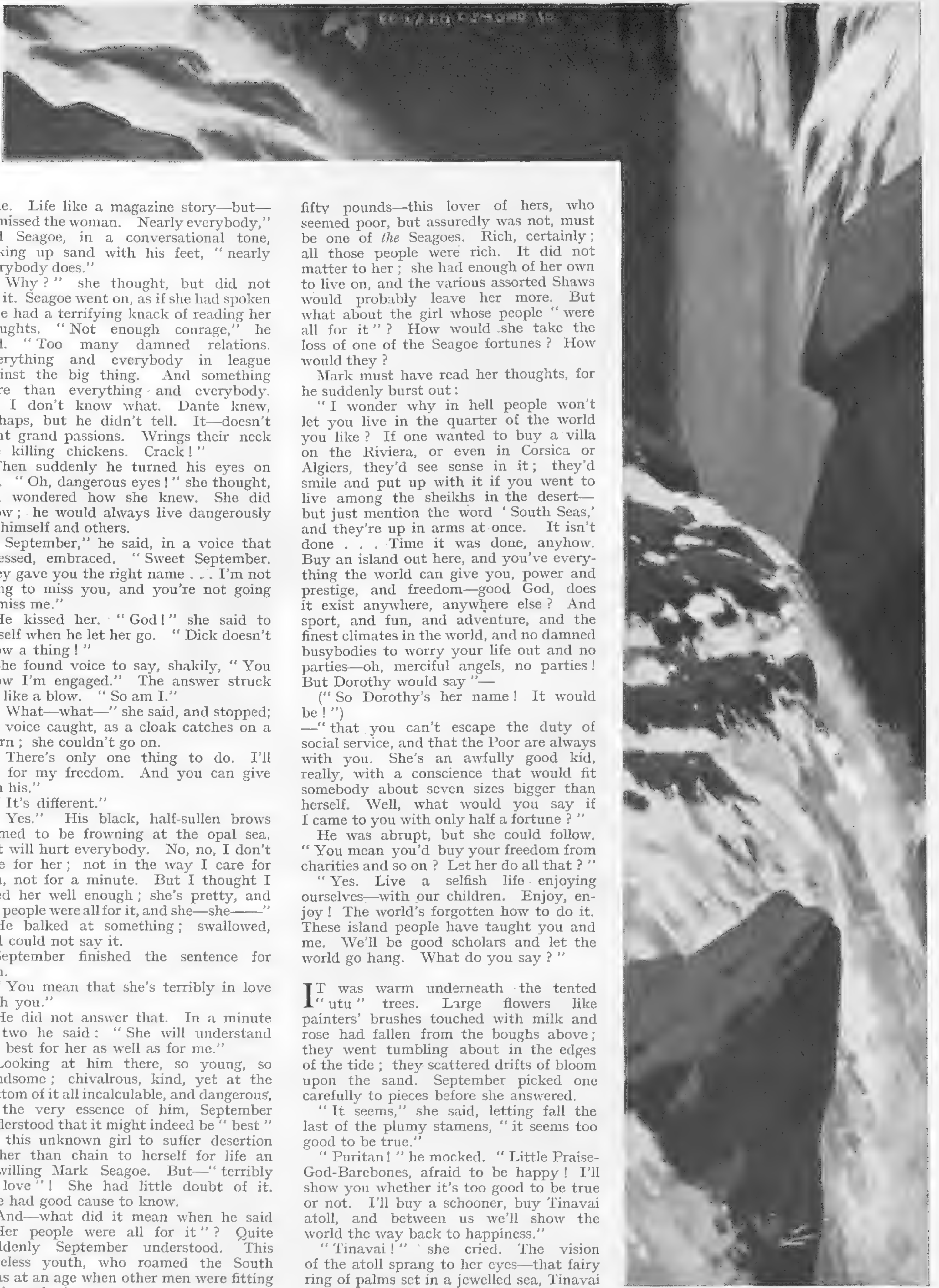
Seagoe saw to it that she missed nothing. He made her climb the highest peak of Lakomana with him at dawn, to trap the forest pigeons. He took her to the waterfall, and showed her how to slip into the current, and slide down, buried in fifty feet of roaring foam, into black depths below. He took risks, and made her take them; she loved that. Dick had always been as careful of her as if she were spun glass . . .

And one day, sitting beside her, on a beach that was the embodiment of every island beach in one's best dreams, he began to make love. It was the oddest love that man had ever made to woman, surely. For he talked first about her grandfather, Hereward Shaw, who had come to the islands a young widower, intending to stay over the cool season and go home. Who had stayed for ever. Who had been king of his island, as no white man, perhaps, could be to-day. Who had enjoyed his life to the last swallow of the cup, save for one single bitter drop. He had no wife.

"He didn't live like an anchorite," said Seagoe, and September coolly answered: "One would suppose not."

"But he wanted a home, and a woman with a mind like his own. I've talked to the people who knew him. He wasn't interested a little damn bit in your father; the Shawiest Shaws had got hold of the child, the real cold-plum-porridge set, so Hereward never sent for him. Did a lot of mapping and discovery in his day. Ran Lakomana better than any Resident has





He took her to the waterfall, fifty feet of roaring foam,

done. Life like a magazine story—but—he missed the woman. Nearly everybody," said Seagoe, in a conversational tone, kicking up sand with his feet, "nearly everybody does."

"Why?" she thought, but did not say it. Seagoe went on, as if she had spoken—he had a terrifying knack of reading her thoughts. "Not enough courage," he said. "Too many damned relations. Everything and everybody in league against the big thing. And something more than everything and everybody. It. I don't know what. Dante knew, perhaps, but he didn't tell. It—doesn't want grand passions. Wrings their neck like killing chickens. Crack!"

Then suddenly he turned his eyes on her. "Oh, dangerous eyes!" she thought, and wondered how she knew. She did know; he would always live dangerously for himself and others.

"September," he said, in a voice that caressed, embraced. "Sweet September. They gave you the right name . . . I'm not going to miss you, and you're not going to miss me."

He kissed her. "God!" she said to herself when he let her go. "Dick doesn't know a thing!"

She found voice to say, shakily, "You know I'm engaged." The answer struck her like a blow. "So am I."

"What—what—" she said, and stopped; her voice caught, as a cloak catches on a thorn; she couldn't go on.

"There's only one thing to do. I'll ask for my freedom. And you can give him his."

"It's different."

"Yes." His black, half-sullen brows seemed to be frowning at the opal sea. "It will hurt everybody. No, no, I don't care for her; not in the way I care for you, not for a minute. But I thought I liked her well enough; she's pretty, and her people were all for it, and she—she——"

He balked at something; swallowed, and could not say it.

September finished the sentence for him.

"You mean that she's terribly in love with you."

He did not answer that. In a minute or two he said: "She will understand it's best for her as well as for me."

Looking at him there, so young, so handsome; chivalrous, kind, yet at the bottom of it all incalculable, and dangerous, in the very essence of him, September understood that it might indeed be "best" for this unknown girl to suffer desertion rather than chain to herself for life an unwilling Mark Seagoe. But—"terribly in love"! She had little doubt of it. She had good cause to know.

And—what did it mean when he said "Her people were all for it"? Quite suddenly September understood. This careless youth, who roamed the South Seas at an age when other men were fitting their necks into the heavy collars of professions—this gipsy who went barefoot, but wore a wrist watch worth forty or fifty pounds—this lover of hers, who seemed poor, but assuredly was not, must be one of *the* Seagoes. Rich, certainly; all those people were rich. It did not matter to her; she had enough of her own to live on, and the various assorted Shaws would probably leave her more. But what about the girl whose people "were all for it"? How would she take the loss of one of the Seagoe fortunes? How would they?

Mark must have read her thoughts, for he suddenly burst out:

"I wonder why in hell people won't let you live in the quarter of the world you like? If one wanted to buy a villa on the Riviera, or even in Corsica or Algiers, they'd see sense in it; they'd smile and put up with it if you went to live among the sheikhs in the desert—but just mention the word 'South Seas,' and they're up in arms at once. It isn't done . . . Time it was done, anyhow. Buy an island out here, and you've everything the world can give you, power and prestige, and freedom—good God, does it exist anywhere, anywhere else? And sport, and fun, and adventure, and the finest climates in the world, and no damned busybodies to worry your life out and no parties—oh, merciful angels, no parties! But Dorothy would say"—

("So Dorothy's her name! It would be!")

—"that you can't escape the duty of social service, and that the Poor are always with you. She's an awfully good kid, really, with a conscience that would fit somebody about seven sizes bigger than herself. Well, what would you say if I came to you with only half a fortune?"

He was abrupt, but she could follow. "You mean you'd buy your freedom from charities and so on? Let her do all that?"

"Yes. Live a selfish life enjoying ourselves—with our children. Enjoy, enjoy! The world's forgotten how to do it. These island people have taught you and me. We'll be good scholars and let the world go hang. What do you say?"

It was warm underneath the tented "utu" trees. Large flowers like painters' brushes touched with milk and rose had fallen from the boughs above; they went tumbling about in the edges of the tide; they scattered drifts of bloom upon the sand. September picked one carefully to pieces before she answered.

"It seems," she said, letting fall the last of the plumy stamens, "it seems too good to be true."

"Puritan!" he mocked. "Little Praise-God-Barebones, afraid to be happy! I'll show you whether it's too good to be true or not. I'll buy a schooner, buy Tinavai atoll, and between us we'll show the world the way back to happiness."

"Tinavai!" she cried. The vision of the atoll sprang to her eyes—that fairy ring of palms set in a jewelled sea, Tinavai with a thatched house on its strip of sparkling beach, with white-winged ship afloat inside the magic ring. Tinavai to

and showed her how to slip into the current, and slide down, buried in into black depths below. He took risks, and made her take them . . .

come home to, roaring through the passage in the reef, after wild voyages God knows where! The dangerous life, perhaps, but oh, the salt of danger!

On the other hand, Drakeshill. The long sea-wall, the winter rains on darkly shining roads, the motors and the hunting and the shooting and the bridge; all things settled, everything known. In town and out of it, always the Right People, doing the right things while they waited to die. A wedding in Drakeshill church. Rain on the east window; bridesmaids—fourteen of them—in picture frocks, a little chilly, a little smiling. Dick, and a honeymoon on the Riviera. Dick's home. Life settled, safe, foreseen, for ever and ever, Amen.

September jumped to her feet.

"How soon do you think we can be married?" she said.

SEAGOE had been away three months. In a little while longer he would be due to return. September had written to her people. She told them about Lakomana; the healthiness of its climate, the beauty of the place. She said that she was staying on there for a few weeks more. She told them nothing at all about Mark.

Her mother—whom September did not like—promptly sent the letter on to Dick Reeves. "I feel she is keeping something from us," wrote Mrs. Shaw. "Perhaps you can throw some light on the matter." Reeves replied: "My letter seems to have been copied from yours, or *vice versa*. I wouldn't worry about September. She's good stuff." And he telephoned to the stables for the head groom. "About that Oriana filly," he said. "If the fetlock's still swollen . . . ."

It seemed the fetlock was swollen. Richard took his hat, and went out to the stables, through a biting November fog. The shivering birds in the bank of laurustinus that hid the stable buildings from the lawn might have heard him say as he went, "I don't know what to make of her." Whether he meant the filly, or the girl, there was nothing to tell.

September, on the island, waited. It was nearly four months now. She was growing very tired of the little tin hotel and its few guests. There was a breadfruit forest some little way off; it fascinated her. She spent much of her time in that forest, walking and sitting under its marvellous great trees, with their palmate leaves large as aprons, and their hundreds, thousands, endless stores of rugged pale-green fruits, as big as old-fashioned cannon balls. Here an army could feed, could go on feeding for ever; here, and among the forests of naturally grown coconuts that stretched for miles a little further on. No wonder that the brown folk of Lakomana had endless time for dancing and singing, for lying in the shade and building sand castles like children, as they loved to do. There was little of the primal curse about Lakomana.

Was that what was really meant by the immemorial, wordless song of "Ema, Ema, E!"? Freedom from labour, time to live? But every retired tradesman in Upper Tooting had as much. No, it was something bigger. September,

(*Continued on page* 94)

Alas, poor Theatre! Another ten years of Machinery, Sound and Sight Waves and for the Million . . . and then——

TELEVISION!

YES, if I look forward, I can see the Theatre Royal Back-Drawingroom, jeered at for fifty years now, an accomplished fact. No, the family will not act in it.

It will be merely a wall on which will be shown, by television, a play being acted somewhere in Central London, or New York, or Berlin, perhaps.

When you press the button, the ether will do the rest.

I used to suggest chloroform for playgoers. Ether will be an improvement. Besides, you will be able to sit in the dark at home!

You will not have to wait long for Television Drama, which, no doubt, will come to us from America, as do all the other forms. Yet, what will the drama have to say, in those days?

During my lifetime we have seen the revolution imposed by Ibsen and the revelation disclosed by Shaw. We have seen the sociological drama, developed by Brieux and Galsworthy. Since then, apart from the making of stage voices almost inaudible, there has been little change. Ideas have almost dried up. Expressionism, the last, came from Germany, where Toller and Kaiser evolved it; but it left scarcely any mark upon anything.

In the last three years, the talkies have destroyed the importance of the living theatre by showing to millions what used to be the exclusive privilege of a few paltry thousands. Yet they have only shown the same sort of thing.

I REMEMBER, twenty years ago, a revolving stage coming to the London Coliseum, with the result that, when they showed a representation of the Derby, a jockey was thrown in the orchestra and killed. I remember Reinhardt turning Olympia into a cathedral, with the result that, when the crowd saw The Virgin, in the middle of a large space, instead of close up, in a small one, they all said "How wonderful!" and gaped.

I remember Eugene O'Neill writing a play in which people wore masks, intended, no doubt, so that you should not hear the fatuity of the dialogue.

I have seen the entire disappearance of nigger minstrels, with burnt-cork faces, and the rise to wealth and promise of negro performers, who have earned vast sums by chanting their grandfathers' nonsensical ideas of Heaven, in boiled shirts, and by submitting their natural sense of tragedy to white producers, who have rehearsed them in stories about themselves, written by white people.

Usually, the white people have made more money out of it than the blacks.

I recall the excitement with which they allowed Paul Robeson, a black, to make love to Peggy Ashcroft, a white, in "Othello"; but then the fuss over this was made ridiculous by the knowledge that, when she was a child, Madge Kendal, a white, played Desdemona to Ira Aldridge, a black.

I have seen large-scale melodrama of the Drury Lane type, which showed us fights under the sea, and train wrecks, and escapes from balloons, and things, superseded entirely by films, much more exciting.

I have seen the birth and death of George Edwardes's musical comedies, in which there were well-made plots, tuneful melodies and beautiful women, instead of the mechanicalised "dancers" of to-day.

Oh, yes, though, the chorus girl has become respectable and hard-working since then!

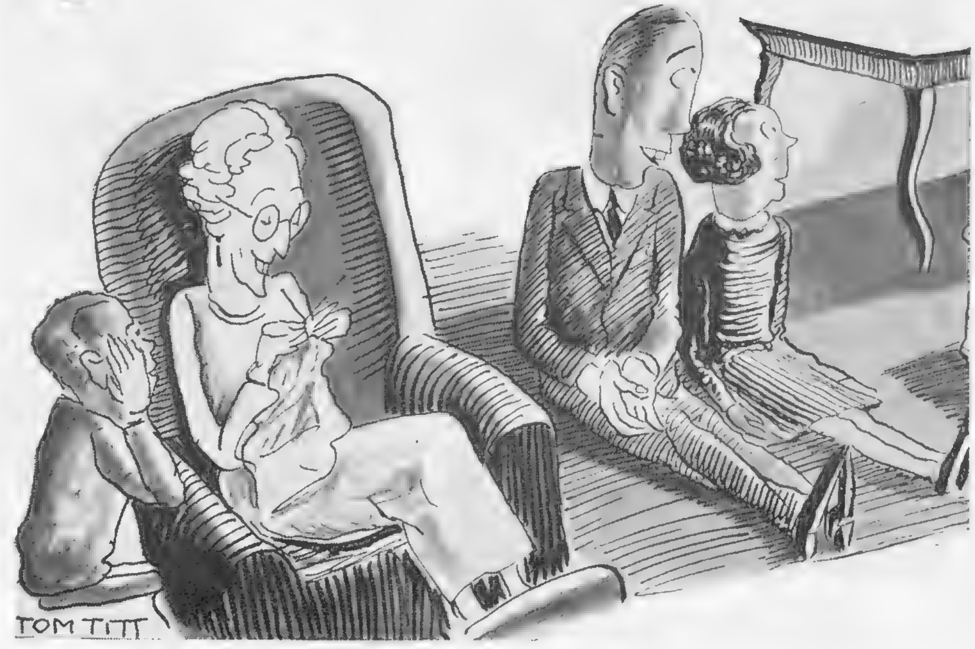
The greatest art wonder, perhaps, of our time was the arrival in Western Europe of the Russian Ballet, which depended, as do all great art forms, on tradition and training, and which died when Diaghileff, its moderniser, passed away in his beloved Venice.

I HAVE seen the virtual death of the music-hall, in the sense that there seem to be born, now, few artists who interpret the lives and the feelings of the man in the street. If they are born, they are allowed to die of malnutrition before they are "discovered."

This music-hall, a foundling when I was a boy, burst into white-shirted recognition when I did, and was then choked by money, which I shall never be. It is now struggling to survive in a condition made difficult by the commercialisation, not of its bricks, but its material.

I have seen music-hall salaries rise from £2 a week to as much as £800 a week. Then came the time when there were not enough of the high-priced artists and there were too many of the small ones.

The combination of pub and red-nosed comic died in the working-class areas, and then was born, a few years ago, in the



West End, the over-priced cabaret where vulgarities that would not be tolerated by decent costermongers were committed by semi-effeminates in evening dress, while, all around them, the champagne corks popped.

The dance club had its boom, and is now no longer a craze. Perhaps it wants a new kind of noise.

I have seen the dancing bear go from the streets, and the organ-grinder, and the German band, and the monkey, and the jack-in-the-green.

Only two or three Punches and Judies remain in all London. We now have a new horror let loose on us, though, early in October—thousands of "Guys," strange-garbed children who never heard of Guy Fawkes, and who never produce a guy.

The coon song developed into jazz. Sin got mixed up with syncopation.

Conjurers began to have a bad time, because the films were much more mysterious and wonderful. Pantomime had a new rival because "Peter Pan," more enchanting than any pantomime ever written, set the fashion for a score of children's plays.

MELODRAMA has been transformed. There is seldom a real villain and seldom a real hero. When I was a boy the villain was always very bad, and the hero was always very good, and the heroine was always in distress, and the comic man was always comic.

"Realism" killed that. The dramatists discovered, what God knew long before we were born, that we were all mixtures of good and evil, and that we were all comic, anyway. So the dramatist, with "realism," began to make all his characters look alike; then they began to talk alike. Then "drama" died.

Oh, yes, and performing animals nearly disappeared. Humane societies pursued their trainers, and artists began to dread the cruelties that, they feared, were part of their training. Yet, at the same time, Buffalo Bill's cowboys were succeeded by the Rodeo, staged at the British Empire Exhibition, of all places in the world, and followed by a prosecution for cruelty which nearly succeeded. Rodeos began all over England, but they were soon chased out.

Revues were born, and then the ideas got used up.

The only thing that went on and on was Gilbert-and-Sullivan opera, derided by the Bright Young Things, but perpetual, at least, on tour.

The actor-manager system was followed by boards of directors. The Americanisation of our entertainments began, and we all became little Yanks. The circus showman had his ballyhoo imitated by blatant theatre managers. The Press agent was born, but not murdered.

Grand Opera, the foreign fad of the tuft hunter, died.

The gramophone brought the Carusos and the Chaliapines into every home, and then wireless revolutionised the life of every cottager.

Well, now, at the beginning of 1931, we are threatened with a National Theatre, for which high-browed whiskers have cadged. Shakespeare, unnoticed by most, has become chiefly the possession of the working-class people in the neighbourhood of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells. Thousands of amateur dramatic societies have sprung up all over the country. Yet, apart from local Shakespeare, not one word of poetry is ever spoken upon our stage.

The pinheads are supreme. There is scarcely anybody writing plays who has one word of originality or shattering truth to say.

I venture to prophesy, in spite of all the fake optimism of those people whose money is invested in the business, that, within ten years, the theatre, as a real art force, will have almost disappeared.

The wise man, if he has something to say, will say it to as many people as he can.

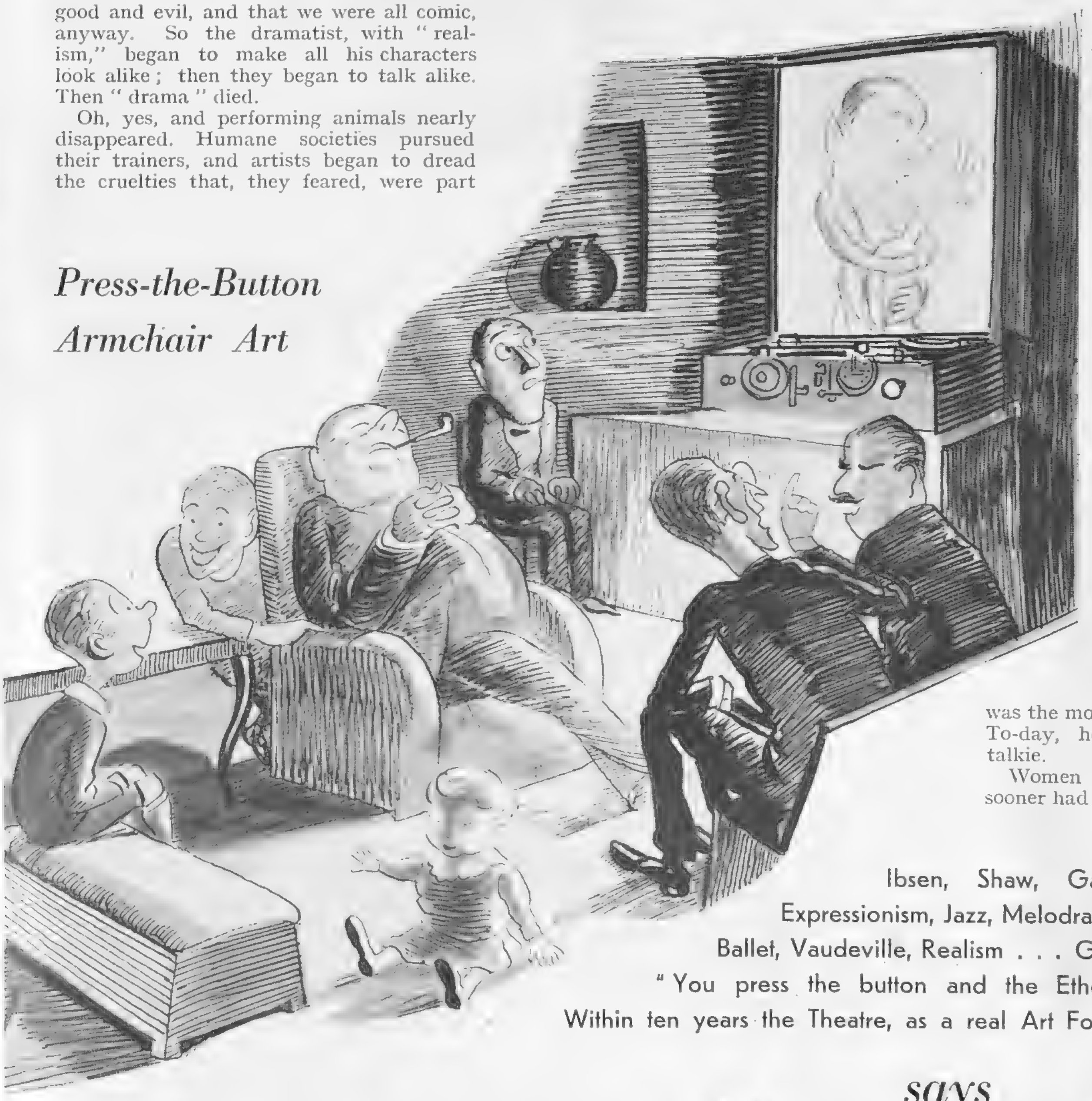
IF Christ were alive to-day, moving amongst men, He would make use of wireless and the million-copy newspaper and the syndicated article. In Palestine, He moved about as much as He could, teaching the most that He could find.

General Booth did not become a circus because he drove from Land's End to John o' Groat's in a motor car.

Ibsen used the stage because it was the most violent thing he knew. To-day, he would be using the talkie.

Women would have got votes sooner had (*Continued on page* 113)

Decorations by TOM TITT



Press-the-Button Armchair Art

Ibsen, Shaw, Galsworthy, Reinhardt,
Expressionism, Jazz, Melodrama, Musical Comedy,
Ballet, Vaudeville, Realism . . . Good-bye to all that!
"You press the button and the Ether will do the rest.
Within ten years the Theatre, as a real Art Force, will hardly exist"

says

Hannen Swaffer

In spite of our rapid development in sound film technique, English screen craft may be left panting and unplaced when America introduces the wide screen and further improves her proficiency in colour photography

An aeroplane fight. One of the thrilling scenes from "Hell's Angels"

The *Expansion* *of* Screen *Scope*

A *Threat* or a *Promise?*

By Sydney Tremayne

Eddie Cantor, the American comedian who plays the part of a crazy hypochondriac hero in "Whoopee"

THE speed with which the scope, technical and subjective, of cinematography has developed makes it interesting to survey the trails which the various film-producing countries are blazing, in order to predict future achievements.

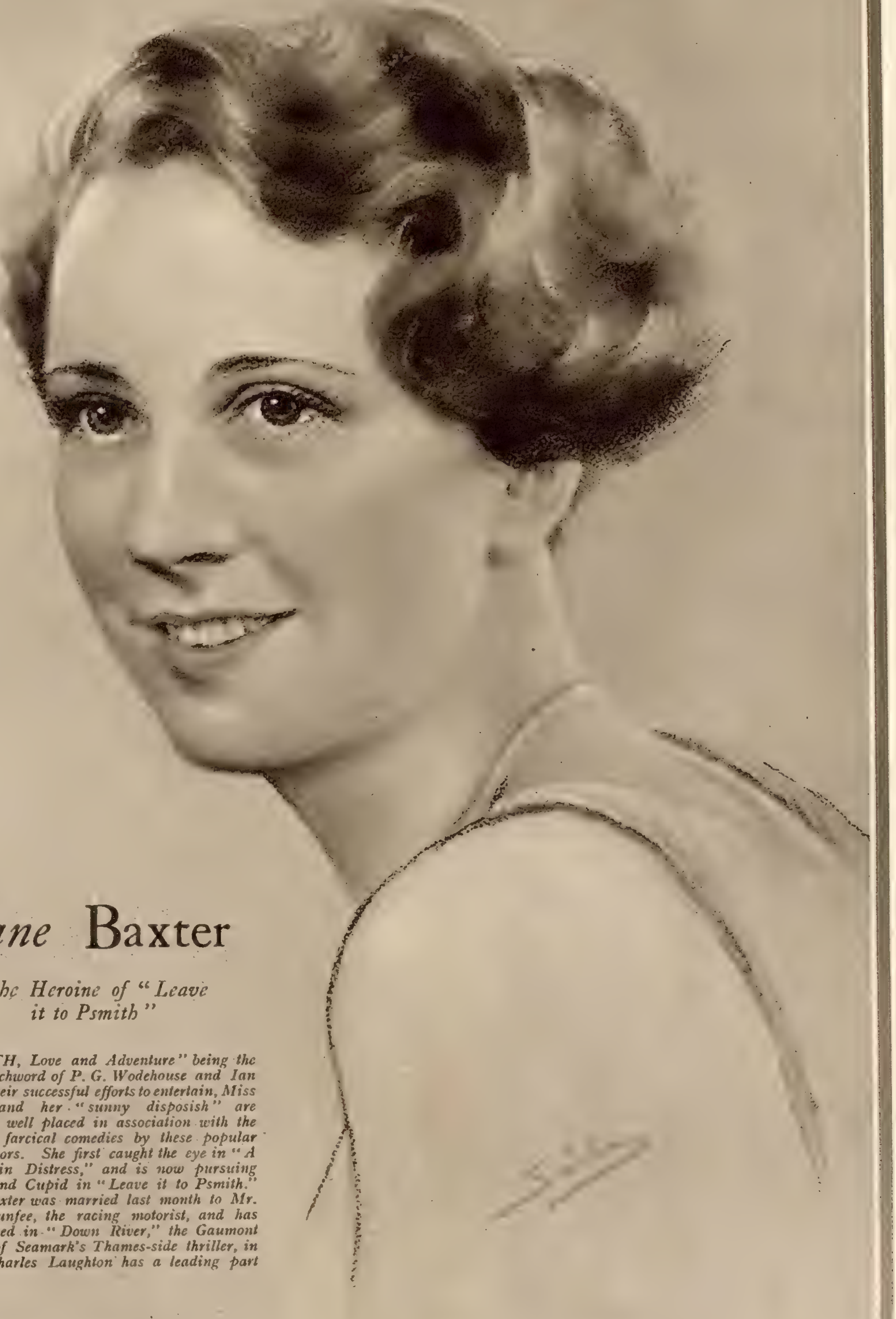
The advance in the technique of British films during the last year is astonishing. After the advent of sound films they were definitely left in the amateur class. A member of one of the largest publicity syndicates in this country confessed that so difficult was it to book British pictures that it was often necessary to conceal their origin at trade shows, while now the fact that a film is British is an advertisement. To-day directorial method and photography in British films are expert to the point of "slickness," while the polished acting and diction of the players, plus discretion, as against Hollywood indiscretions, make the average English program picture an attractive booking proposition *at the moment.*

For instance, "The Call of the Sea," a naval-diplomatic melodrama, directed by Leslie Hiscott and made at Twickenham (a comparatively small studio), is almost faultless in its own category.

The acting is excellent, the photography modern and graphic, the cutting and construction make the action rapid and dramatic. Henry Edwards as the naval officer hero is less exuberant, and therefore much more impressive, than he was as "The Flag Lieutenant," and his voice is not only attractive in tone but significant because of his subtle and polished use of inflection. Bernard Nedell most satisfyingly plays the villain in the minor key and "immaculate evening dress," the kind of man that men suspect and women respect, for the same reason! Chili Bouchier follows the lead and comes near to passing the South American bevy in Hollywood as a dancing Latin vampire, absence of heart made up for by presence of external features. A sketch of a Commodore of the bull-dog brand is admirably and audibly growled by Lewis Goodrich.

THE story, by Captain Frank Shaw, is concerned with the machinations of the "Deputy Governor" of a British island (geography uncertain) to hide the existence of a platinum mine and exploit it for his own profit. This has necessitated the kidnapping of various officers and engineers sent by the British Government to investigate. The mystery of their disappearance is, in the course of the film, solved by Lieutenant Dickie Good, destined by Torres, the wicked Deputy Governor, to join them as his slave in the platinum mines. The story ends with the triumph of the British Navy, the death of Torres and the release of all heroes and the ill-treated wife of the villain. The incidents and coincidences are not too far fetched for the type of story, and the picture compares favourably with American program pictures about crooks, heroes in uniform and vampires in transparent dancing skirts.

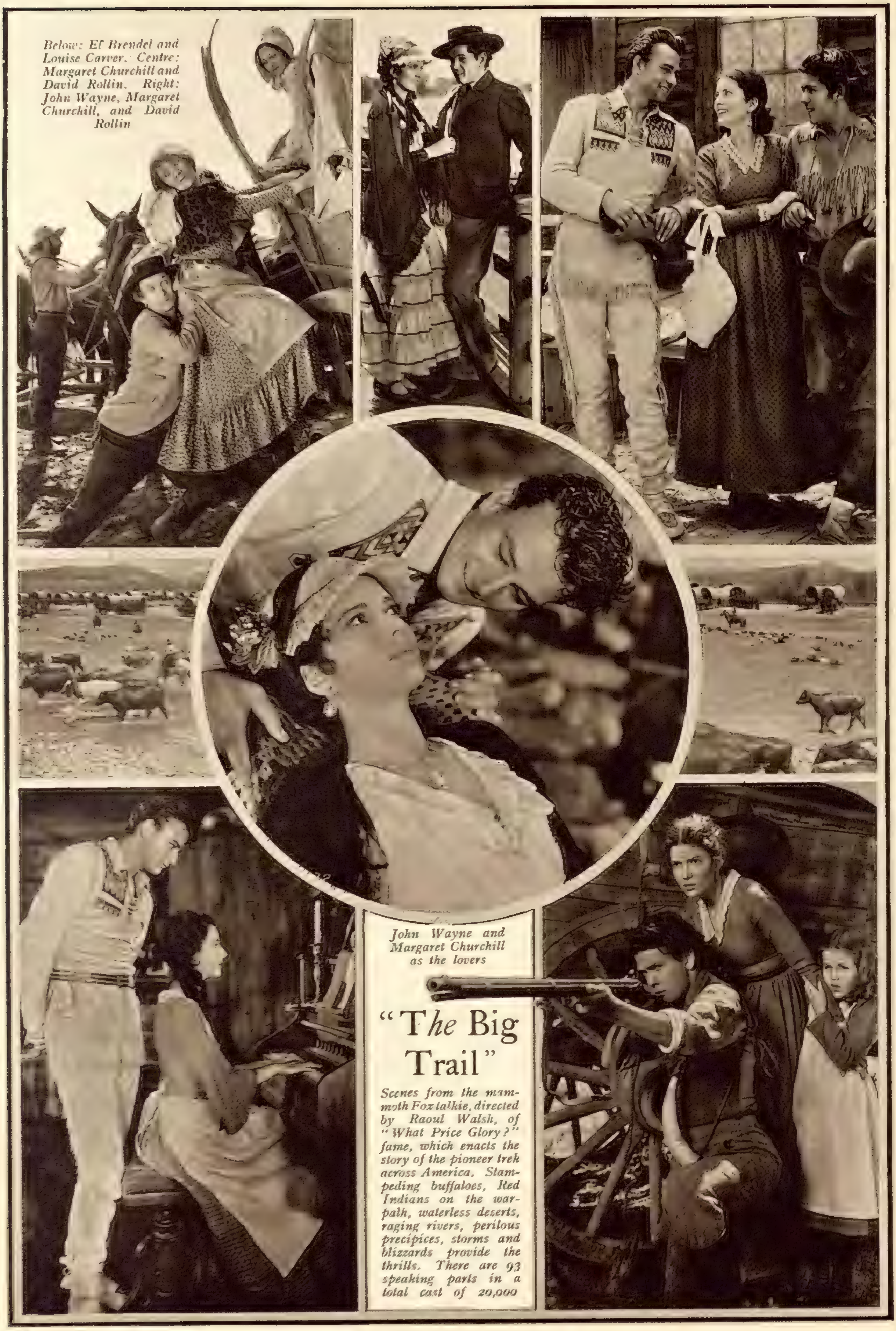
English pictures which are, in many respects, incomparable are those dealing with travel, exploration, animal and plant life, independent of any of the sentimental, sex interest which America imposes on every kind of film. Apart from the universally successful "Secrets of Nature" (*Continued on page* 86)



Jane Baxter

The Heroine of "Leave it to Psmith"

'YOUTH, Love and Adventure" being the watchword of P. G. Wodehouse and Ian Hay in their successful efforts to entertain, Miss Baxter and her "sunny disposish" are obviously well placed in association with the series of farcical comedies by these popular collaborators. She first caught the eye in "A Damsel in Distress," and is now pursuing Crooks and Cupid in "Leave it to Psmith." Miss Baxter was married last month to Mr. Clive Dunfee, the racing motorist, and has been filmed in "Down River," the Gaumont version of Seamark's Thames-side thriller, in which Charles Laughton has a leading part

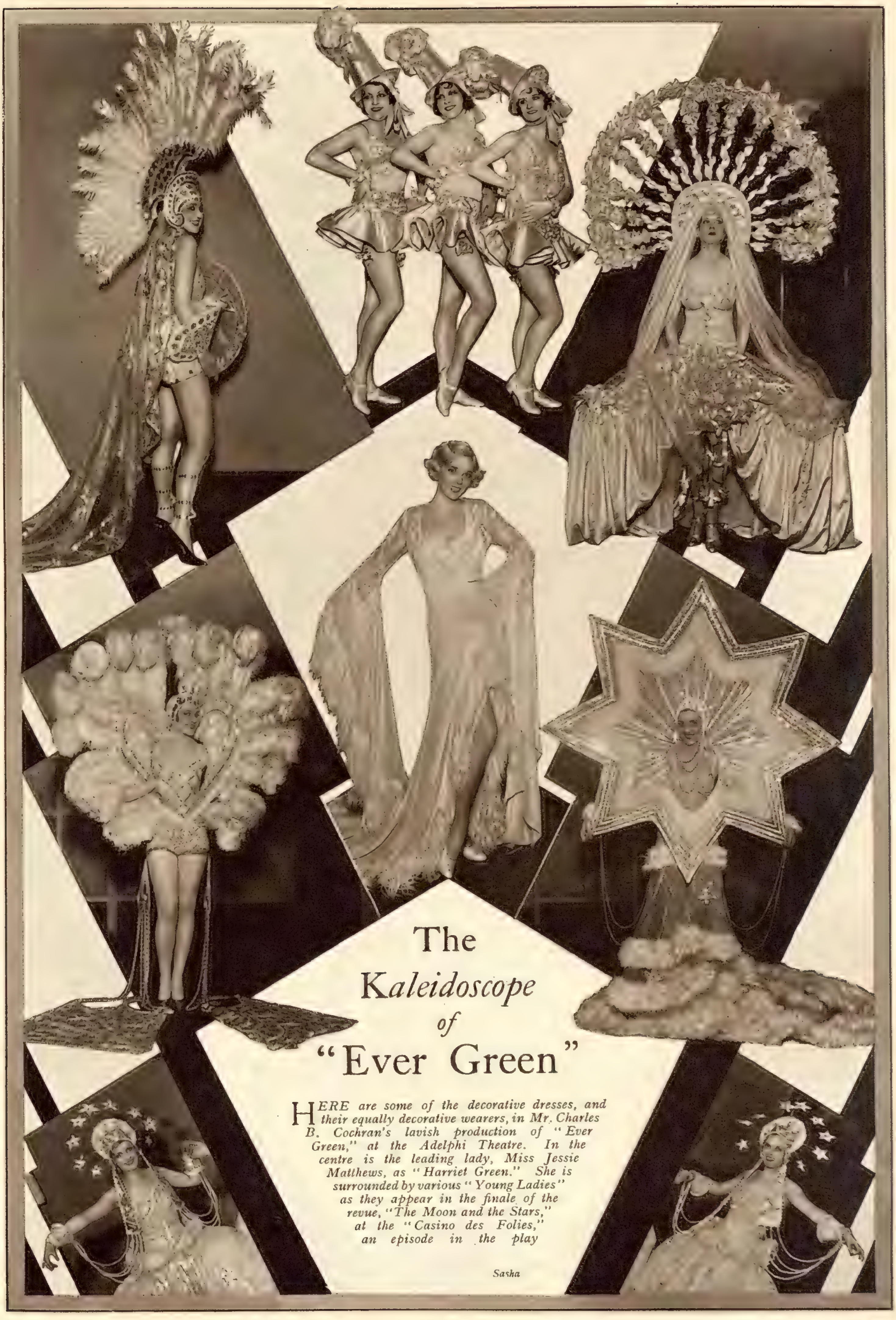


Below: El Brendel and Louise Carver. Centre: Margaret Churchill and David Rollin. Right: John Wayne, Margaret Churchill, and David Rollin

John Wayne and Margaret Churchill as the lovers

"T*he* Big Trail"

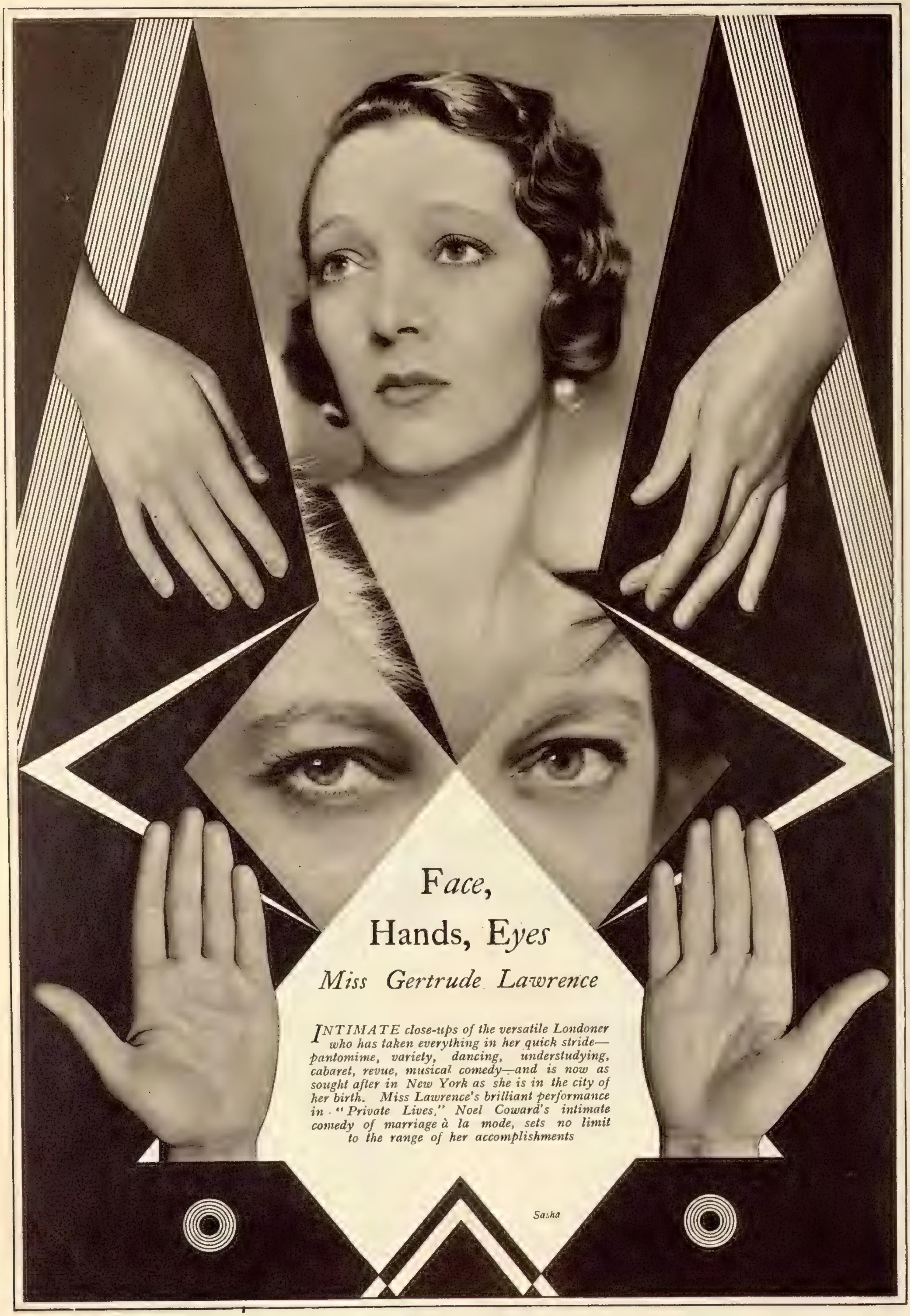
Scenes from the mammoth Fox talkie, directed by Raoul Walsh, of "What Price Glory?" fame, which enacts the story of the pioneer trek across America. Stampeding buffaloes, Red Indians on the war-path, waterless deserts, raging rivers, perilous precipices, storms and blizzards provide the thrills. There are 93 speaking parts in a total cast of 20,000



The Kaleidoscope of "Ever Green"

HERE are some of the decorative dresses, and their equally decorative wearers, in Mr. Charles B. Cochran's lavish production of "Ever Green," at the Adelphi Theatre. In the centre is the leading lady, Miss Jessie Matthews, as "Harriet Green." She is surrounded by various "Young Ladies" as they appear in the finale of the revue, "The Moon and the Stars," at the "Casino des Folies," an episode in the play

Sasha



Face, Hands, Eyes

Miss Gertrude Lawrence

INTIMATE close-ups of the versatile Londoner who has taken everything in her quick stride—pantomime, variety, dancing, understudying, cabaret, revue, musical comedy—and is now as sought after in New York as she is in the city of her birth. Miss Lawrence's brilliant performance in "Private Lives," Noel Coward's intimate comedy of marriage à la mode, sets no limit to the range of her accomplishments

Sasha

BOOKS

Indigestible Slices of Life

School-days, pet dogs and other familiar but Art-proof experiences

By Arnold Palmer

Miss Mazo de la Roche, author of "The Portrait of a Dog"

Henry Handel Richardson, whose novel, "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," is reviewed on page 88

IN all the arts, not to succeed in accomplishment is not to exist. In all the arts, judgment by results, and a fig for good intentions. This is the generally accepted rule, and we scarcely even question it any longer. Nevertheless, I have been questioning it this week, for I have encountered no fewer than three authors (two of them celebrated) attempting "impossible" subjects. I have read a school story by a new writer and, from practised pens, two stories of our canine pets. Now, everybody knows that school life and pet dogs are æsthetically hopeless. Or, if not quite hopeless, at least they resemble a mountain which has resisted every effort to scale it. So it is not altogether surprising to find that not one of these three authors is completely successful. But must we then dismiss them? If so—you see the dilemma—it is tantamount to admitting that large tracts of normal existence are beyond the reach of art, or that all "subjects" are equally easy or difficult. I don't care for the look of either horse. . . .

The problem, I suppose, resolves itself in this way—that whereas students of literature may award full marks to a highly courageous, not quite successful effort, the public recks nothing of technical difficulties and looks only for attainment. And yet one of my three half-successes is being read, I gather, by the public—I allude to *Decent Fellows*, by John Heygate (Mundanus, 3s.). This is the second novel to be issued in Gollancz's cheap paper-bound series. I understand that, in the case of the first novel (*The Lion Took Fright*, by Louis Marlow), the experiment has fully justified itself, which means that the sales have been more than two and a half times the sales of Mr. Marlow's other novels. I hope the venture succeeds, but I must admit I am not quite as keen on it as I was before it took practical shape. The volumes are not, as some have described them, "just like French books." French novels vary in size, shape, paper, type and price far more than do English novels; but a French novel similar in style to the Mundanus productions would not, in my opinion, cost more, at the very outside, than 12 francs, or 2s.

To return to Mr. Heygate. In spite of certain immaturities and one extremely improbable episode, his school story is at least as good as any I have read. (This praise is less enthusiastic than it sounds.) He has done some parts of school life, such as the return and reshuffling after the holidays, better than they have ever been done, as far as my experience goes; he can observe (*e.g.*, "whizz-bangs leaped in fiery pain across the river") and he can write (*vide* his account of Denis during the last hour of the Eton and Harrow match); and, taken as a whole, and in spite of occasional signs of strain, his book gives a true and steady account of a very elusive experience. I see that some (not very) Old Etonians have rushed into print to defend their school against Mr. Heygate. Since Mr. Heygate has not attacked it, their task should not be difficult. But how touchy Etonians must have become! When I was at school at a rival establishment, Etonians were always acknowledged to be strong in, anyhow, one particular—they kept their heads.

Mr. H. W. Nevinson, author of "Rough Islanders"

NOW for the animal stories—both about dogs, both about the same breed of dog, the Scotch terrier. In *Thy Servant a Dog* (Macmillan, 5s.) Mr. Rudyard Kipling has selected for his very difficult problem a method which, in my opinion, makes success impossible. He has chosen to tell his story in what he supposes to be "dog" language and

(*Continued on page* 88)

OURSELVES

Rough Islanders, or The Natives of England

By H. W. Nevinson. (Routledge, 7s. 6d.)

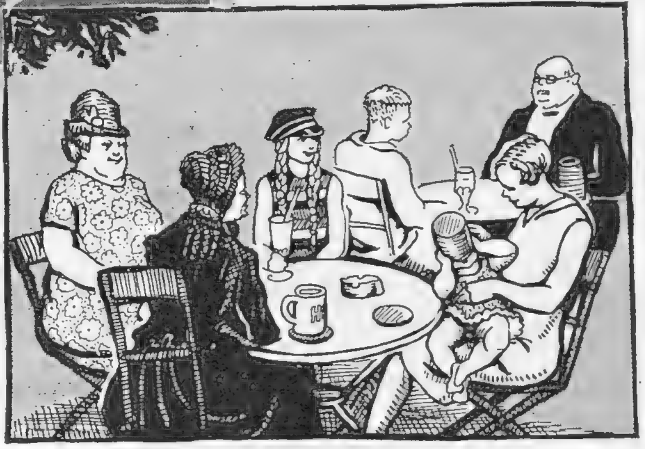
IF Fleet Street had to select its most distinguished and respected member, one may surmise with a fair amount of confidence that the author of this book would get the vote. There is no room here even to outline Mr. Nevinson's literary career, which extends over 35 years. But since, in some people's mouths, the term "journalist" takes on a derogatory meaning, I recommend readers, if they would gauge the knowledge and experience of a tried and trusted servant of the Press, to study the bare headings of Mr. Nevinson's career as shown in *Who's Who*.

ONLY a man who had lived a full life, much of it passed in looking at his native land from abroad, could have written *Rough Islanders*. It is a description of England and the English of to-day. It contains a great deal of implied history, a little actual history, and a minimum of prophecy. It is written almost entirely in the present tense. Wonderfully comprehensive and instructed, its outstanding quality is its sanity. No matter where the reader opens it, his eye will encounter a simple yet striking phrase descriptive of everyday life, and he will find himself settling down to read on from that point. Mr. Nevinson is a Liberal, and a lifelong believer in Democracy. On the second page of his book he alludes to "pastures where cattle browse in freedom." Very few writers would have added, or even thought of adding, the last two words. These set the key of the book, and help us to understand the charm and individuality of the author. *Rough Islanders* is a cheap book as well as a beautiful one. It is adorned by 16 plates by C. R. W. Nevinson.

The German Girl —and her Grandmother

Fräulein von Bredow, a member of the Brandenburg Sports Club, and a championship holder in the High Jump

Instruction in swimming is compulsory in nearly all Berlin elementary schools



A solemn sunburnt cherub in a mere frill of a frock sips beer on the knee of its athletic young mother . . .

CHUGGING through a little German town on our old motorbike, we became aware that something was taking our attention from the five-hundred-year-old tower and the overgrown cross-beamed houses with seven stories in their attics. An enormous face printed on the cover of the weekly illustrated *Blätterling* was being displayed everywhere. It had the place of honour on newspaper wagons drawn by dogs. Prim rows of *Blätterlings* stood outside modest little shops which, though bowing to circumstance, would by preference have specialised in neatly bound volumes of Nietzsche and Heine. Foot passengers ambled slowly with their noses glued to the page, trying to guess the answer to the question printed beneath the picture:

"What should be the Life Work of this Lassie?"

Though hardly æsthetic, the cover design was effective, for we stopped the engine and purchased a *Blätterling*.

Too big for the page, a sensible but almost tragic young face, with level eyes under wind-blown hair, looked at the world. Her columnar neck was half-shrouded with something ugly, practical and woolly. The general effect was of a factory girl waiting outside a mine accident.

"Her future career? Hospital matron," I suggested.

"Mother of ten," grunted Jan. "She'd keep 'em in order."

On the back page was the solution, a snapshot of an animated pair of scissors, two long legs and little else, leaping over a hurdle.

So our tragic-faced lassie was a hurdle jumper who had leapt into a week's fame by breaking the last female record for this rather recondite sport.

She was the typical German girl of the provinces. The energy formerly employed in stitching sheets and underclothing, to fill the massive chest of drawers which was sometimes taken on visits instead of a travelling trunk, has now been used for the intensive development of nimble limbs and iron biceps. Comparing her underclothing with the numberless petticoats of some years ago, the Gretchen of nowadays asserts gaily:

"I can easily fit everything into a cigar box."

"What are your present pupils like?" I said to an English friend who has for years held successful classes in Munich.

"Sport takes the first place among the well-to-do," she answered. "When I ask my pupils what they intend to take up, they say 'Sport.' When I retort 'That is only good enough for recreation,' they reply:

"'You can't break a record for pole-jumping or throwing the hammer without making it a life work.'

"However," she continued, "the girls from needy homes are working hard for their future careers, and, with Sport as a second string, they are taking very creditable degrees. But as children they have to pass stiff exams before they are even admitted into the Government higher schools."

"And what about the painters and poets of our student days?" I queried.

"Mostly teaching in schools—Cubism attracted a few to Berlin, where they are also teaching."

"And the temperamental young things who used to say, 'This and that can't be explained in mere words; let me dance it to you'?"

"They are conducting gym classes or running beauty saloons."

AT first I found the average sports *Mädchen* rather hard to approach. Meeting a trio of them at a sculptor's studio, I was baffled by their refusal to talk about anything. The sculptor's wife explained afterwards:

"You see, our traditions are still rooted in the respect for culture. These girls were afraid you would discover that their whole preoccupation was to break the under-water swimming record."

Such a pity! I should have been delighted to discuss the technique, having at one time been a frenzied under-water swimmer myself, athough I now marvel at the joy I used to extract from that strangely and somewhat monotonous activity.

By Jan and Cora Gordon

Vagabond travellers, artists, authors and musicians give their impressions of the new type of German girl they met during a recent motor-cycle tour through the country

Fräulein Junker, who established a new world record for the 100 metres

Fräulein E. Braumuller, who threw the javelin a distance of 116 feet 9 inches

Munich was always an æsthetic city, with an aristocratic and also a strong peasant background, and was ever remarkable for its enthusiastic cult of the Tyrolean peasant. Now this cult has spread over all the roadways of Germany. Fathers and youths in shorts, sleeveless mothers and daughters, stride alone or in groups. Honey-coloured plaits, brown arms, necks, legs and faces glow with health, and peasant costumes or pseudo-peasant clothes look cheery in the sunlight.

Sometimes you may see four generations at a beer-garden table listening to the yodelling fiddlers, who are popular even in Prussia. A solemn sunburnt cherub in a mere frill of a frock sips beer on the knee of its athletic young mother, who looks very trim and slim in her inexpensive sports garment. Grandmother, square built and modestly skirted to the ankles, wears the abnormally high-crowned hat which found favour with fashion about five years ago. Great-grannie, a woolly bonneted old peasant, trails bunchy skirts which reveal heelless cloth boots.

Our first view of Germany's new type of woman was on the lawn of a schloss in which we were spending a week-end.

Tall and lithe, with a clinging white sweater, she stood surrounded by scrambling children. We watched her antics with a curling, curving rope. Throwing a lasso with the agility of a movie actress, to our delight she caught the demure nursegirl well below the middle and in a moment spun her out of decent nursemaid dignity into a chaotic whirl of arms, skirts and legs.

"That," said our hostess complacently, "is our nursery governess, Countess X. She is most satisfactory, a brilliant sportswoman, particularly gifted at tennis and horse-training, very good with children, and remarkable in times of sickness. Unfortunately for us, she wants to experience English life as nursery governess in some big country house where all her gifts will have full play."

The children began to have a high old time leaping over the lasso, which was stretched from a garden roller to a huge zinc cistern into which they could plunge when hot.

Their mother was absent, shooting big game in Africa. Their grandmother, the châtelaine, proved to be the first link of the sporting chain. When her husband showed us his trophies—lines upon lines of chamois antlers mounted in neat rows, and for some reason arranged on each side of his sanctum according to sex—she remarked:

"Yes, I climbed the mountains with him while he shot all these."

Over the schloss hung the spirit of the great-grandmother; her life work of tatting and lacework covered beds, pillows, and tables and shrouded the windows, through which we had an exquisite bird's-eye view of the curving Rhine with its pleasure steamers and the sinuous string of barges taking the twists of the river like a modern necklace.

We met our second specimen of new Germany as our old motor-bike with its side-car wardrobe was taking the road at a steady pace. A pillion pair flashed past us down the hill. The attractive young creature behind turned and waved. We returned the salute. At each corner she waved, and we waved back.

They stopped and waited for us at the bottom. Her pretty curls wilfully fluttered free from her regulation beret. Otherwise she was enveloped in the neat imitation of an engineer's overall adopted by the women pillion riders of Germany.

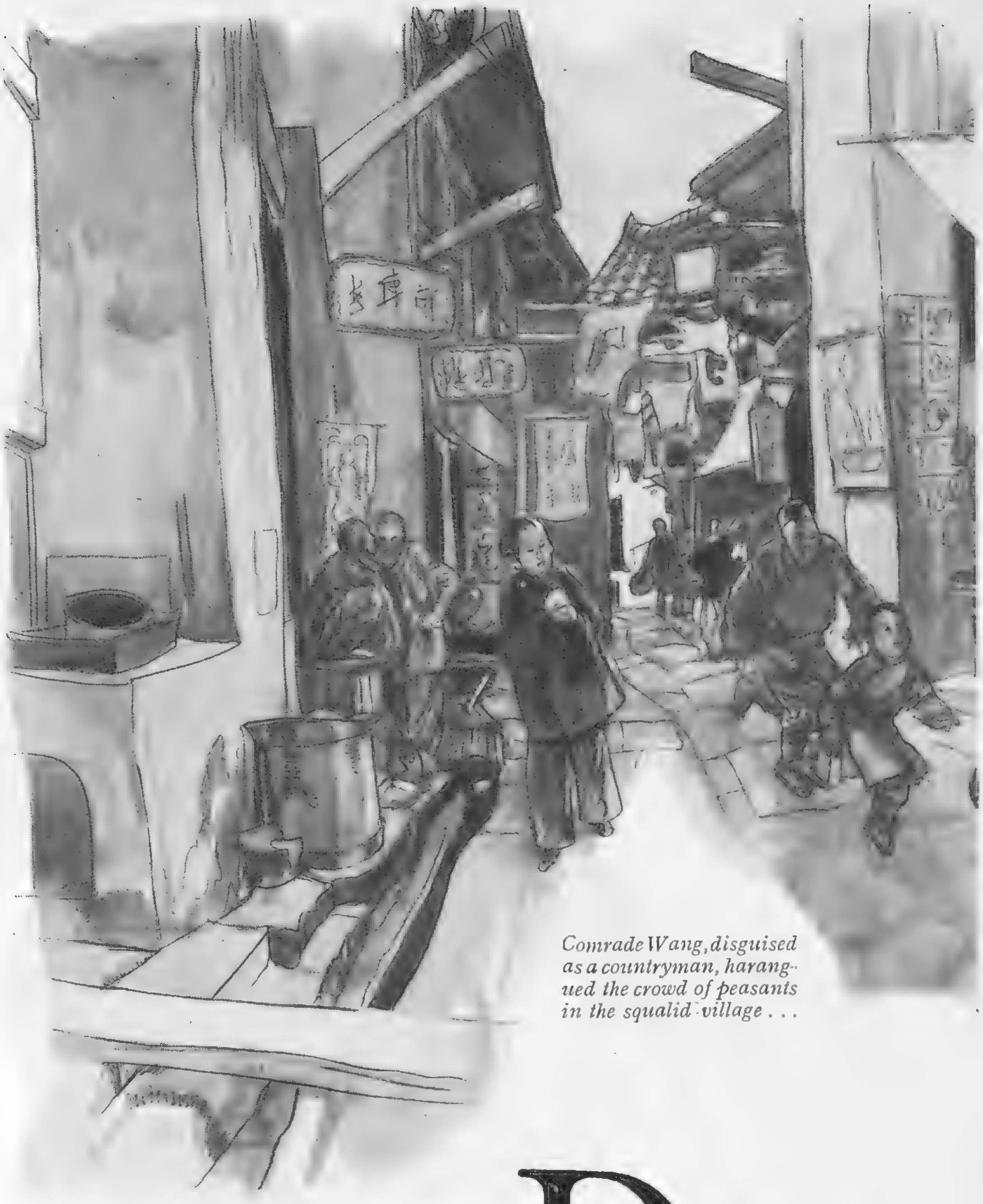
In exchange for our explanations about the uses of our odd turn-out, they told us of many an obscure old town within a hundred-mile radius. She talked well, displaying without pomposity a taste for history and architecture, and we put her down as a young teacher when—

"How are housemaids being paid in England?" she asked. "I sometimes think of going into service over there."

She was Sarah Jane, keeping company with her young man. (*Continued on page 96*)

The RED FLAG: No. 6:

Continuing a new Series—each story complete in itself—of Historical Romances framed in the maelstrom of Revolution



Comrade Wang, disguised as a countryman, harangued the crowd of peasants in the squalid village . . .

The Drag

THROUGH the midday heat the Trans-Siberian jogged steadily towards Vladivostok. In the special coach full of young Chinese, Comrades Wang Shih-hui and Liu Ching-chieh had gone to sit and smoke in the compartment shared by the girl comrades May-ling and Kuei-fei, bobbed-haired, rouged on lips and cheeks in tolerable imitation of their Russian girl comrades. At the open door to the corridor lounged Comrade Korinsky, in charge of the party, cigarette dangling from his lips.

" News bully, eh ? " he said, East-side New York yet clinging to him. English was the easiest medium of conversation with these Westernised Chinese, who had learned but little Russian in their six months at the University School of Revolutionary Studies in Moscow. " Your Chiang Kai-shek knows enough to do what Comrade Borodin and Comrade Gallen tell him. We'll be in Hankow in a month at this rate. And then we kick the British Imperialists where it hurts ! "

In that summer of 1926 the Kuomintang army from Canton was making its long advertised northward march of conquest. Commanded by young General Chiang Kai-shek, Sun Yat-sen's former secretary, with the enigmatic General Gallen or Gallent or Gallens or Gallents (*alias* perhaps Blücher or perhaps Guroff) as military chief-of-staff, " advised " by the revolutionary expert Borodin (*alias* Michael Greusenberg *alias* Braun *alias* Brown), it was advancing in a series of successes where propaganda and bribery effectively eliminated the necessity for fighting. At a wayside station they had seen a telegram saying that Changsha, capital of Hunan, had been captured almost without opposition.

Wang Shih-hui replied in what he believed to be an Oxford accent, caressing delicately the briar pipe he had likewise acquired at that august seat of learning.

" Not only the British, comrade, but all the foreigners must go ! Young China must be freed from every kind of Imperialist domination."

" Sure ! " agreed Korinsky. " But we've got to take 'em one by one. Don't forget the programme. First we concentrate on the British. All the other dam-fool Imperialists will only grin while the British get kicked. When they're cleared out, we go for the Yanks. And after the Yanks, the Japs. But it's the British that matter. Smash the British Empire in China, add another million to the British unemployed, start the Revolution in England, and the World-Revolution begins next day. The entire capitalist world-structure will crash. The Polit-bureau's got it all worked out to schedule." He glanced at the others. " I tell you again, you propagandists, never forget the slogan, ' All hate on the British ! ' Kid those other *bourjoui* fools they're sitting soft. Play up to the Yankee missionaries. They'll believe anything. Sun Yat-sen knew that well enough. It's thanks to them he got going at all. They'll have the shock of their lives when their turn comes." He spoke with dogmatic assurance, with a domineering superiority. " Everything'll be all right so long as you Chinese obey the Party orders. Don't forget we're professionals at this job."

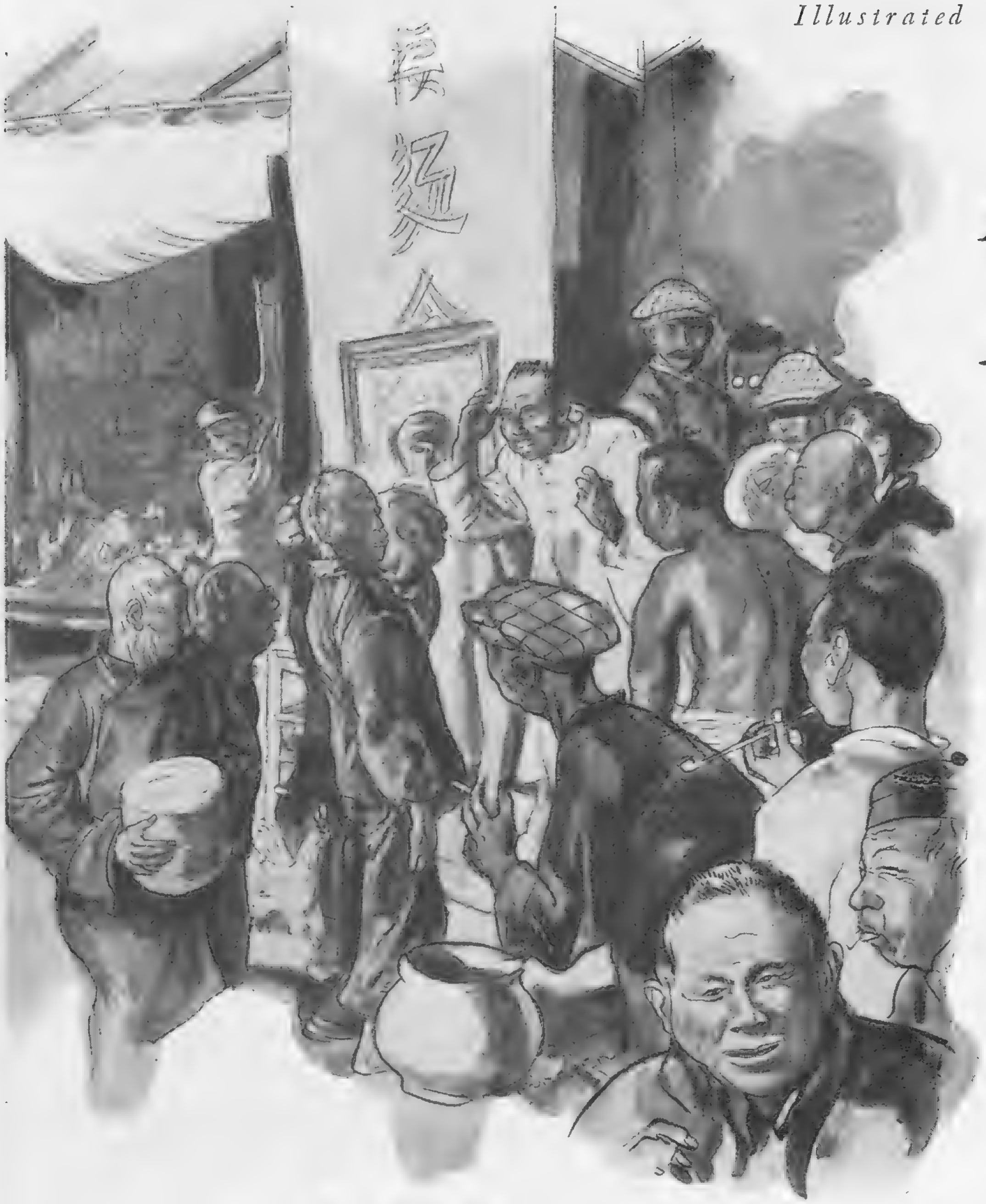
Comrade May-ling took the cigarette from her mouth.

" Long live the World-Revolution ! " she said enthusiastically. The daughter of a reformist Chinese official who had participated in the Revolution of 1911, she had been educated at a mission school and afterwards at an American university. With her bobbed hair and her feet that had never been bound, she was typical of this Young China emancipated from every ancient tradition. Also she was fanatically Communist. " But

Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER

By

F. Britten AUSTIN



on Wakes

I'm against even temporising with the missionaries. They ought to be exterminated in mass. What is the use of smashing all the old superstitions if we let the foreigner preach another? Religion is the opium of the people, as Karl Marx proved."

Her cultured English was that of an American high-school girl, with but a trace of Chinese intonation. Comrade Wang admired her, with a rankling grudge against her. He had tried to make love to her in Moscow, but had been humiliatingly rebuffed. These new Chinese girls were by no means the submissive little creatures of the immemorial past. They chose for themselves, in a novel liberty of morals of which theoretically he had to approve.

"Don't worry," replied Korinsky sardonically. "We'll wipe out every God-merchant in China in the next twelve months. But so long as they keep off Imperialist gun-boats, they're useful."

Comrade Liu Ching-chieh joined in, blinking behind his horn spectacles.

"The missionary is everywhere the advance-guard of Imperialism," he said, as though repeating a lesson. "We young Chinese want nothing from the West except its mechanical inventions. Every foreigner must be cleared out except our Russian comrades in the brotherhood of humanity."

"I guess you wouldn't get far if we Russians weren't helping you," laughed Korinsky. "You'd have the Imperialists playing the war-lords off against one another till Hell froze. Only the Komintern knows how to revolutionise a country scientifically. China's only the beginning, of course. We'll have the whole of Asia ablaze before we've finished."

Little Kuei-fei looked up from the Russian newspaper she was studiously deciphering, and smiled to him.

"And when China is completely revolutionised from south to north, it will join the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, I suppose?"

Korinsky's face was suddenly expressionless, mask-like. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I guess the Chinese masses will decide that for themselves, comrade. It's not my business. The Komintern exists to help the proletariat of every country to freedom. I've been detailed to help the Chinese proletariat."

Comrade Wang disliked him intensely. Dissembled under his Oriental suavity, indeed, he resented the dictatorial superiority of all these Russians. Ingrained in him was the old Chinese contempt and hatred for foreign barbarians. China for the Chinese had been the first intoxicating formula of the Kuomintang he had joined even as a schoolboy in the English mission station. Sun Yat-sen's last words, however, had been the command to "Work with Russia," and that quasi-divine authority was not to be disputed. In obedience to it, he had been one of those many sent to Moscow to learn the technique of Revolution from its most efficient professors. The Russians thought to use China as their tool; China would use them. Wits against wits, unscrupulousness against unscrupulousness, with an inbred mandarin subtlety of mind he savoured the tricky game that was in prospect. The Russians were certainly essential now. Without their aid the Kuomintang could never conquer China.

He smiled hypocritically.

"You are right, Comrade Korinsky. There can be no success without discipline. As for the future, are we not all comrades in the World-Revolution which will abolish frontiers? There will doubtless be a universal Republic of equality. But first we must organise the masses to overthrow the present system. That is all we have to think about now."

"That's it, comrade," said Korinsky, brightening. "Get the masses going—smash things up. That's our job. Leave the rest to the Party chiefs."

"I'm crazy to arrive at Canton," said Comrade May-ling. "Do you think we shall have to wait for a boat at Vladivostok, comrade?"

"I guess we ought to make a sailing at once," replied Korinsky.

Little Kuei-fei smiled in a feminine coquetry.

"I'm going to wear an officer's uniform," she said. "Like a man."

She was really very pretty, was little Kuei-fei, thought Wang. He had never really come in contact with her until they had met on the train. In Moscow she had had an affair with an officer of the Red Army. So she had explained to them with the amazing cool cynicism of revolutionary young womanhood. He promised himself that he would make love to her on the boat from Vladivostok.

Comrade May-ling looked out of the window.

"More Chinese!" she remarked. "Look—they are not Manchus." They were now crossing Manchuria, whither millions of "Sons of Han" had fled from the anarchy in China proper. In hundreds these peasants—the "man-who-works-with-his-hands-at-dawn," as they were ideogrammatically designated in Chinese script—were patiently at labour in their fields, not even raising their heads as the train rolled by. Why should they waste a moment on this phenomenon from another world with which they had no concern?

"Those masses must be revolutionised also!" exclaimed Liu Ching-chieh vehemently. "When we have smashed Chang Tso-lin."

"Yes," agreed Wang. "It will be the great battle with Japanese Imperialism when we revolutionise Manchuria. But we must not get out of step with the Party tactics. First the British. Then the Americans. Then the Japs. And then——" He broke off with a smile.

The eyes of all turned to him, Korinsky's suddenly sharp, suspicious.

"And then doubtless the Party will issue further orders," he concluded smoothly. Little Kuei-fei gave him a quick glance, took her rouge-stick and mirror from her handbag, reddened her lips. Under his impassivity, his interest in her was alertly stimulated. Was there a cryptic significance in that gesture? A friendly warning? Was she, also, perhaps not genuinely a "Red"?

CANTON was close in front of them. The Russian vessel had gone to discharge its cargo at Whampoa, had transhipped its passengers to this river-steamer now sliding through the swarm of sampans. In the crowd of Chinese and Russian revolutionaries lining her rails Comrade Wang found himself side by side with little Kuei-fei. Like himself, she was uniformed in an officer's tunic and breeches of green material. Annoyingly, he had been unable to make love to her on the voyage from Vladivostok. She had associated exclusively with Soviet officers, keeping them in uproarious laughter with her quaint mispronunciations of Russian. Comrade May-ling had similarly consorted with a vodka-drinking clique of artillery instructors. It had been impossible to get a minute alone with either of them. He resented it. Contrary to free revolutionary ethics was this picking and choosing on the part of girl comrades; they ought to accept the advances of any and every comrade alike. But he dissembled that resentment, smiled to her amiably.

"It is good to see China again, comrade?"

Her little face lit up.

"China!" she breathed. "I have dreamed of this, comrade. China—free——!"

"Yes," he murmured, "China—free——!"

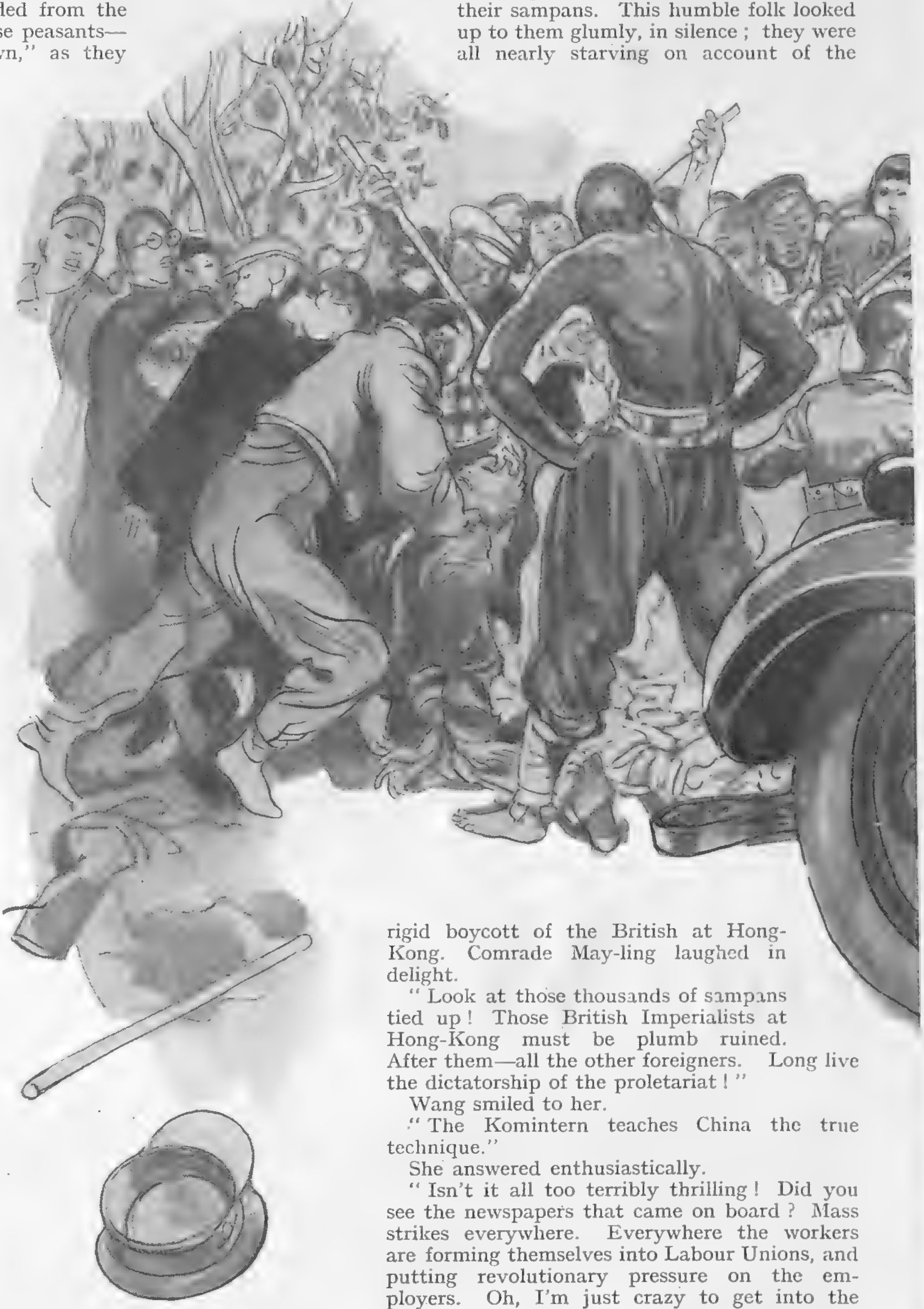
She glanced at him, the lids low on her slanting eyes. He remembered that quick glance in the train, when she had reddened her lips, perhaps significantly.

"We must be patient, comrade. The work goes forward." Her voice was almost inaudible in the excited chatter around them.

"Yes," he agreed again. "Patience. The work goes forward." Once more he wondered how genuinely "Red" she was. Was she perhaps trying to trap him? One never knew with these Communists. "Long live the Revolution!" That conventional sentiment was safe, at any rate.

Comrade May-ling, likewise in male uniform, squeezed through to them. She had abandoned her Russian friends. Instinctively, the two nations drew apart now that they were about to land on Chinese soil. The minority of swaggering Russians were conspicuously foreigners.

The Chinese "returned students" let their tongues free in their own language, shouting down to the river-dwellers in their sampans. This humble folk looked up to them glumly, in silence; they were all nearly starving on account of the rigid boycott of the British at Hong-Kong. Comrade May-ling laughed in delight.



"Look at those thousands of sampans tied up! Those British Imperialists at Hong-Kong must be plumb ruined. After them—all the other foreigners. Long live the dictatorship of the proletariat!"

Wang smiled to her.

"The Komintern teaches China the true technique."

She answered enthusiastically.

"Isn't it all too terribly thrilling! Did you see the newspapers that came on board? Mass strikes everywhere. Everywhere the workers are forming themselves into Labour Unions, and putting revolutionary pressure on the employers. Oh, I'm just crazy to get into the fight!" Always about her hung something of the American high-school girl.

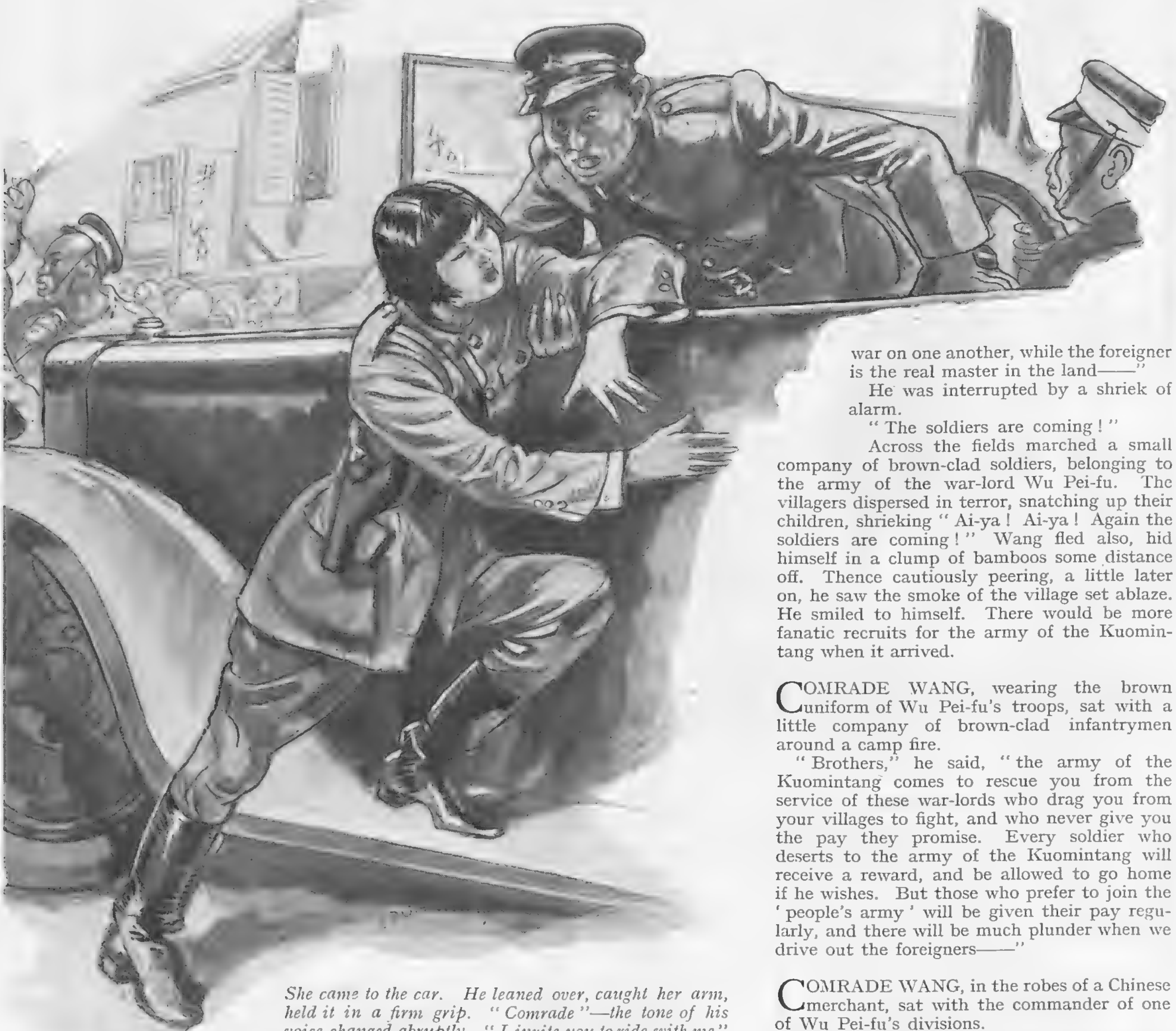
Little Kuei-fei looked up, seriously.

"It is wonderful that we Chinese women are now emancipated—that we can help the Revolution just as if we were men—can also dedicate our lives to China!"

COMRADE WANG, disguised as a countryman, harangued the crowd of peasants in the squalid village. He was becoming quite expert at these local dialects.

"Remember, brothers, this army that is coming is not like the other armies that every year have made war over your fields and burned your houses and stolen eveything you have.

This is the 'people's army'—the army of the people—of the cultivators and the workmen—of yourselves. The army of the Kuomintang comes to rescue you from the war-lords who rob you, from the soldiers who loot and murder and steal your women, from the brigands who are worse than the soldiers. The warriors of the Kuomintang are not as other soldiers, the lowest of mankind. They will not loot, they will not burn, they will not kill the peasants, they will not dishonour your women. They will take nothing without payment. They are dressed in green in symbol of the crops they protect. When they come you must welcome them as everywhere the poor and oppressed are welcoming them. And when they come your young men must also put on the green uniform and go with them to rescue other cultivators of the soil from these evil Tuchuns who oppress them. I speak a true word, brothers. Hear and remember!"



She came to the car. He leaned over, caught her arm, held it in a firm grip. "Comrade"—the tone of his voice changed abruptly—"I invite you to ride with me"

They cried out in approval, these wretched patient peasants who toiled desperately to wring from the soil the barest of subsistence.

"We will welcome them, stranger!" they cried. "The people's army shall be to us as our brothers by the same father!"

"And when they come," continued Wang, "and the Tuchun is defeated and his head displayed for all to see, then must you rise up and make an end of these foreigners who deceive you with false preachings. Are their houses not fine houses full of precious things, while you are in misery? Do they not with smooth words get your children into their power that they may use them in their wicked magics? In places where peaceful peasants have gone in a body to cleanse the houses of the foreigners from their abominations, they have found the bones of many little children buried in the gardens. Does not that prove what they wish to do to your children? How can they make their medicines and spells if they do not have children's eyes scooped from their sockets? These things are well known to all men. All your calamities come from the foreigners. They sell guns and bullets to the Tuchuns so that they may make war on one another, while the foreigner is the real master in the land——"

He was interrupted by a shriek of alarm.

"The soldiers are coming!"

Across the fields marched a small company of brown-clad soldiers, belonging to the army of the war-lord Wu Pei-fu. The villagers dispersed in terror, snatching up their children, shrieking "Ai-ya! Ai-ya! Again the soldiers are coming!" Wang fled also, hid himself in a clump of bamboos some distance off. Thence cautiously peering, a little later on, he saw the smoke of the village set ablaze. He smiled to himself. There would be more fanatic recruits for the army of the Kuomintang when it arrived.

COMRADE WANG, wearing the brown uniform of Wu Pei-fu's troops, sat with a little company of brown-clad infantrymen around a camp fire.

"Brothers," he said, "the army of the Kuomintang comes to rescue you from the service of these war-lords who drag you from your villages to fight, and who never give you the pay they promise. Every soldier who deserts to the army of the Kuomintang will receive a reward, and be allowed to go home if he wishes. But those who prefer to join the 'people's army' will be given their pay regularly, and there will be much plunder when we drive out the foreigners——"

COMRADE WANG, in the robes of a Chinese merchant, sat with the commander of one of Wu Pei-fu's divisions.

"One hundred thousand taels," he said, "and promotion to Corps Commander. That is the limit of my instructions."

The divisional commander fidgeted, glanced suspiciously around him.

"This abject person has pledged his loyalty," he said, with old-fashioned courtesy. "He perceives regretfully that your honourable head is loose upon your shoulders."

Wang smiled.

"The Kuomintang will avenge me," he said. "Before the day is out. How many of your personal attendants belong to the Party? You do not know. I do. The Kuomintang is everywhere." The divisional commander sat silent. Wang rose, saluted politely. "My compliments on your loyalty, general. On the day of battle you will find that you alone have been foolish. Your division will doubtless die like heroes—those of them who fight. It will pain me to see your head set on a stake. May your rice agree with you!" He moved towards the exit.

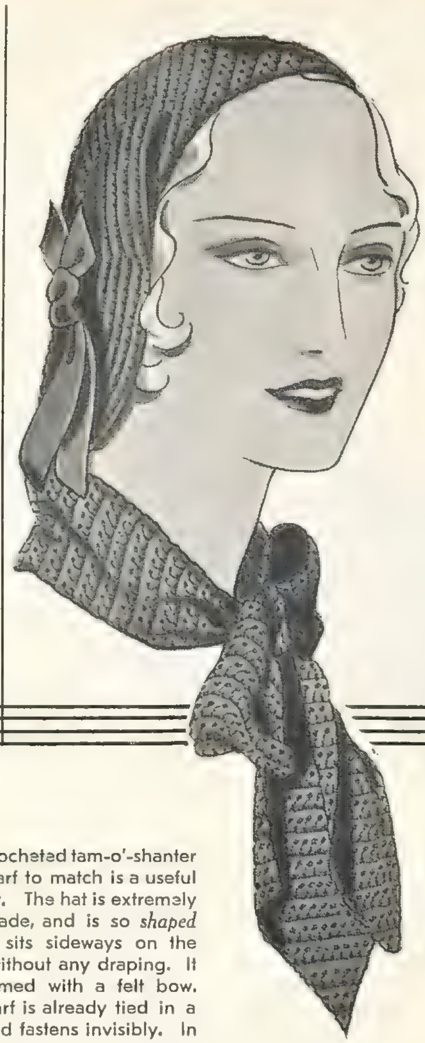
(Continued on page 114)

OUR PARIS SHOPPING SERVICE

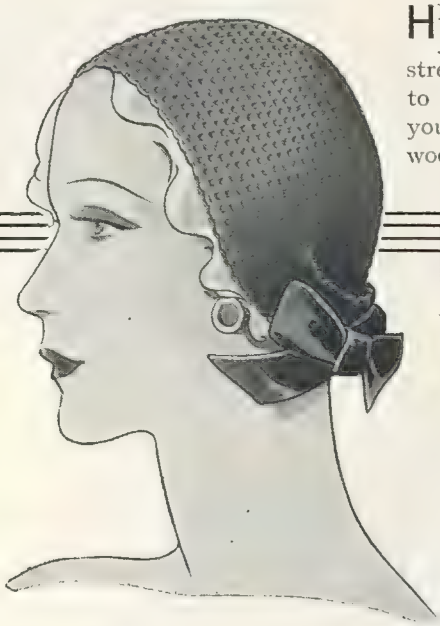
How to buy the latest accessories from Paris at their lowest prices

THE MONOGRAM: An exclusive Novelty

HERE is a novelty. A monogram brooch. Just an exquisitely embroidered monogram stretched on an invisible frame and attached to a metal brooch. You can wear it to hold your scarf in place, to adorn your béret or woollen turban, to give an unusual touch to an ordinary jersey. Its uses are manifold, its chic indisputable. Send us the letters—two or three, it doesn't matter—of your initials, and tell us the colours in which you would like it executed, wait ten days, and then you will have an exclusive accessory—for only 10/6



1. A crocheted tam-o'-shanter and scarf to match is a useful novelty. The hat is extremely well made, and is so *shaped* that it sits sideways on the head without any draping. It is trimmed with a felt bow. The scarf is already tied in a bow and fastens invisibly. In black, navy blue or brown. The set - - - - 35/-



2 This crocheted woollen cap is made in one of the latest and most becoming shapes. It is cunningly folded low at the back on one side and finished with a felt bow. It may be had in black, navy blue or brown. Price - - - - - - - - - 1 Guinea

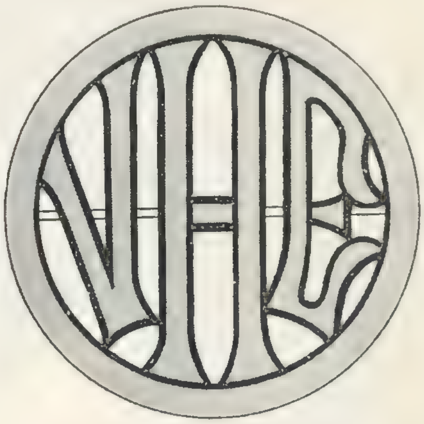
PARIS - LONDON - YOU
How to use the new Service

IT is the dream of every woman to shop in Paris—the tales of Parisian chic and originality are both fabulous and well founded—yet how few of us can afford the time or the money, can leave our homes and families on so frivolous an errand!

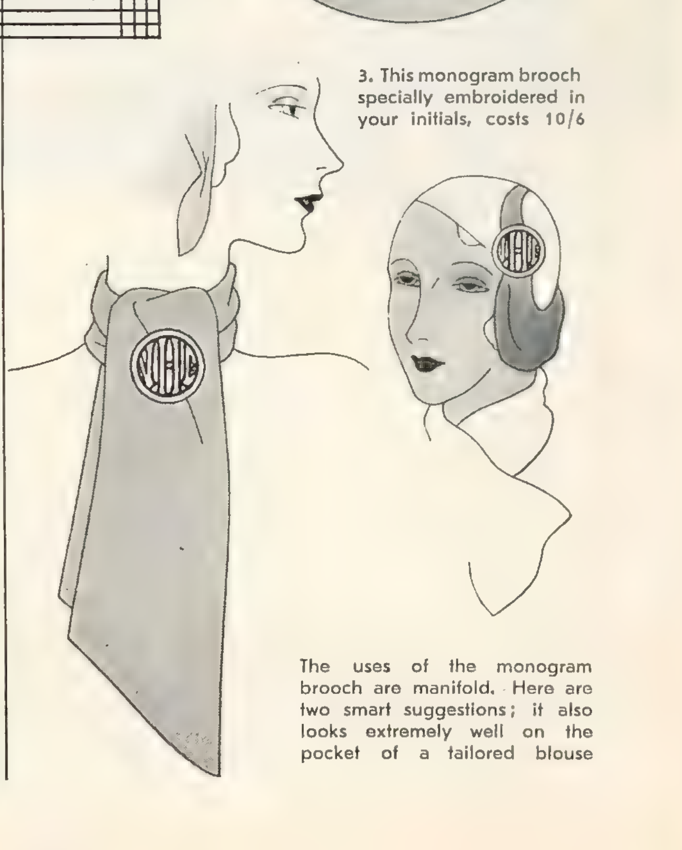
We all know that it is in the tiny details, the hardly discernible, yet all-important trifles, that the well-dressed woman differs from her more careless sister, and it is just these details which are so hard to find. We all know their origin is Paris, but in this case our knowledge is of no avail. Even if we could go to Paris our difficulties would not be over. We do not know exactly where or how to shop. We might find the most exquisite and desirable things, but probably at prices far beyond our means. That is why BRITANNIA AND EVE has originated a unique service, which brings Paris, and the wealth and diversity of her shops, to your very door. In these pages, month by month, we will show the newest Parisian accessories, and not only will they be the selection of an expert who does know exactly where to buy and what is being worn, but they will be priced so moderately as to be well within your means. They will be clearly shown and described in detail, and each object will be numbered. On receipt of the stipulated sum, the object will be forwarded post free to you, but remember that these things really *do* come from Paris, and that each one will be ordered specially for you; therefore we cannot guarantee delivery under *ten days*.

Send a postal order for the required amount, stating clearly the number of the chosen object, and address all communications to:

PARIS SHOPPING SERVICE, "BRITANNIA & EVE,"
INVERESK HOUSE, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

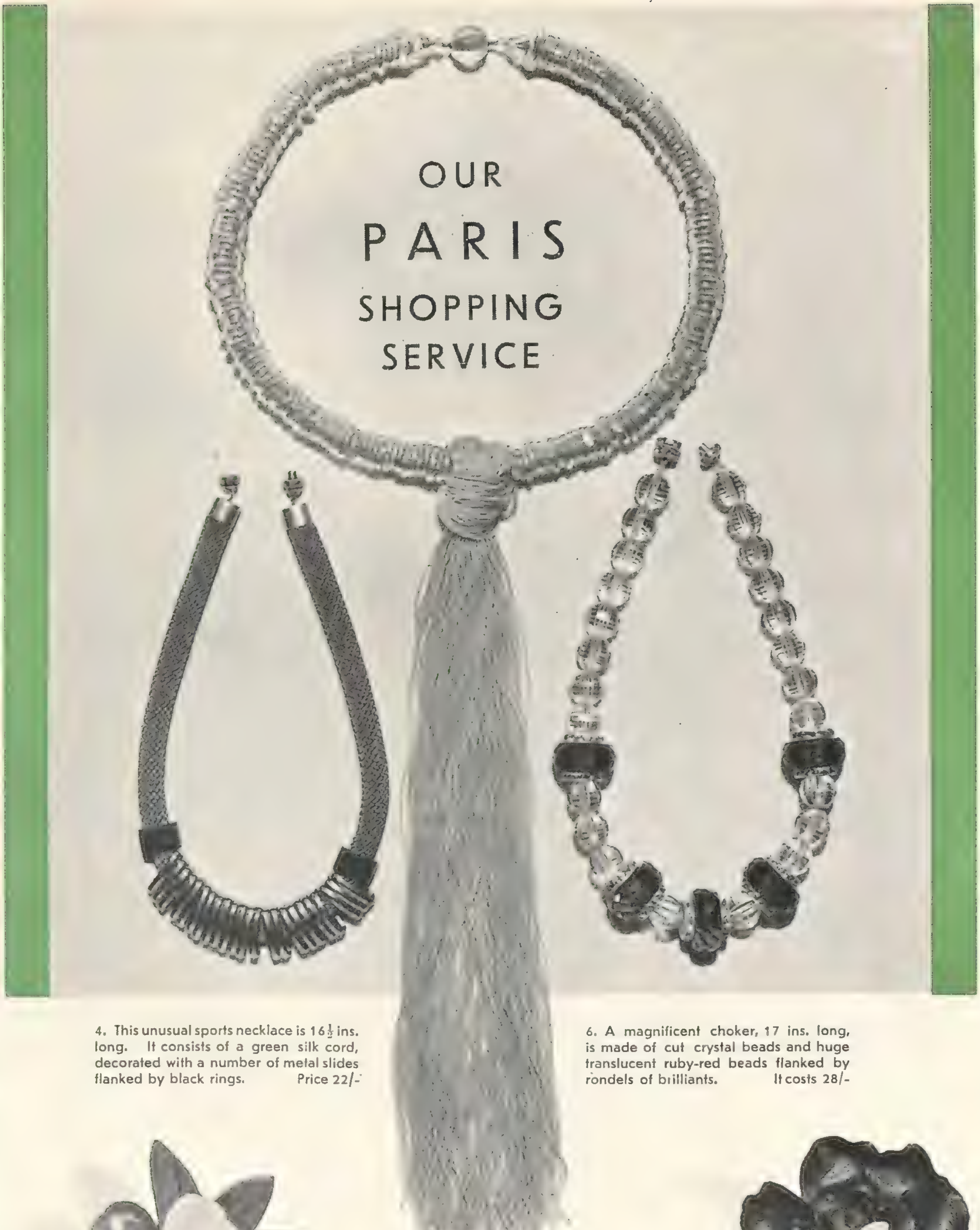


3. This monogram brooch specially embroidered in your initials, costs 10/6



The uses of the monogram brooch are manifold. Here are two smart suggestions; it also looks extremely well on the pocket of a tailored blouse

OUR PARIS SHOPPING SERVICE



4. This unusual sports necklace is 16½ ins. long. It consists of a green silk cord, decorated with a number of metal slides flanked by black rings. Price 22/-

6. A magnificent choker, 17 ins. long, is made of cut crystal beads and huge translucent ruby-red beads flanked by rondels of brilliants. It costs 28/-

5. A beautiful necklace for evening wear consists of glass rondels threaded on pink strands and a tassel, 12 ins. long, of the finest pale strawberry pink spun glass, as soft and flexible as silk. Price 25/-

7. This beautifully made gardenia is made of leather and may be had in brown and white, red and white, blue and white, or black and white. Price 3/6

HOW TO BUY

Each object is clearly numbered: send a Postal Order for the amount required, stating the number, to:—

The Paris Shopping Service, "Britannia & Eve,"
Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

These accessories come from Paris; therefore about 10 days will elapse before the chosen object will reach you, post free.

8. This camellia is also made of leather and may be had in brown and white, red and white, blue and white, or black and white. Price 3/6

• OUR PARIS SHOPPING SERVICE

9. A double-strand necklace of the finest quality pearls and rubies flanked with brilliants is 17 ins. long and has a beautiful ruby clasp.- It costs 50/-

10. This magnificent necklace, sponsored by Chanel, is made of dull white and very pale turquoise greeny-blue beads hanging in innumerable strands from a crystal bar. The longest rope of all measures 40 ins. It costs 23/-

11. A necklace of dark red rubies and brilliants is 16 ins. long and has an invisible fastener. It costs 30/-. The earrings to match cost 16/-

12. This necklace of dull beaten silver links measures 16 ins. long and is fastened by an engraved turquoise plaque. Price 8/-

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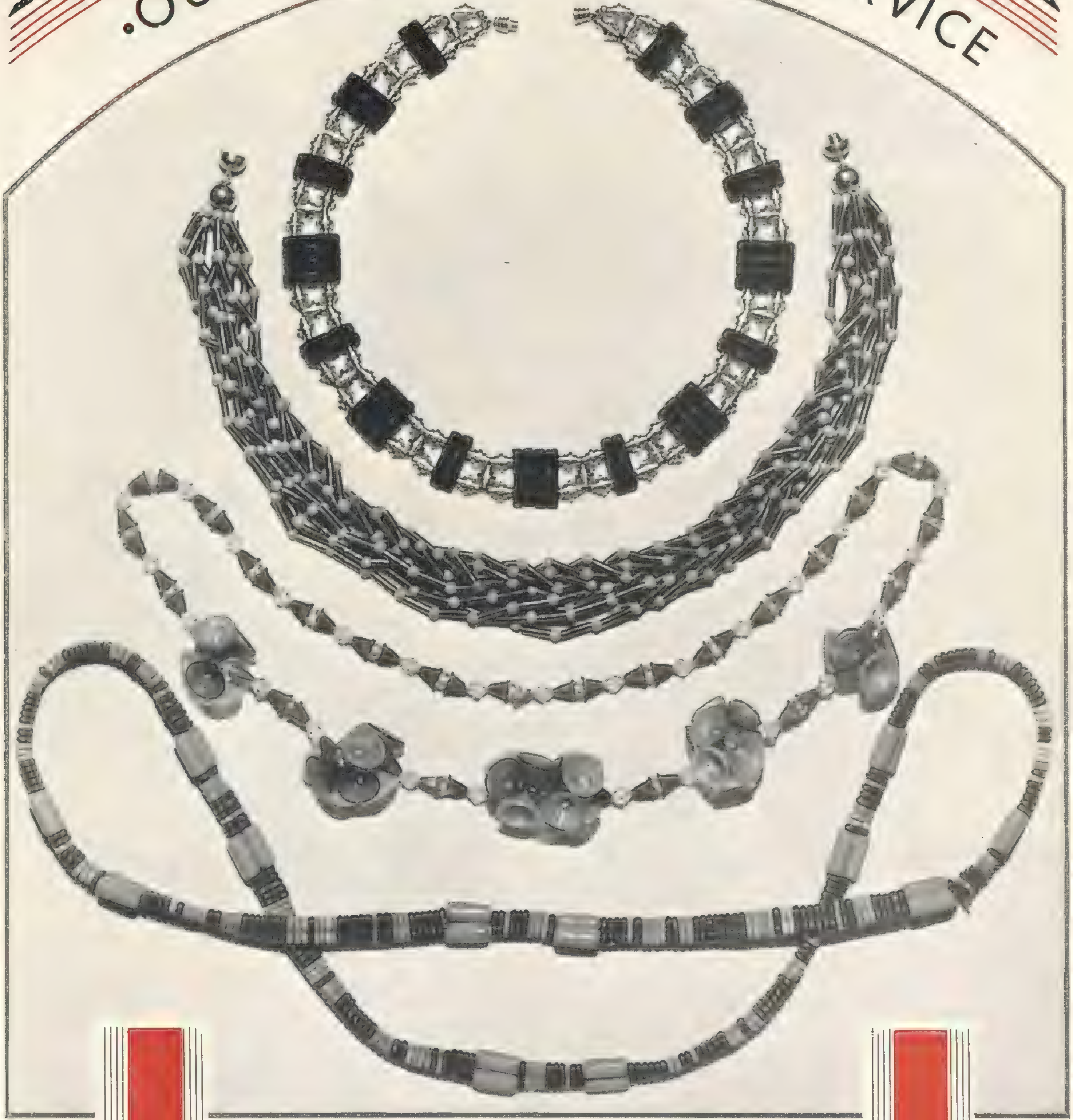
·OUR PARIS SHOPPING SERVICE



13. A choker for sports wear is composed of dark brown wood plaques and gold bead sections. It lies flat around the base of the throat. Price 17/-

14. This necklace is 17½ ins. long, and is composed of ten twisted strands of long silver beads interspersed with turquoise beads. It costs 20/-

15. An exquisite necklace, 28 ins. long, has bunches of tiny glass convolvulus blossoms in pink and blue on a green and white glass chain. Price 25/-

16. A necklace, 36 ins. long, designed to accompany tweeds or woollens, is composed of alternate red and green oblong-shaped beads. Price 10/-

HOW TO BUY. Each object is clearly numbered: send a Postal Order for the amount required, stating the number, to The Paris Shopping Service, "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2. These accessories come from Paris; therefore about 10 days will elapse before the chosen object will reach you, post free.

17

OUR PARIS

SHOPPING SERVICE

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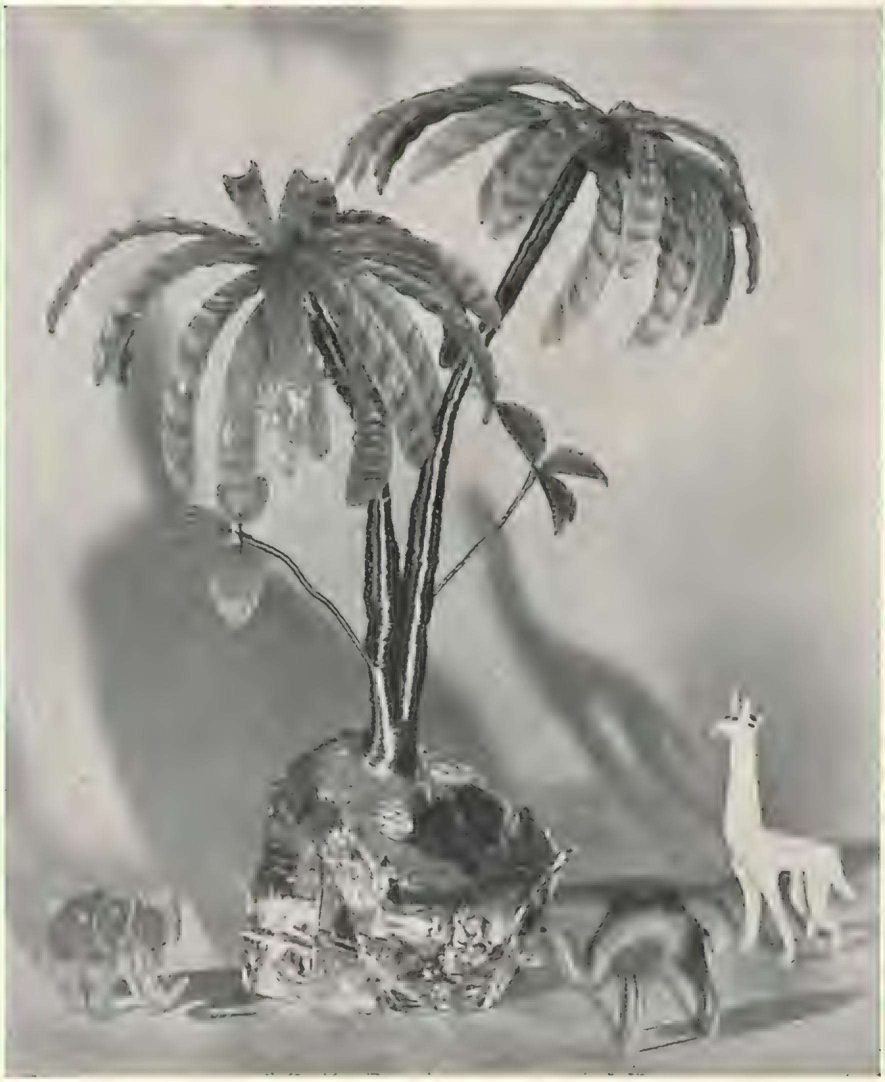
The Paris Shopping Service, "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

These accessories come from Paris; therefore about 10 days will elapse before the chosen object will reach you, post free.

18

17. This white glass dog has a black spot on his nose. He stands about 2 ins. high and costs 3/6

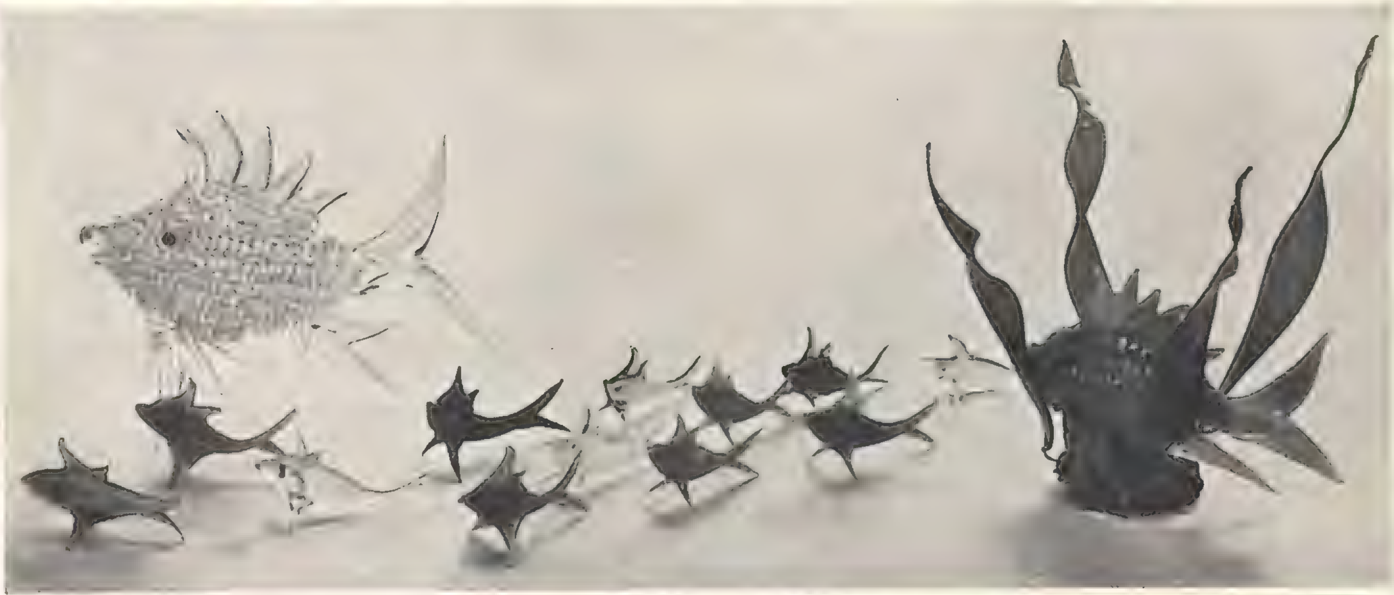
18. His little black friend also stands about 2 ins. high, and costs the same sum of money—3/6



19

19. A convincingly Oriental palm tree with green glass leaves grows out of a solid glass rock. It stands 7 ins. high and costs 17/6. The elephant, camel and giraffe may be obtained in green, blue or white glass, and they cost 2/6 each

20. Here is an amusing novelty. The shoal of tiny goldfish, each of a different colour, are little more than an inch in length. They cost 4/- a dozen, and would be a delightful addition to your finger-bowls. The large white fish on the left is 4 ins. long, and has prongs at the back to support a menu or place-card. It costs 3/-. The yellow fish swimming silently through the green seaweed is 3 ins. long, and costs 6/-



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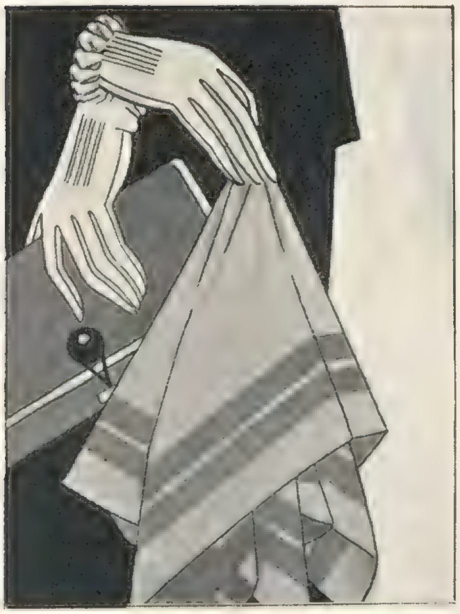
OUR PARIS SHOPPING SERVICE

HOW TO BUY—Each object is clearly numbered: send a Postal Order for the amount required, stating the number, to:—The Paris Shopping Service, "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2. These accessories come from Paris; therefore 10 days will elapse before the chosen object will reach you, post free



21

As already stated in this issue (page 56), we have inaugurated our new Paris Shopping Service for the benefit of our readers. Month by month the treasure stores of Paris will be ransacked and the most attractive novelties found there will be illustrated on these pages. These novelties will not be confined to articles of attire, but will embrace the wider field of the home, and they will be selected by an expert who, keenly alive not only to the fashion of to-day but to that of to-morrow, will offer you at a minimum price the products of the most inventive brains in Paris. One would imagine that in this modern world of rapid change the difficulty would lie in finding something new, and that the creative mind of man would tire. This is not so. Paris is the mart of the world for fashions and novelties, and we propose to offer you the best of that vast selection.

From so large an array it is sometimes difficult to find just the correct accessories which will match and harmonise with each other. Both patience and time are required for the solving of this problem, and though many of us may have the former, few of us have the latter. Therefore the accessories on these pages will be often assembled together in such a manner as to obviate any trouble for our readers. Take, for instance, the accessories on this page which would, combined with a plain black dress and coat, together form a perfect ensemble. Add the small black wool hat, No. 2, on page 56, and the costume is complete.

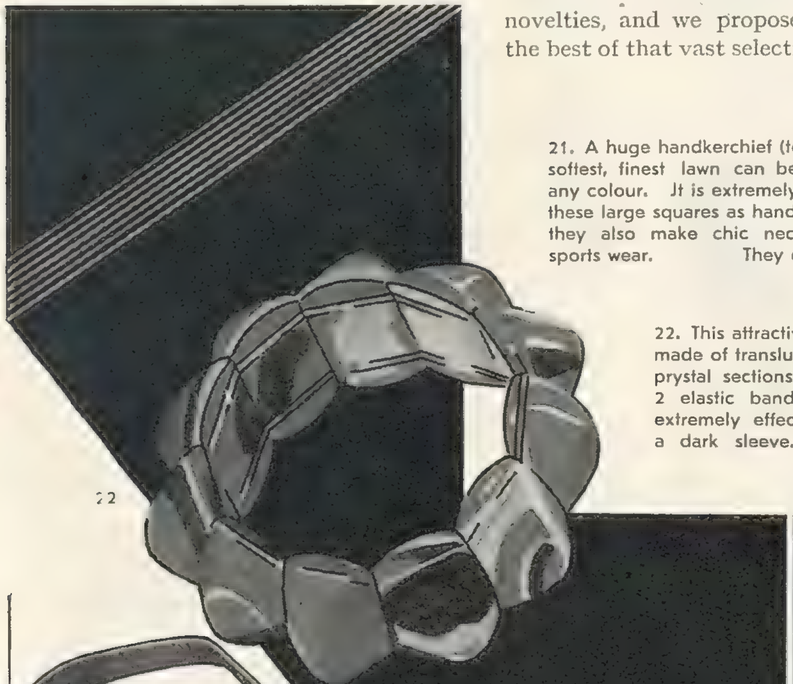
This is only a first essay of the service which we will offer our readers in the forthcoming issues of BRITANNIA AND EVE. Next month a further selection of quite different novelties will be presented.

21. A huge handkerchief (top left) of the softest, finest lawn can be obtained in any colour. It is extremely smart to use these large squares as handkerchiefs, but they also make chic neck-scarves for sports wear. They cost 6/- each.

23. This handbag (bottom left), of black suède is lined with white kid and beautifully fitted with a mirror and inner purse. It measures 5½ inches across the top of the frame and has a black and white prystal clasp. Price 25/-

22. This attractive bracelet is made of translucent ruby-red prystal sections mounted on 2 elastic bands. It is an extremely effective finish to a dark sleeve. Price 17/6

24. Below: This novel collar is composed of red, white and black china beads fastened in front by a hidden screw. It is most becoming and would make an effective and unusual finish to any simple black dress. Price 37/6



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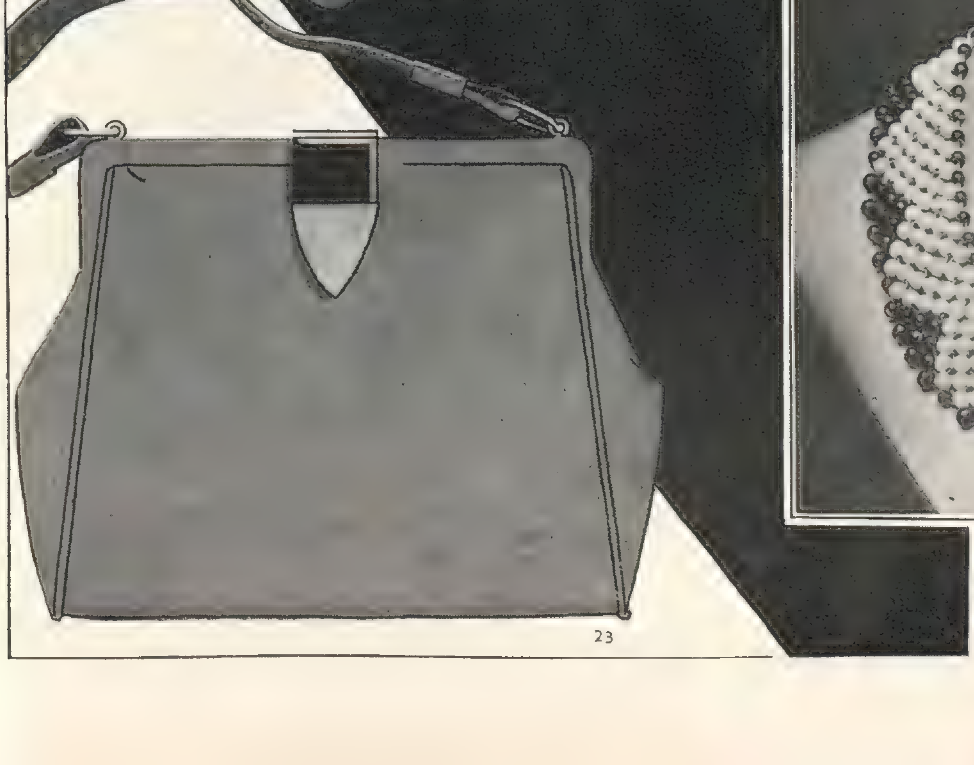

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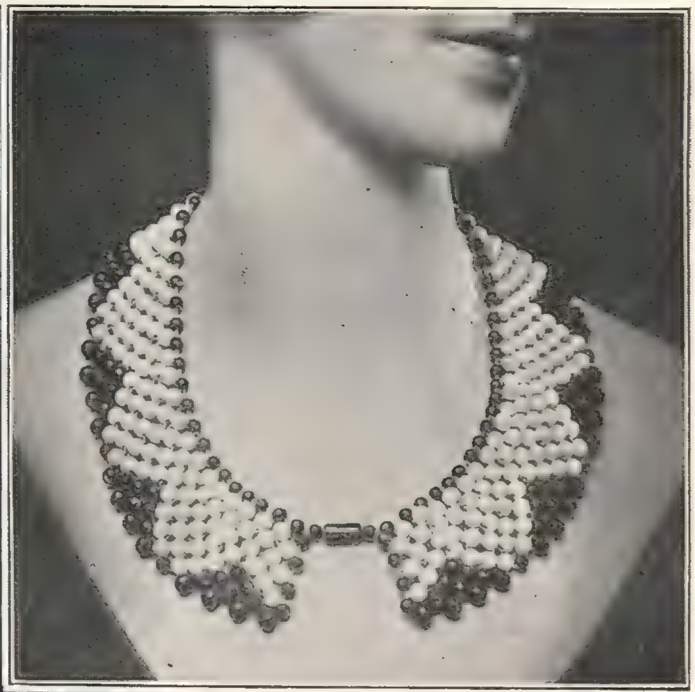
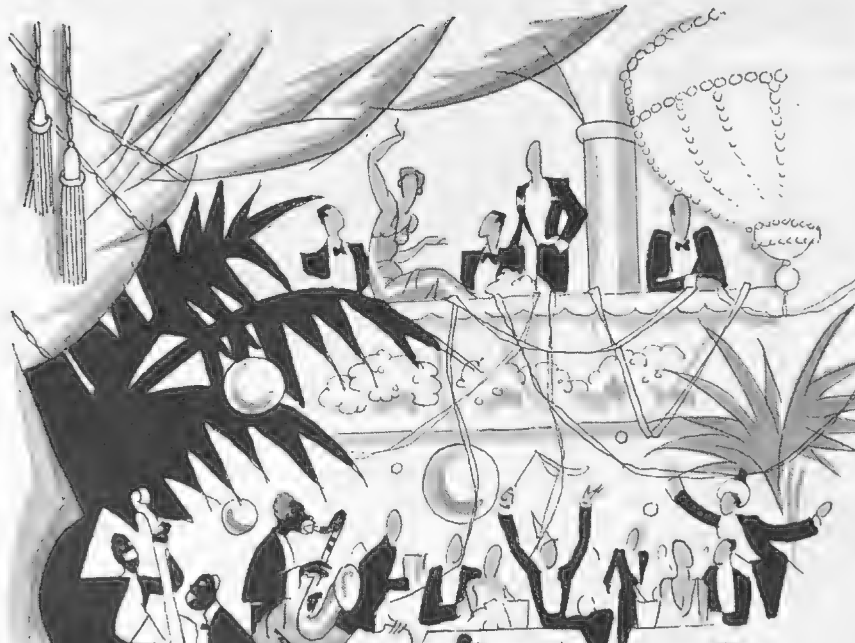


A symphony in black and red. All the accessories on this page have been carefully chosen to harmonise one with the other and together could be guaranteed to add originality to the most ordinary of black or black and white costumes

Paris

The New Year in Paris, New Books, New Vogues, New Restaurants, New Fads and Fancies are discussed in this witty causerie by our Paris correspondent



" Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow the gas-man is coming ! "

ALTHOUGH the French make the Jour de l'An as important a festival here as Christmas is in England, there remains something melancholy about it. Even the people who go to the Réveillon cannot help being aware that the month of January produces a singularly rich crop of bills and taxes, and in this country even a quarter-day, which makes nobody's heart bound, save that of the landlord ! I have sometimes thought, when watching people ploughing their way through the menu of the Réveillon supper, that they had in their minds some such idea as " Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow the gas-man is coming ! "

In any case, Réveillon is a very artificial form of amusement, although it can be fairly good fun if one has come over from England just to try it. It started from nothing more mundane than the fact that people who had gone to the Midnight Mass wanted something to eat before going to bed. Nowadays the Mass has remarkably little to say to Réveillon ! For one thing, no priest, unless he was stone-blind, would administer Mass to people in Réveillon costume. For another thing, no people who go to Réveillon would dream of going to Mass, even at an hour so convenient to modern society habits as midnight.

Another reason why I always look askance on this form of honouring St. Sylvester is that eating too much (not to mention the drinks), in an appalling atmosphere of scented central heating and hot people smoking tobacco, is such a poor preparation for paying a round of calls or sitting at home to receive a succession of visitors, as the case may be. The informal influences of post-peace Paris (I refuse to call our present conditions peace) have slackened what used to be the rigid rule that one had to leave a card on all one's acquaintance on New Year's day. In the case of men the card had to be accompanied by flowers or chocolate when calling on a woman, and there is still a good deal of force in this tradition.

PARIS is changing so much that I think everybody who likes her as she is ought to visit her as soon as possible. Theatres and banks and embassies and appartement houses are growing as quickly as Alice when she had bitten the wrong side of the mushroom, and found herself looking down the length of her own neck at the tree-tops. Notre-Dame is still where she was, being fortunately in an unfashionable quarter. The Sacré-Cœur is still on the top of its hill, but can be seen from fewer and fewer points, because of the larger and larger number of tall houses. Even the social life of the place is changing in enormous degrees. Some people still give teas ; but they do not serve them out of tea-pots—except, of course, in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, where even a Quaker has hardly ever been seen and no Shaker has ever yet penetrated.

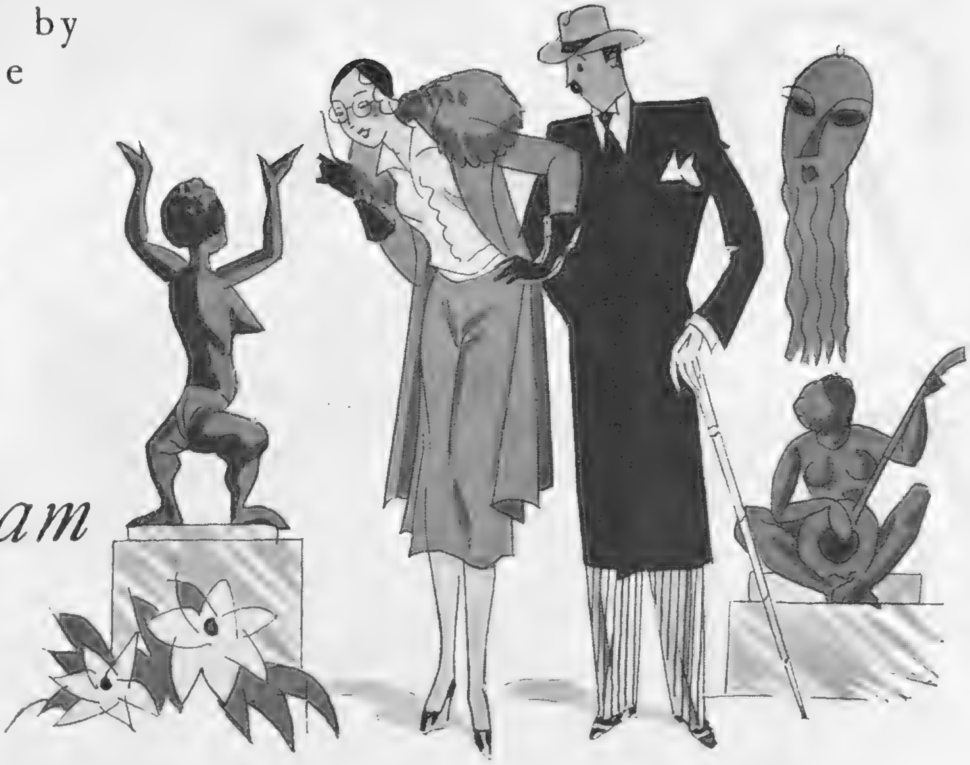
People run about so much now, thanks to the universality of the car, that they have much wider circles of acquaintance and much less time to make real friends. They seem to feel this, because the tendency is for a group of six or seven to unite in this wider circle, and to do the same things at the same time, until debt, or divorce, or jealousy, or sheer lassitude separates them. This usually happens before very long, because, as all the members of the group usually start by being deadly bored, there is not much element of continuity in the arrangement. Now and then one member of it will fall in love with another, and there will be a small half-hearted scandal ; but it is more usual for the association to fall completely into bits because one of it has, in desperation, managed to contract sufficient of an affection for a member of another group to be said to have gone off the shallow end. There are no deep ends nowadays. The world of fashion is no longer the world of passion. It is terribly dowdy to keep your temper and terribly chic to lose your passion.

THE opening of the year will see Paris suffering from, or enjoying, as the case may be, an unusual number of people doing something unexpected. I mean by that that Madame Simone, the tragédienne, is publishing her first book ; that Marguerite Deval is doing the same thing ; that Emilienne d'Alençon is bringing out a novel which may be interesting, and her souvenirs, which we await with some trepidation ; that Mademoiselle Barthe, daughter of one of the principal officials of the French Parliament, is coming out as a music-hall star ; that Maria Raspoutin, daughter of the famous monk, is going to show her trained ponies in a circus ; that an Indo-Chinese princess is going to see if acting on the films is not more amusing than giving political conferences. Is not that a bunch ? The only really expected one of the series is that Saint-Granier's son is so much the son of his father that he is coming out on a music-hall himself instead of trying for any other kind of success than that his father has so legitimately reaped. It is said

Illustrations by
Bonnotte

iana

By
H. Pearl Adam

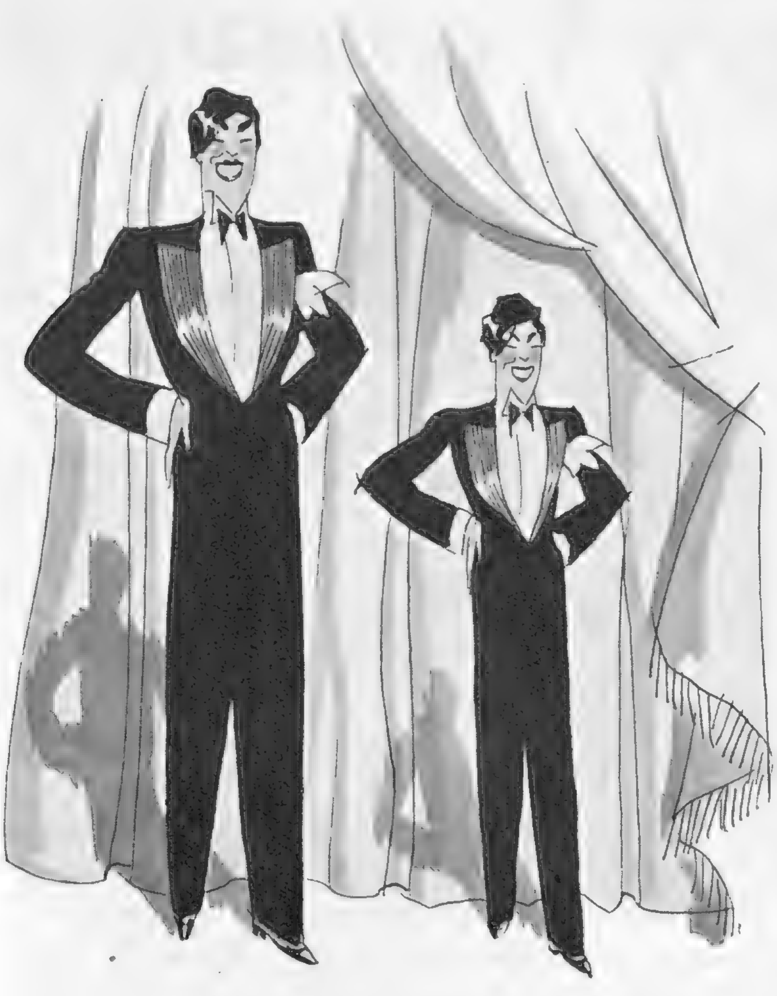


He has discovered that the quite amusing new thing to do would be to "take up" the art of the Near East—Scythian art, for instance, and also a couple of oddments like the art of Persia and the art of Greece

that he has his father's smile. Maurice must look out! One Saint-Granier might be dealt with, but what about two of them?

MADEMOISELLE BARTHE is to specialise in national dances. She will be very Spanish in a restaurant in the centre of the town; when the night is turning to morning she will be very tango Up the Hill. She has already worked hard on the cinema, and with one thing and another we feel that—well, that we shall see what we shall see. In fact, we shall see quite a lot of her. These Paris restaurants are so over-heated, one cannot wear too little.

Marguerite Deval is going to tell the story of her lunch parties. If she does it as vitally as she acts, we shall all be very happy—unless, perhaps, we have been among her guests. She is the ageless lady who plays mothers and aunts in all the wittiest revues of Paris. If you never saw her in "Phi-Phi," you have missed something. It will be a cheerful book, because the philosophy which has made of Mademoiselle Deval the Parisian character she is, and has earned for her all her success, is that being alive is a joyful business.



One Saint-Granier might be dealt with, but what about two of them?

Madame Simone is not so gay. She thinks that the modern young girl has a miserable life of it. With all her rich experience of the best intellect of France, past and present, with all her own immense talent, she is making her debut in the literary world with a study of youth as gloomy and as grey as if she were herself suffering the charming pangs which assail us in our twenties. One lives to look back with envy on the age when one enjoyed being unhappy. "Ah, les beaux jours quand nous étions si malheureux!" Madame Simone's book is called "Désordre," but it is not more bolshevik than any other book dealing with someone who has not yet found the usefulness of adapting one's wishes to one's surroundings. I remember a Devonshire pottery factory which used to turn out jugs and cups and so forth which bore the words: "If you can't be easy, be as easy as you can." It is a spirit strangely lacking from an age when adaptation is more necessary than it ever was before.

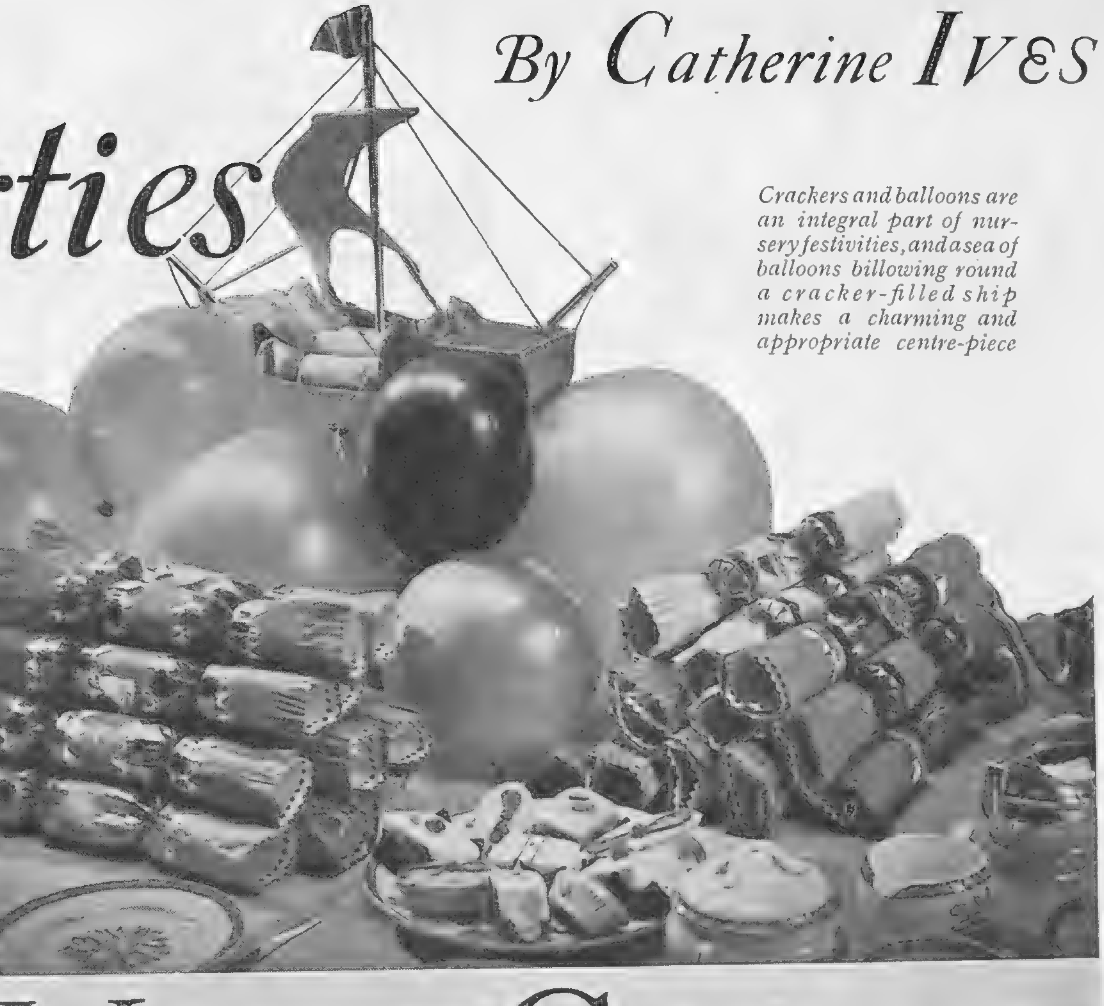
I believe I have forgotten to mention in my list of intellectual novelties Julien Callé, who keeps an inn at Saint-Cyr-sur-Morin. He was once one of the brightest lights of Montparnasse and Montmartre, and is still surrounded by writers who have selected their country domicile in order to be near him. His inn is called "A l'Œuf Dur"; but I assure you, although the egg is quite good, it is not what in American is usually called "hard-boiled."

Paul Guillaume is going to sell his collection of negro art. It was he who first launched this form of human expression upon Paris, and he is evidently now feeling his responsibility in the matter. He has discovered that the quite amusing new thing to do would be to "take up" the art of the Near East—Scythian art, for instance, and also a couple of oddments like the art of Persia and the art of Greece! Well, he can't be said to be restraining himself in his scope, can he?

The Mark Twain Club is among us, founded by his nephew and by Arnould Galopin. Mark Twain has a following in France which does not always understand him, so far as the general public is concerned, but always likes him, which is much more important. The literary world is entirely for him. It is a charming idea, and what I would suggest as an item on the opening agenda of the committee would be to teach Mark Twain's French friends and admirers that his name is spelled Mark and not Marck.

Parties for the Younger Generation

By Catherine Ives



Crackers and balloons are an integral part of nursery festivities, and a sea of balloons billowing round a cracker-filled ship makes a charming and appropriate centre-piece

A charming snapshot of Lady Mary Cambridge, a great-niece of the Queen, in a party frock

MOST young people, from four to fourteen or thereabouts, expect a certain amount of entertaining to be undertaken for their especial benefit during the first weeks of the new year. The later 'teens prefer, on the whole, to merge as far as possible into more adult jollification, but the earlier ones most emphatically do not, and it is with their particular problems that this article is most concerned

ALTHOUGH freedom of speech is all to the good in its encouragement of frankness in the young, it not infrequently leads to the dismay of the unfortunate parent.

It is not always easy to satisfy one's own conscience and preserve the peace of mind of fellow parents by providing only those things which are good for the young person to eat and at the same time avoid stringent criticisms, if the provender looks dull.

I have therefore concentrated, in this article, on presenting the innocuous in as sophisticated a manner as possible.

That luscious looking Yule log decorated with mistletoe is merely our old friend the Swiss Roll, made from the newest eggs, freshest butter, etc., lined with jam, jelly, or chocolate, as you please, and adorned with chocolate icing skilfully applied to make it look like bark. The roll itself may be made at home or bought from a reliable confectioner.

The gay round cake beside it is again of the sponge variety, baked in three separate layers, two of which are divided by clotted cream and two by jam. The top is thickly sprinkled with castor sugar and adorned with crystallised roses and violets and those tiny silver balls which enhance both.

When the party takes place at a later hour and supper is more important than tea the gondolas or boats seen in another photograph are worth remembering.

The boats are banana skins, filled with banana pulp, jelly and cream, fitted with edible sails of that rice paper which we used to think was one of the best parts of a macaroon, and they sail in a jelly sea.

The masts may be made of angelica if desired, but the little sticks sold for cocktail olives and cherries are much more realistic, and available in most modern households.

The same photograph shows you a dish of what appear to be tangerine oranges with unusual topknots. Actually they are tangerine orange shells filled with a mousse of turkey, chicken or pheasant, with sections of glazed orange on top. They are very gay to look at, very tidy to eat, and much more exotic in appearance than in fact.

Lastly, there is a home-made galantine. This may be made of beef, chicken or turkey, is not difficult to prepare, even for the unambitious cook, and thoroughly wholesome (horrible word!).

FOR tea-time affairs one will naturally provide lashings of milk, a certain amount of tea, poured off the leaves as soon as it has stood for the necessary number of minutes, and possibly cocoa, which is often very popular if it is properly made with milk.

For supper it is not difficult to find an alternative for the so hackneyed lemonade, especially now that so many excellent fruits are available all the year round in England.

For decoration it is always wise to think of something which will continue to add to the gaiety of the gathering after the meal is finished.

A snow scene with tiny dolls and animals is amusing to small people, only one must be certain that there are enough figures and animals to go round.

A sea of balloons billowing round a cracker-filled ship is another idea; and if there is not enough space for all the balloons on the table itself, the others must be kept on one side ready for the moment when they will be needed.

BANANA GONDOLAS

(*From " The Ideal Cookery Book."*)

INGREDIENTS.—*Bananas. ¼ lb. sugar, 3 sheets gelatine, ½ gill jelly, for every four bananas. Orange or lemon jelly. Cocktail sticks or angelica.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Remove a strip of skin from each banana with a sharp knife, and take the banana out carefully without touching the rest of the skin. Rub half the quantity of bananas through a sieve and mix with the cream, which should be already whipped. Melt the gelatine, add the sugar and strain into the banana cream. Stir occasionally until nearly set, fill the gondolas and then put aside to set. Pour a little liquid jelly into a dish and arrange the gondolas in this. Cut pieces of rice paper to make sails, insert the cocktail sticks in them and put one in each boat. Add tiny rice paper flags too, if liked. Keep in a very cold place till needed.

FOR the tangerine dish you make a mousse in the ordinary way, mincing whatever meat you are using (chicken, turkey or pheasant), pounding it with a little seasoning and a little white sauce, if necessary, and adding a little aspic and a little cream. You fill the tangerine skins with the mousse.

For the topknots you reserve enough of the best pieces of meat to allow one small round for each tangerine skin, and enough tangerine sections to allow from two to four for each skin. The rounds of meat are glazed and allowed to set.

The sections of tangerine are carefully freed from pith, dried in the oven for a few minutes, coated with aspic jelly and allowed to nearly set. When all these things are ready and quite cold you coat the top of each tangerine with half-set jelly, and arrange the sections of orange and the glazed rounds of meat in this.

Decorate the dish with chopped aspic and parsley and keep in a very cold place till needed.

APPLE CUP

To make about three pints.

INGREDIENTS.—*Six apples. 1 pint boiling water. 1 bottle raspberry cordial or syrup (non-alcoholic). 1 bottle lemonade. Slices of lemon.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Bake the apples, skin them and pour the boiling water over the pulp. Let them stand until next day. Strain the mixture, add the slices of lemon and the raspberry cordial and put on ice.

Add the lemonade just before serving.

ORANGE Syrup is made with six oranges, three pounds of sugar, ¾ oz. citric acid, and two and a half pints of water.

Peel the oranges very thinly, taking care to avoid removing any of the white pith. Put the rind and water in a saucepan on the fire and simmer for fifteen minutes, add the strained juice of the oranges and simmer for another fifteen minutes.

Strain through a cloth, return to the pan, add the sugar and citric acid and boil gently for five minutes. Let it get quite cold before bottling, and use with plain or aerated water.

Ginger Pop is made with two gallons of boiling water, two ounces of bruised ginger, two pounds of white sugar, two ounces of cream of tartar, and two tablespoonfuls of yeast.

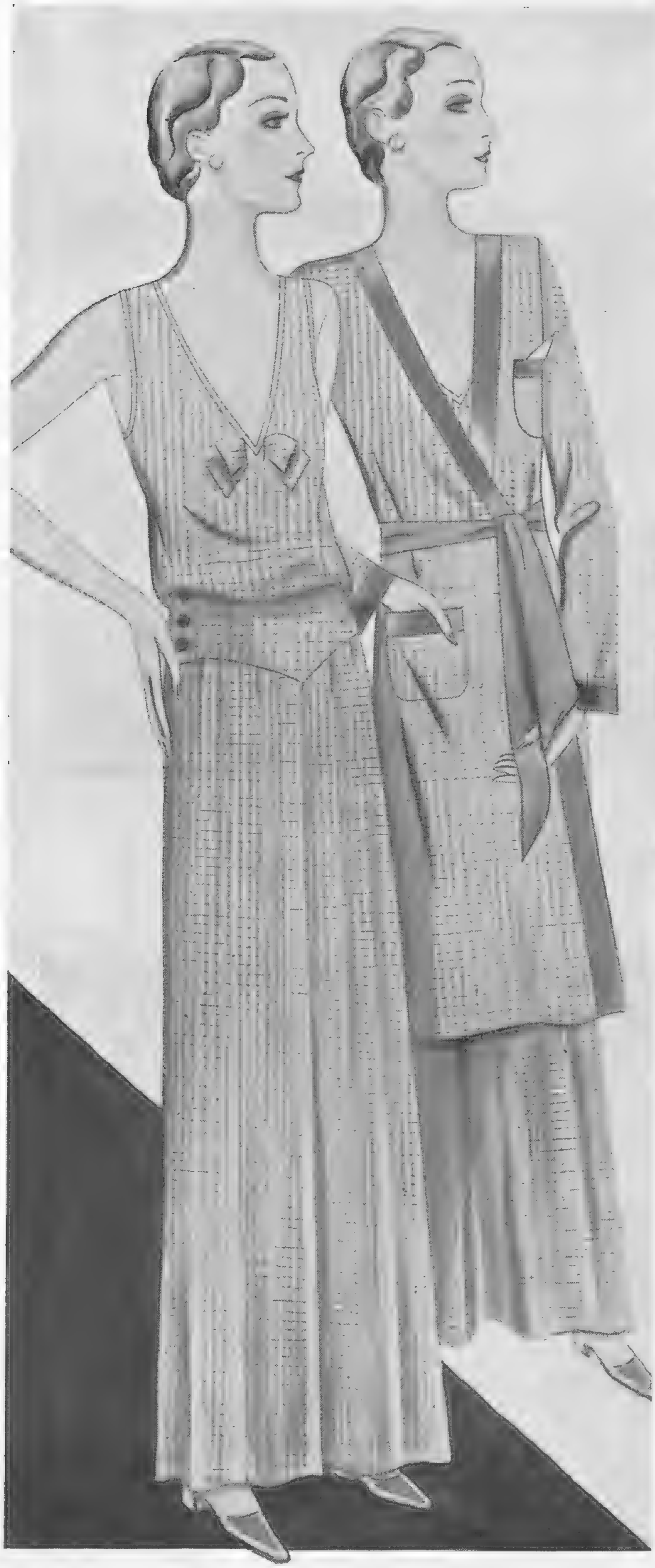
Put everything except the yeast into an earthenware vessel and let it get quite cold. Add the yeast, let the mixture stand for twenty-four hours, skim it and let it stand again in a cool place for three days before bottling.

The Yule log is merely our old friend the Swiss Roll covered with chocolate icing to resemble bark, and decorated with mistletoe

Gondolas made from banana skins filled with beaten-up banana pulp, jelly and cream, and fitted with edible sails of rice paper are sure of a success

HERE ARE NEW IDEAS IN LINGERIE

Easily-made Ensembles for Indoor Wear



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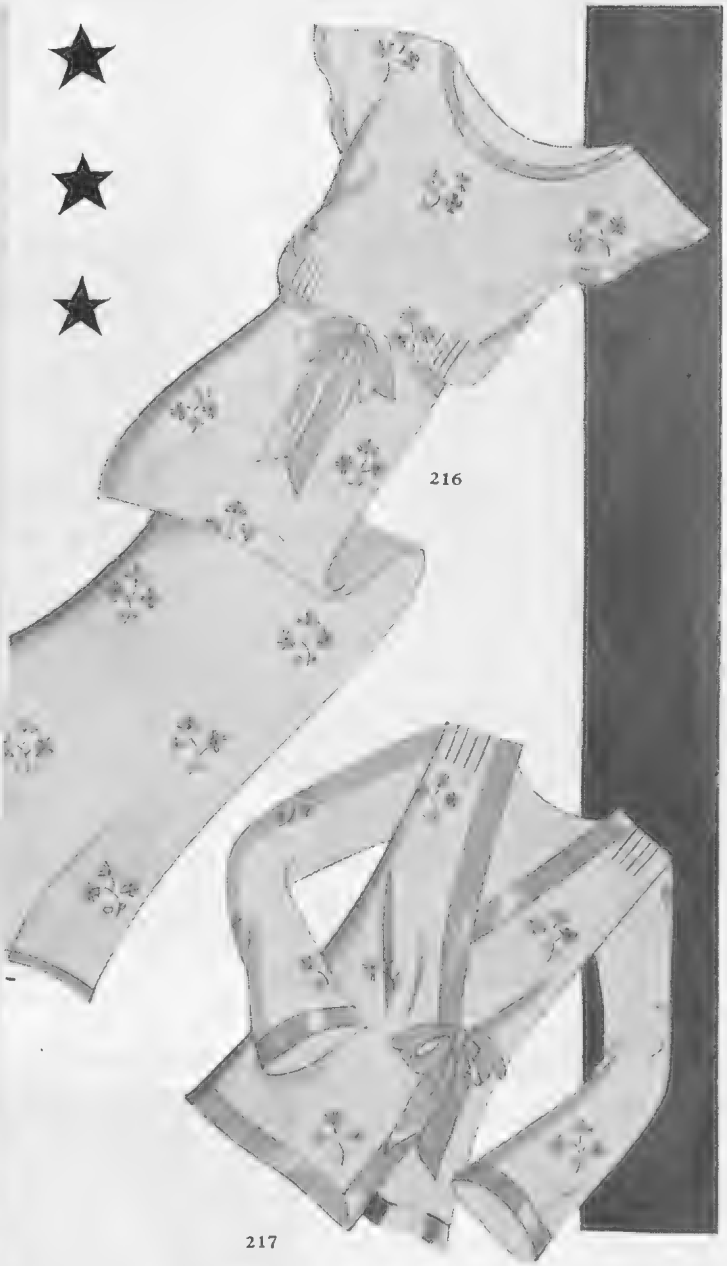


214. These smart pyjamas require 4 yards of checked washing silk. The trousers are made of the width of the material pleated into a deep hip-band. The tuck-in jumper is finished with a flat bow. *Price 1/-*

215. This useful dressing-gown cut on masculine lines requires 4 yards of checked material and one yard of plain. The border and the sash are of yellow and the coat itself of a yellow and brown check. *Price 1/-*

216. This nightgown has a new cape effect over the shoulders and is slightly fitted in at the waist. Requires 3½ yards of material. Made of pink crêpe de Chine embroidered in pink and blue flowers. *Price 1/-*

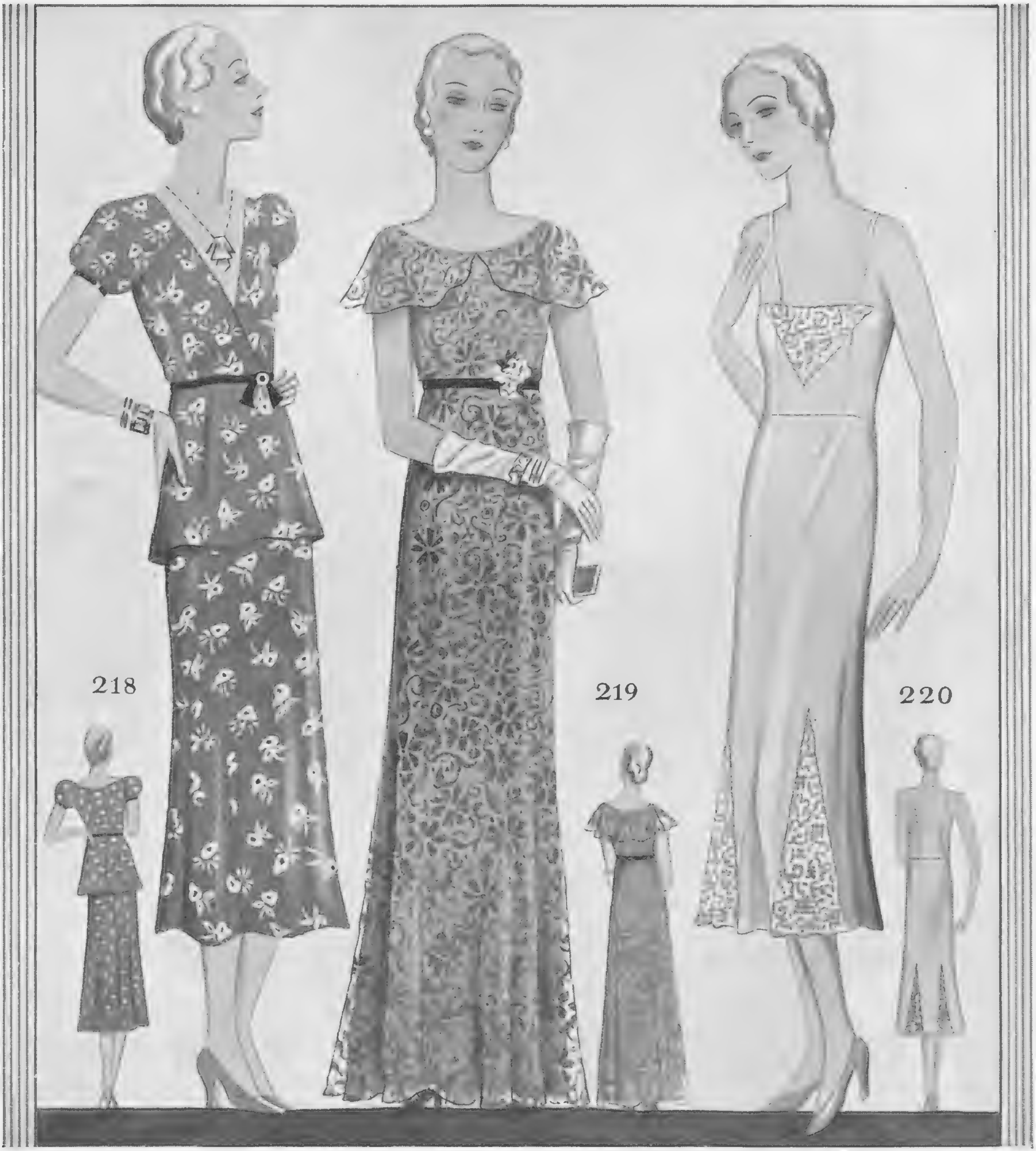
217. The bed-jacket designed to match the nightgown requires 2¼ yards. It has tucks on the shoulders and is bordered with a band and tied with a bow of a plain or contrasting material. *Price 1/-*

Materials from Debenhams

The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Special Patterns cut to order, stock size 3/6 each; cut to measure, 4/6 each. Please remit to "Britannia and Eve's" Pattern Service, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

DESIGNS FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

New Lines which are Becoming and Easy to Achieve



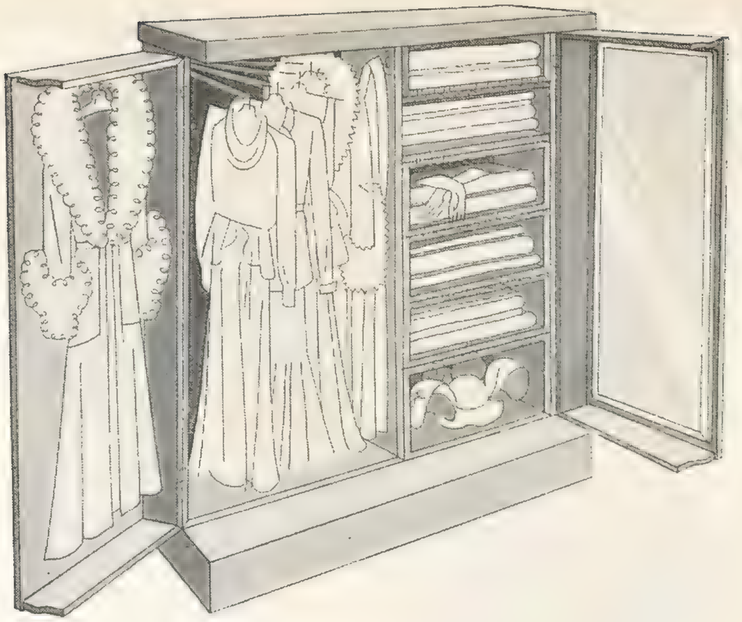
Materials from Debenhams.

218. *Afternoon dress made of the new serge-chiffon in black with a pink flower design. Becoming flared basque and cross-over bodice finished with a velvet ribbon. Puff sleeves and shaped skirt. 4½ yards of material required. Price 1/6*

219. *Black lace evening gown in new Empire style with attractive shoulder cape. Ribbon sash with tiny bouquet of flowers tucked into it. Skirt cut in shaped panels in order to avoid bulk at the waistline. Requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch lace. Price 1/6*

220. *Useful petticoat with fitted bodice which fastens under one arm. The lace V can be omitted at the back if it is required for evening wear, or the panels made in material for day wear. Requires 3 yards of material and ½ yard of lace. Price 1/-*

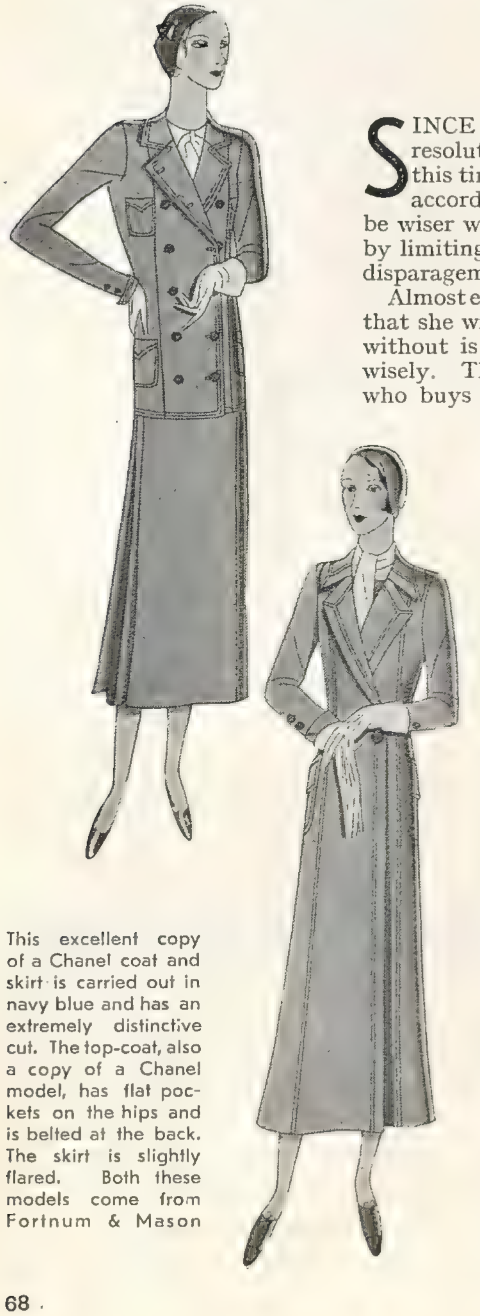
The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Special Patterns cut to order, stock size 3/6 each; cut to measure, 4/6 each. Please remit to "Britannia and Eve's" Pattern Service, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2



GOOD RESOLUTIONS

FOR THE NEW YEAR

Some hints on how to keep the good resolutions we inevitably make



This excellent copy of a Chanel coat and skirt is carried out in navy blue and has an extremely distinctive cut. The top-coat, also a copy of a Chanel model, has flat pockets on the hips and is belted at the back. The skirt is slightly flared. Both these models come from Fortnum & Mason

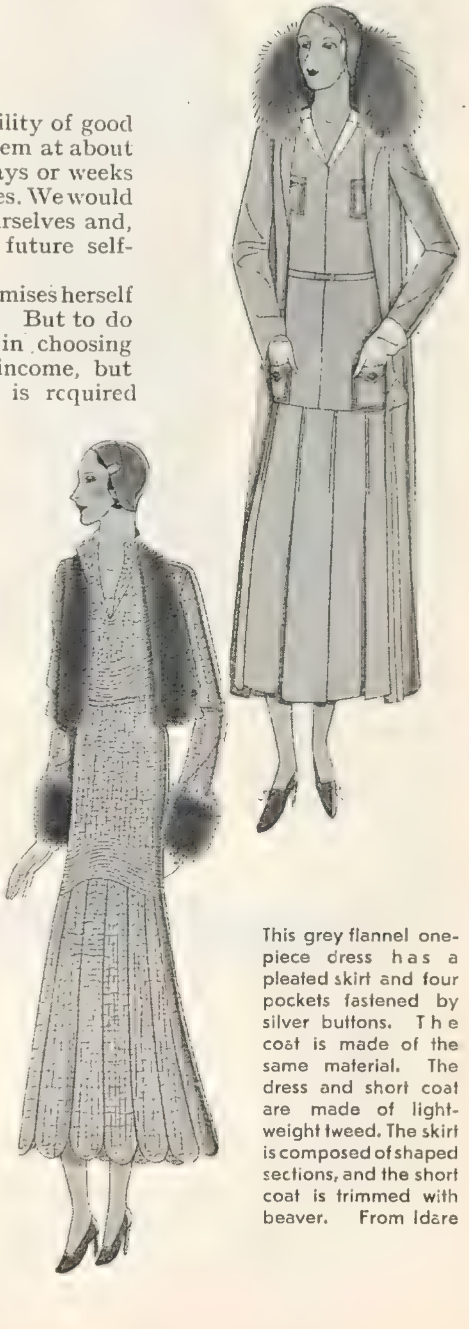
SINCE few of us are so cynical as to admit the entire futility of good resolutions, it follows that many of us will be making them at about this time of year—only to break them within a few days or weeks according to the degree of altruism expressed in our desires. We would be wiser were we to make more reasonable demands on ourselves and, by limiting our intentions to the strictly possible, avoid future self-disparagement.

Almost every woman, if she makes any resolution at all, promises herself that she will be economical and not buy any more clothes. But to do without is often false economy: true economy consists in choosing wisely. The woman who dresses on a strictly limited income, but who buys each garment with the purpose for which it is required clearly in her mind, will usually be far better dressed than a woman who spends twice as much money but who buys haphazard whatever pleases her without considering what she needs.

Most of us spend the major portion of our time wearing workaday clothes. The moments of leisure in which we don our fine feathers are few and far between, and we are apt to regret them and to put on our rather dreary everyday clothes with a sigh.

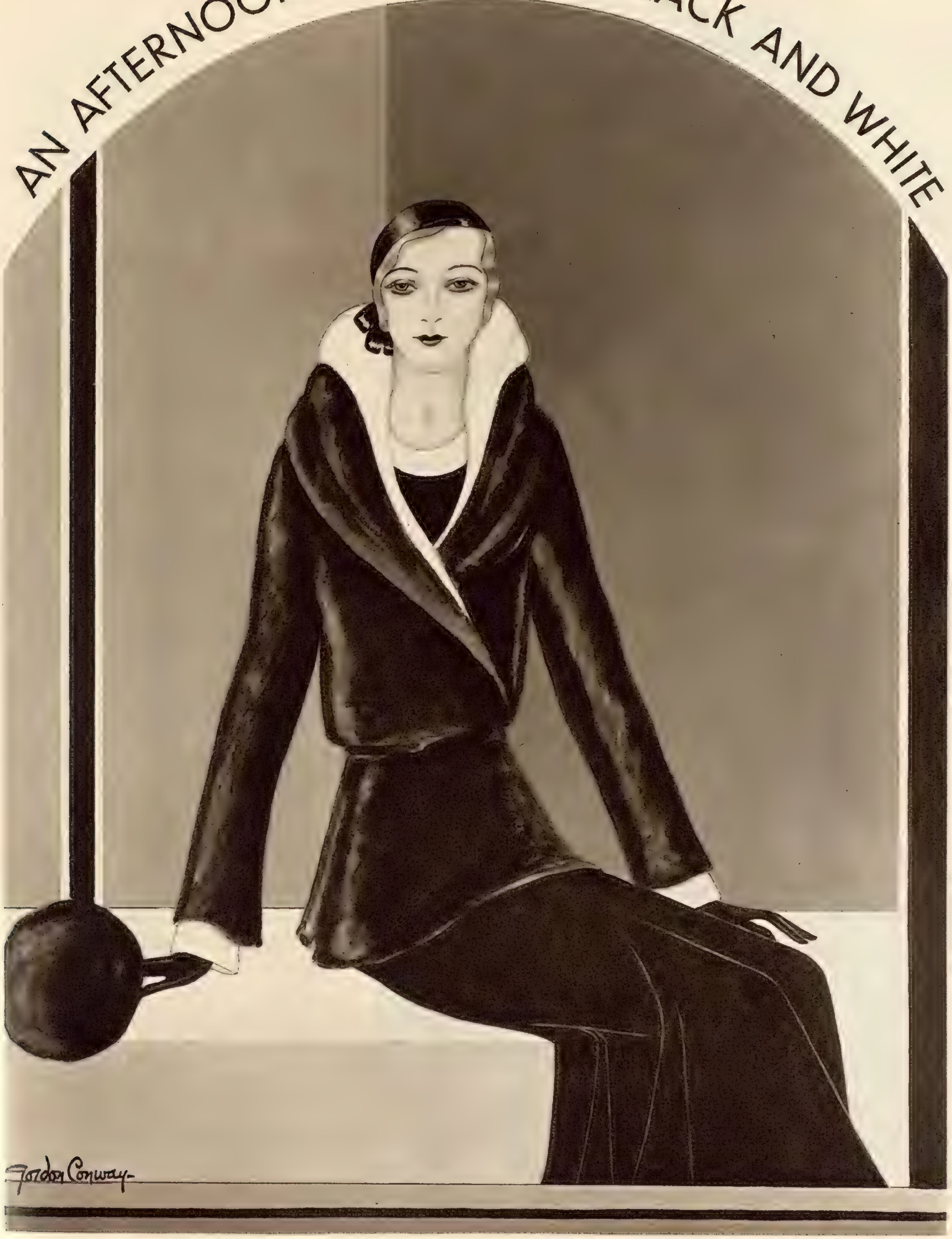
The obvious remedy for this state of affairs, since few of us can arrange our lives in such a manner as to be always in *costume de gala*, is to determine that our everyday clothes shall be so attractive that their utilitarian purpose is completely camouflaged by their *chic*. This is an excellent resolution which should not be too difficult to keep, and which would definitely add as much to one's banking account as to one's self-confidence and daily pleasure.

THE four garments sketched on this page have all been chosen with this end in view, and for really hard wear the coat and skirt and the top-coat on the left could hardly be bettered—nor could one ever feel dowdy or out of place in them. The two costumes on the right are for the woman whom severely tailored clothes do not suit, and although more feminine they are equally practical and hard-wearing.



This grey flannel one-piece dress has a pleated skirt and four pockets fastened by silver buttons. The coat is made of the same material. The dress and short coat are made of light-weight tweed. The skirt is composed of shaped sections, and the short coat is trimmed with beaver. From Idare

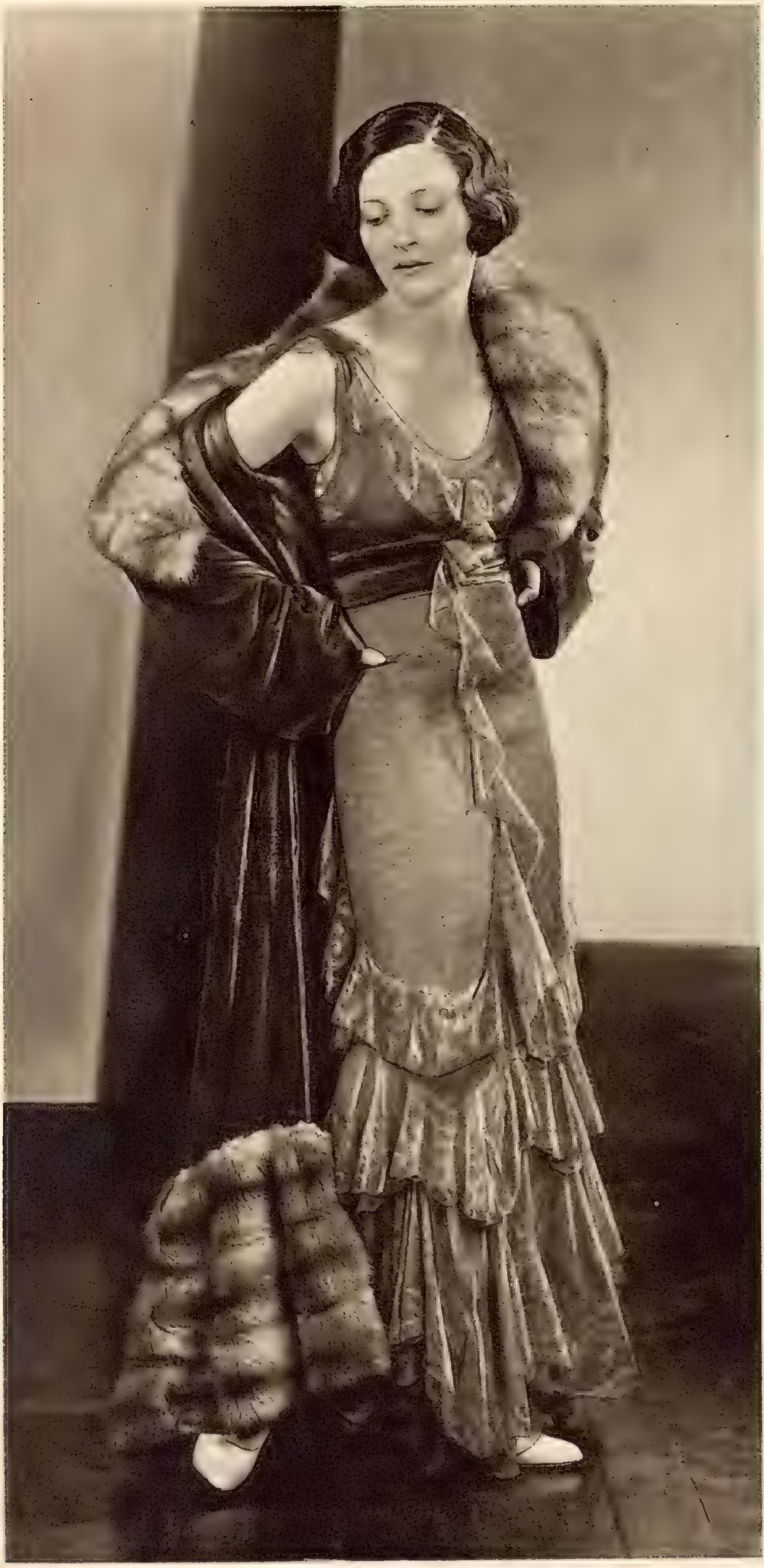
AN AFTERNOON ENSEMBLE IN BLACK AND WHITE



Specially designed for
"Britannia and Eve"
by Gordon Conway

THE short coat of Persian lamb cloth is fastened around the waist in order to give a bloused effect. The inner collar and cuffs are of white shaved lamb. With this is worn a black cloth dress with a round white satin collar, a black satin cap, tied with a bow on one side, black gloves, and a tiny barrel muff of the same material as the coat

WHAT IS BEING WORN IN LONDON TO-DAY



Peter North

SPRING COATS will be much straighter in line. Sports coats show a good deal of stitching—they are sometimes edged with four or five rows of stitching—and have comfortable pockets. New ideas are materialized in Eton-shaped collars of same material or of flat (caracal, pony) fur. Some sports coats are buttoned from top to hem; the majority of them are belted

AFTERNOON COATS are quite straight in line, sometimes three-quarter length. Black satin is the most popular material. Also black or brown light woollens with fur trimming at the neck. Sleeves are less intricate. Many of these coats, which are worn with a printed crêpe-de-Chine frock, are lined in the same printed material. Capelets are still seen on some afternoon models, tailored costumes and gowns

JACKETS are no longer pinched in at the waist, skirts no longer flaring. Straight lines are favoured for the jacket, box-pleating for skirts. Many jackets are edged all round with a narrow band of flat fur, usually Persian lamb or caracul

TAILORED WOOLLEN GOWNS have a front and back yoke at the shoulders and are generally trimmed with a lingerie touch. A novel idea is patent leather trimming combined with piqué on a black and white checked gown with a patent-leather belt. There are many two-piece jersey models for sport and hard wear

BLACK SATIN and banana-coloured satin are leading colours for afternoon costumes. There will also be a good deal of black marocain. These costumes are usually combined either with a cream satin or a lamé tunic blouse. A new model of heavy black marocain had a long jacket edged with a flared band of astrakhan

AFTERNOON GOWNS are either of plaid printed silk, of beige or grège or black satin, black or dark blue marocain. They have a light note at the V-shaped neckline. Skirts show a double tunic effect limited to the front. Necklines are no longer draped. Afternoon gowns and coats are shorter than last season

● **LADY LINDSAY-HOGG** was before her marriage Miss Frances Doble, the well-known actress, and is a sister of Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell. She has recently given birth to a son, and is much occupied by his up-bringing and the arrangement of her new house. Here she is seen wearing a lovely gown by that excellent English couturier, Norman Hartnell. The dress is of prune-colour lace, and the velvet coat of the same shade is heavily weighted with blond fur

BY THE REALLY SMART WOMAN: No. 1

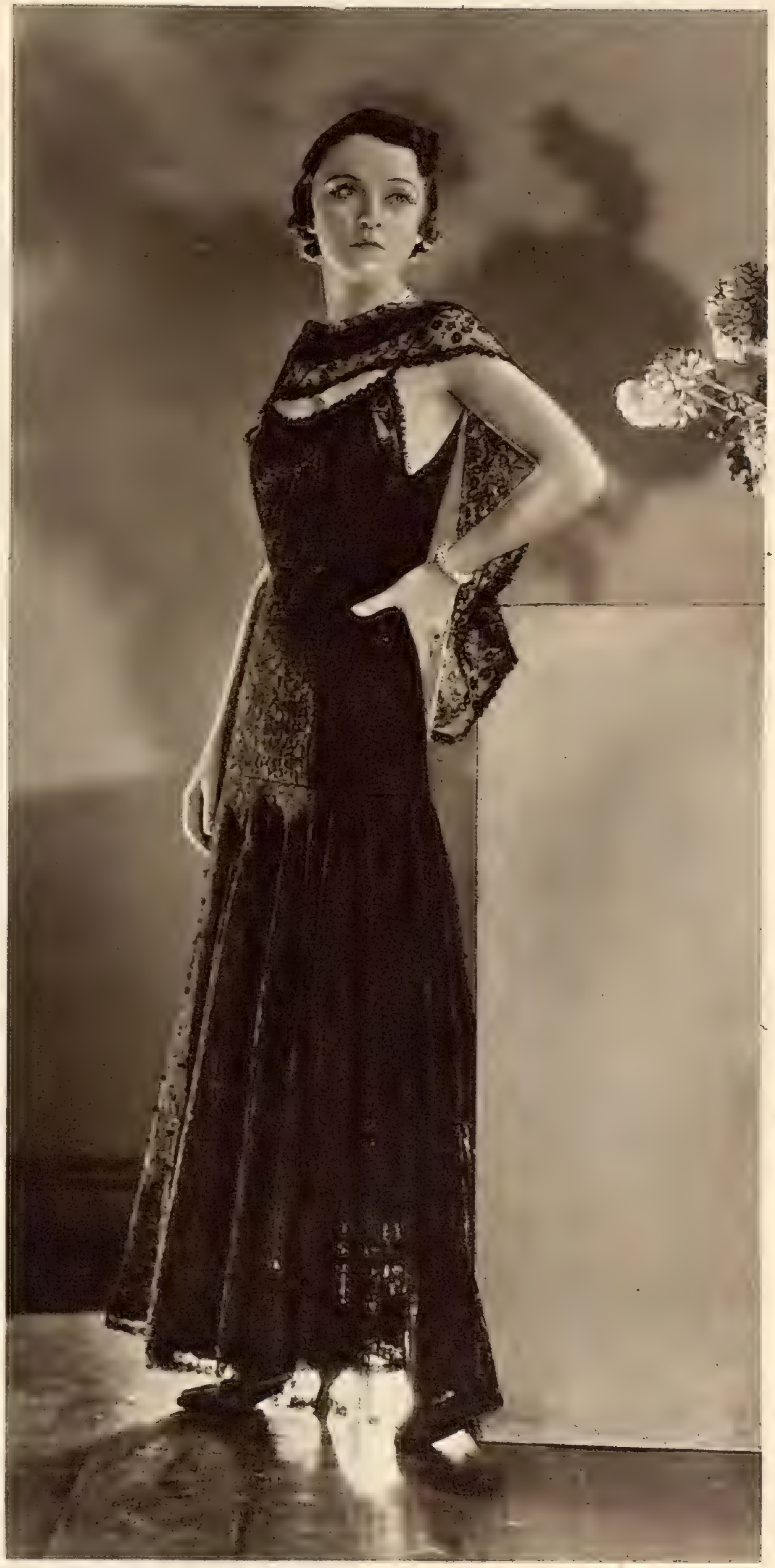
EVENING GOWNS continue to be very long, of soft, flowing materials. The Grecian peplum line is stressed. The décolleté is often bateau-shaped and very moderate in front, while the back is bared, two fairly wide straps fastening it to the front. Tunic effects are also popular for lace and georgette frocks. The short-waisted empire line is stressed by some houses, while it does not appear at all in other collections

EVENING COATS vary; they are either short to the hip-line, or quite long, tight in the waist, narrow-sleeved and generously trimmed with fur. For the mid-season, there are bridge coats of beaded material. Also chiffon velvet wraps—about three-quarter length—which replace fur, with scarf collars and a vivid flower at the neck

THE NEW SPRING HATS are tiny toques of either straw or shirred satin, smaller still than last season's bérets. One half of the head remains bare with these diminutive coiffures. A few tiny black straw or white felt cloches with a white flower are seen for the Riviera

NEW FABRICS include tweeds in small checked patterns or diagonal stripes: flecked materials are less popular. There is a good deal of woollen crêpe romain for frocks, as well as striped voile de laine for shirt blouses. Some silk and wool weaves will be used for afternoon coats, as well as heavy satins and silk marocains. Chiffon crêpe, and romain, plain and printed, are popular for afternoon and evening gowns, velvet and lamé for evening wraps

BLACK continues to be favoured for afternoon coats and gowns, black and white for costumes. Also banana shade, beige, brown, and yellow. Plaid and checked designs lead for woollens; there are also many diagonal stripes; crêpes and chiffons with small printed patterns will be worn for day, large flower designs for evening

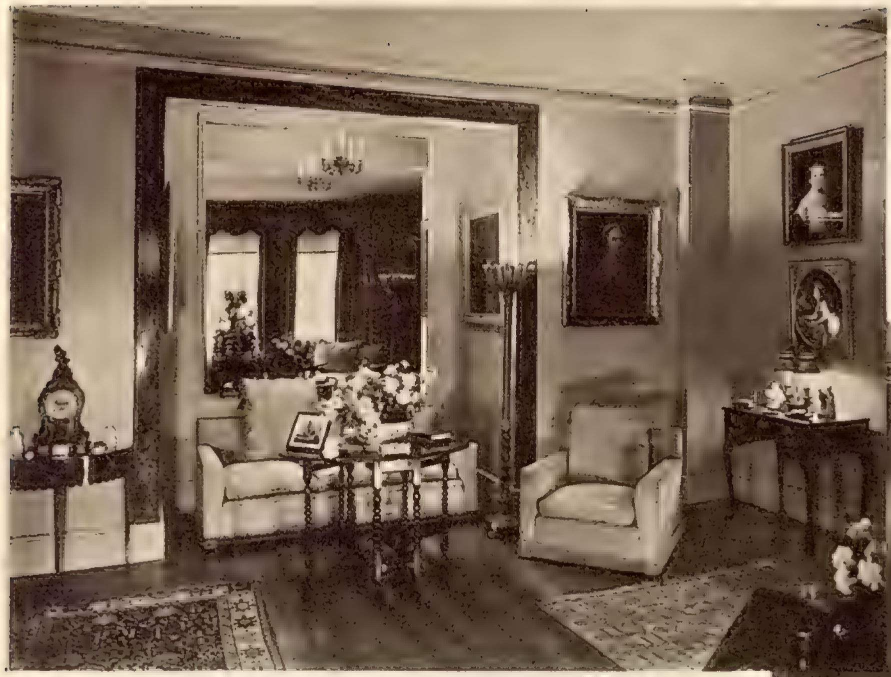


Peter North

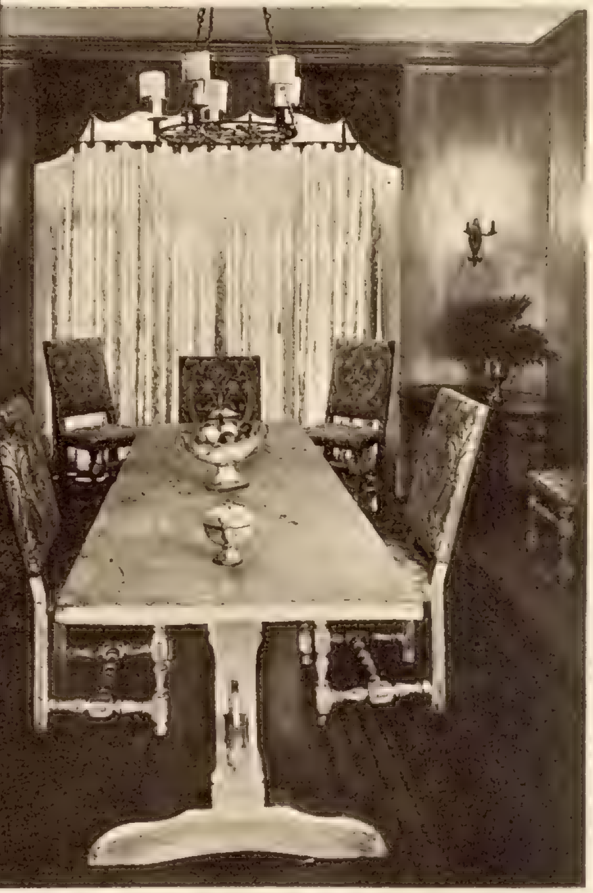
● **MRS. THOMAS WARNER** is admittedly one of the most beautiful of the smart young women in town, and is one who firmly believes that to be well dressed it is not necessary to go to Paris. She is always admired for her chic, but dresses exclusively in London, and is here seen in a black lace gown copied from a Chanel model by Eve Green. The ankle-length skirt, separate shoulder-scarf and length of hair are all important items

Other People's Houses

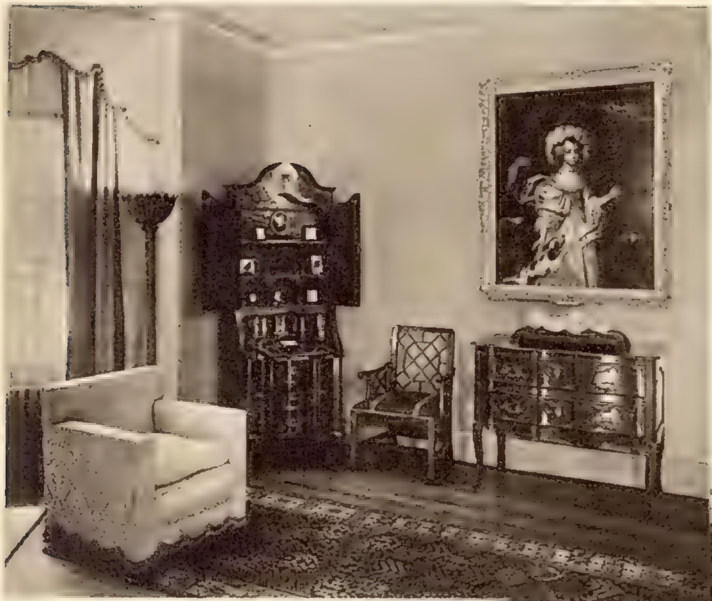
Described by *Pamela* Murray



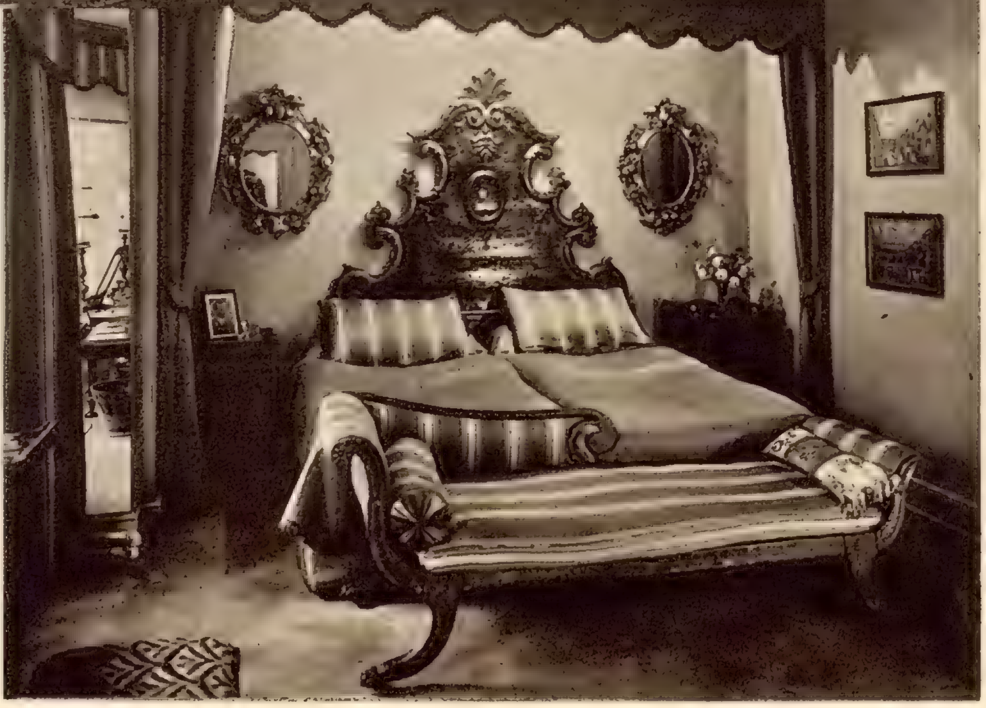
The green-blue walls, cream ceiling, and polished floor of the drawing-room make a charming background for the walnut and Chinese Chippendale furniture. The alcove is lined with mirrors and contains a settee covered in putty-coloured brocade



In the dining-room the walls are painted to resemble unstained oak panelling, and the refectory table is stripped to match the high-backed chairs, which are covered in printed linen



A magnificent portrait by Sir Peter Lely brings vivid colour to this corner of the drawing-room, in which stands an unusually fine example of a Chippendale desk



The Italian bed is flanked by antique gilt mirrors and covered in dark-red brocade. Indirect lighting is concealed behind the valance of the alcove curtains

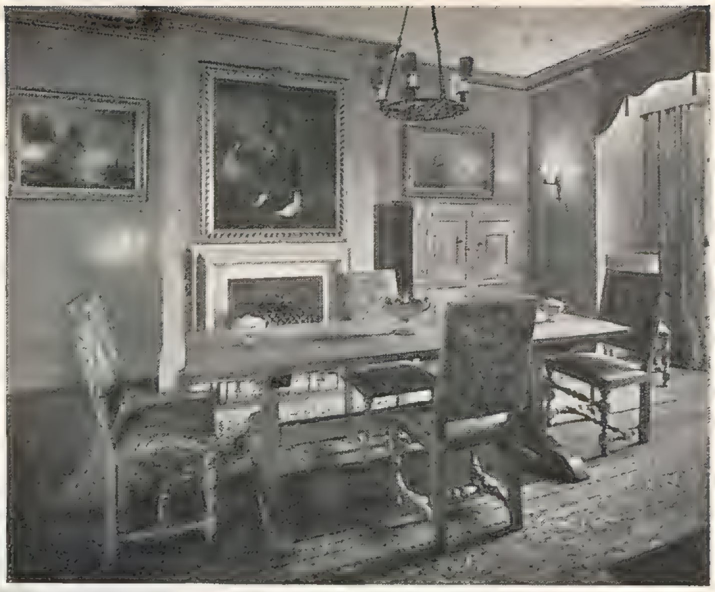
NUMBER 149, Gloucester Road stands in its own garden, small but trim, and boasts its own lucky almond tree, for this house, like its neighbours, was built in late Georgian times, when South Kensington was a countrified suburb. The new owners, Sir Grey and Lady Skipwith, are gardeners both. They refuse to be daunted by lack of space, and have transformed what was a narrow indeterminate patch into an attractive formal garden with a wrought-iron gate of great beauty dividing it from the road. Cement flags copy crazy paving, and the

149, *Gloucester* Road

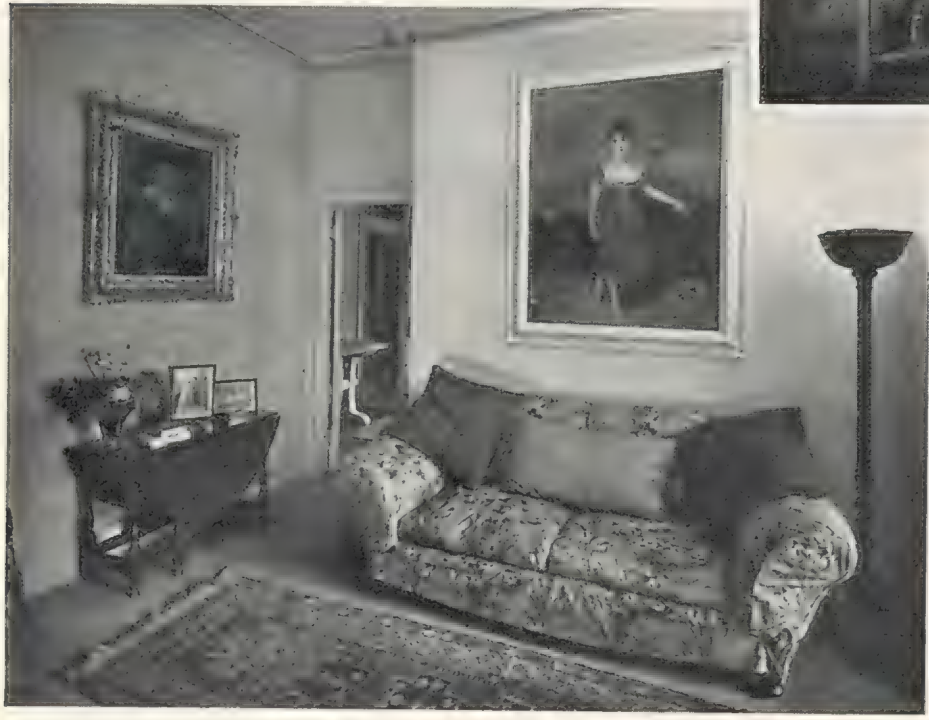
Lady Skipwith's H*ouse* *in* South K*ensington*

Photographed by H*umphrey* and V*era* Joel

tiny sunk pond holds goldfish with water lilies to keep them company. The tall flight of steps leading up to the door is flanked by a pair of miniature trees, and a low stone balustrade puts a finish to the flower-bed at a point where most



A magnificent bird piece by Hondecoeter hangs over the fireplace in the dining room. The chair covers and the curtains are of printed rose and beige linen



In the study primrose yellow walls form a charming background to ancestral portraits and gay modern chintzes

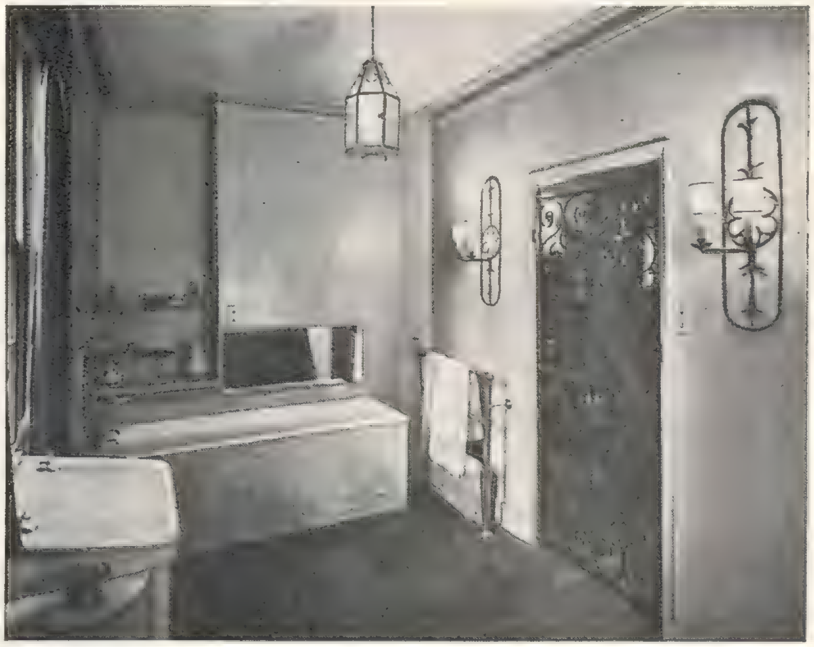
London houses are disfigured by grim area railings.

Inside the hall one realises immediately that every artifice has been used to make a medium-sized house seem spacious and yet remain intimate, and above all unpretentious—in spite of the lovely inherited pieces of furniture and heirloom pictures which the owners are fortunate enough to possess. The hall and passages are painted a peculiar shade of greeny-blue, which colour was sedulously copied from an eighteenth-century turquoise ring of Lady Skipwith's.

The radiators are cleverly concealed by an openwork asbestos case, painted to match the walls, whose top simulates a slab of golden marble (another triumph of the painter's brush), so that it serves as a hall table without taking up one added inch of precious space. The same yellow marbled effect is repeated on the stairs themselves, while the tone of beige carpet which covers them is seen all over the house, except where there are polished oak floors to act as a background for Persian runners. The result of having an identical shade of carpet in every room is to give the impression of added size and uncrowded restfulness. In the hall hangs a long Versehurer, of Dutch men-of-war lying in the river Scheldt; they look the reverse of martial—moored as they are to the canvas by their own quality of static Flemish charm.

The dining room is particularly pleasant, for it has double French windows opening on to the back garden, and seems more like a room in a country house than one only a few minutes from tubes and traffic. Guests refuse to believe that the walls are not of rough, pale oak, until they have touched the varnished paintwork once or twice with doubting fingers. The wall sconces and centre lights are of wrought-iron with parchment shades, while some beautiful indirect lighting is achieved by lamps hidden between the first arch and the window curtains. These and the chair seats are made of rose and beige linen printed in a Cinquecento design. Six high-backed chairs, an antique buffet, and a superb refectory table are all of stripped oak. They complete the furniture, and there are no ornaments to distract one from the set of Dutch sea-pieces by Vander Velten, or the pair of splendid Hondecoeters which decorate the walls.

FROM the dining room one enters a comfortable smoking room, which also has double windows opening on to the garden. Easy chairs, photographs, desk and gun-case form the manly furnishings, and the ancestral portraits have been divorced from their heavy gilt frames and surrounded by plain wooden mouldings, painted the same primrose yellow as the walls—a drastic measure much to be recommended to those who own delightful old pictures overshadowed by (*Continued on page* 118)



A pink marbled bath and red rubber curtains give colour to the attractive bathroom, which is lit by a wrought-iron lantern and wall-brackets

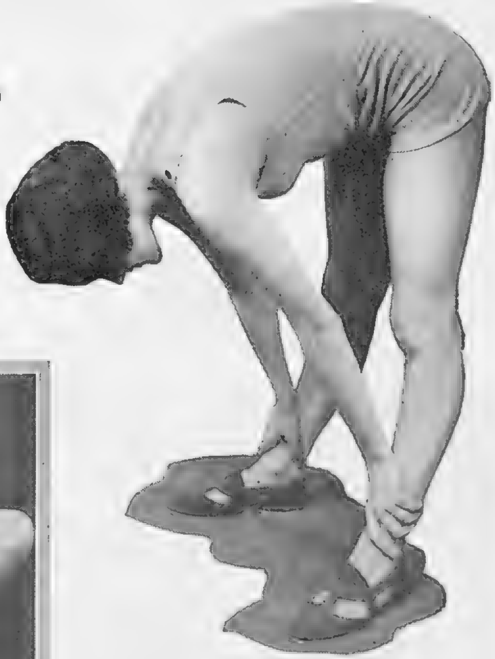
Continuing a Practical Series of

Progressive Exercises

(Third Article)

By

Antonia White



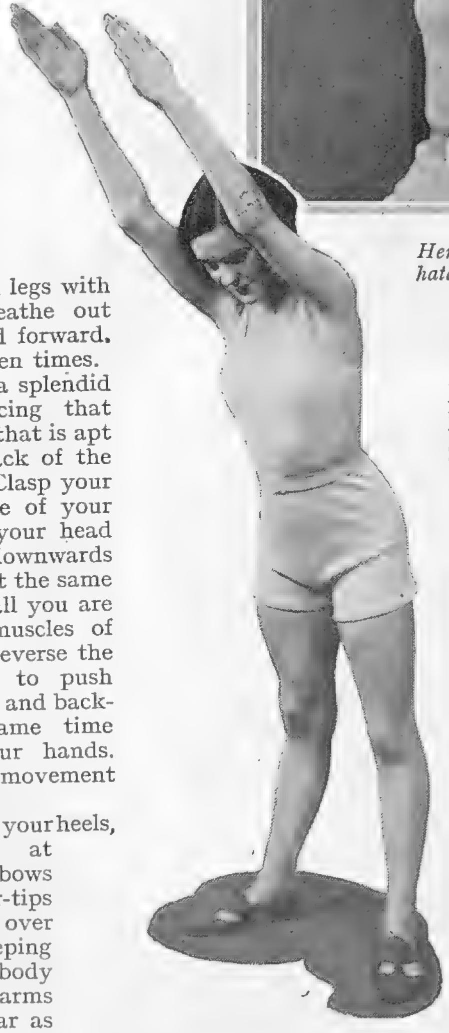
Bend right down and grasp your insteps with your hands, taking care not to bend the knees

THE exercises in the third series follow the same outlines as those of the other two sets, but, the muscles being now stronger and more elastic, you can proceed to more difficult, and consequently more beneficial, movements.

CHEST.—Here is a deep-breathing exercise which combines breathing with trunk-stretching and self-massage. Stand with your feet apart and your hands above your head. Bend right down and grasp your insteps with your hands, taking care not to bend the knees. Now raise your body slowly upright and backwards, at the same time taking a deep breath. As you raise the body, pass the palms of your hands right up over your shins, thighs, abdomen and chest, using a firm, even pressure. Now place the palms of your hands as high up on your back as you can, with the fingers pointing outwards. Bend forward and down, at the same time making a long, firm stroke over your back and loins and legs with your palms. Breathe out slowly as you bend forward. Repeat ten or fifteen times.

Here is an exercise which will reduce that hateful little lump at the back of the neck

NECK.—Here is a splendid exercise for reducing that hateful little lump that is apt to form on the back of the neck. Sit down. Clasp your hands on the nape of your neck. Now pull your head forwards and downwards with your hands, at the same time resisting for all you are worth with the muscles of your neck. Now reverse the movement. Try to push your head upwards and backwards, at the same time resisting with your hands. Repeat this double movement ten times.



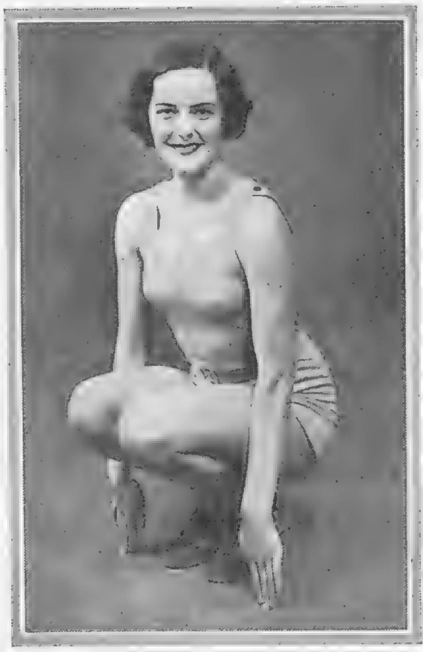
The first position of a trunk exercise which brings every muscle of your body into play

Posed by Miss Esme Neville, who is appearing in Mr. Charlot's diversion... "Wonder Bar"

ARMS.—Squat on your heels, with your arms at shoulder level, elbows bent and finger-tips pointing inwards over your chest. Keeping the rest of the body rigid, fling the arms smartly back as far as they will go and back to the first position. Repeat ten times.

TRUNK.—This is a really difficult exercise, and, if done properly, should bring every muscle of your body into play. It should also make you feel really tired, so do not attempt to do it more than three times, and take a rest after it. Stand with feet apart, arms raised above your head. Now bend forward very slowly, keeping your back, arms and head in a straight line and as rigid as possible. Your object is to bend your trunk at right angles to the rest of your body, but do not bend lower than you comfortably can, and concentrate on keeping your arms taut and the whole upper part of your body all in one piece.

LEGS.—You will probably need a chair to steady you through this one—anyhow, at first. Squat on your heels, with one hand on your knees, the other resting on a chair. When you are proficient, keep both hands on your knees. Now perform a jumping movement, rising as lightly as possible on the tips of your toes. Repeat till you are out of breath. As this exercise is fairly strenuous, you will not need a quick finishing one such as I have given you in the foregoing articles of this series.



If you can rise lightly on your toes with a jumping movement from this position, you are in pretty good form

It is possible that, even after leading up to this last exercise gradually, you may find it too difficult. It is very hard to gauge exactly what each student will be able to do after the same time spent on the same exercises. In any case, it is always good to have a change of exercises now and then, so here is a good alternative exercise with which to finish up. Stand with hips firm and feet apart. Raise the right leg to hip-level, supporting the ankle on the arm of a heavy chair or on the end of the bed. Now bend twice forwards, twice to the left, twice backwards. Repeat the movements on the other leg. This is an excellent combined leg and trunk exercise which many musical comedy stars use daily to keep them trim and supple.

Beauty is *not* Chin-deep

By "Chrysis"

THIS attractive dressing-table is hung with peach-coloured taffeta and lit by magnificent silver candlesticks mounted on pedestals

THE preacher who attacks his congregation may not be popular, but he makes more impression than the one who flatters his hearers. The latter is only telling them what they already think; the former propounds new, if unwelcome facts. Presumably my readers are already converts to the cult of beauty, and I shall therefore be unpopular if I voice the result of recent observation and say that a large number, if not the majority, of women who obviously take care of their complexions to the extent of using creams, lotions and make-up, seriously neglect their necks and throats.

It is not unusual to see a woman whose face is carefully made-up with a neck wrinkled, harsh-skinned, innocent of powder and even discoloured. But, apart from such flagrant solecism, there are many whose facial skin shows the beneficial effects of massage and nutritive creams while their throats have been allowed either to wizen and sag or to grow stout and lose all contour. How many women, when they do their little daily or nightly home beauty treatment—cleansing the face, applying astringents, and carefully patting in skin food—attend at the same time to the needs of their necks and throats ?

BEAUTY has no boundaries, and when toilet hygiene stops at the chin line the neck and throat are malicious "tell tales" instead of being allies to youth and charm

And yet this part of the body is exposed to the assaults of grime and weather quite as much as is the face, and the neck and throat are extremely important, and can be extremely beautiful features. I would go so far as to say that the throat "gives away" a woman's age before anything else. Lines round the eyes may be caused by humour or by suffering, and sometimes have a certain attraction as being expressive of character. Lines about the mouth can be, and nowadays generally are, counteracted by massage, chin straps and the use of nourishing creams and face masks. But once a woman's chin line has gone, her beauty and all pretence at being "interesting" (in the way a woman likes to be interesting !) disappear. The power of mind over matter is undoubtedly great, but few women of normal vanity and normal attainments have minds that can triumph over the disadvantages of a chicken throat or triple chins.

THESE lovely and novel perfume bottles are to be found at Breves' Lalique Galleries, and, together with the perfume they contain, are the work of Prince Matchabelli

THE progress and geography of beauty culture interest me. In France your manicurist still tries to sell you pots of perfumed grease, babbling about the efficacy of massage, while her own coarse-pored, over-farded face speaks only too clearly of her ignorance of the very elements of hygienic skin treatment. In America and, lately, in England beauty culture is specialised and scientific.

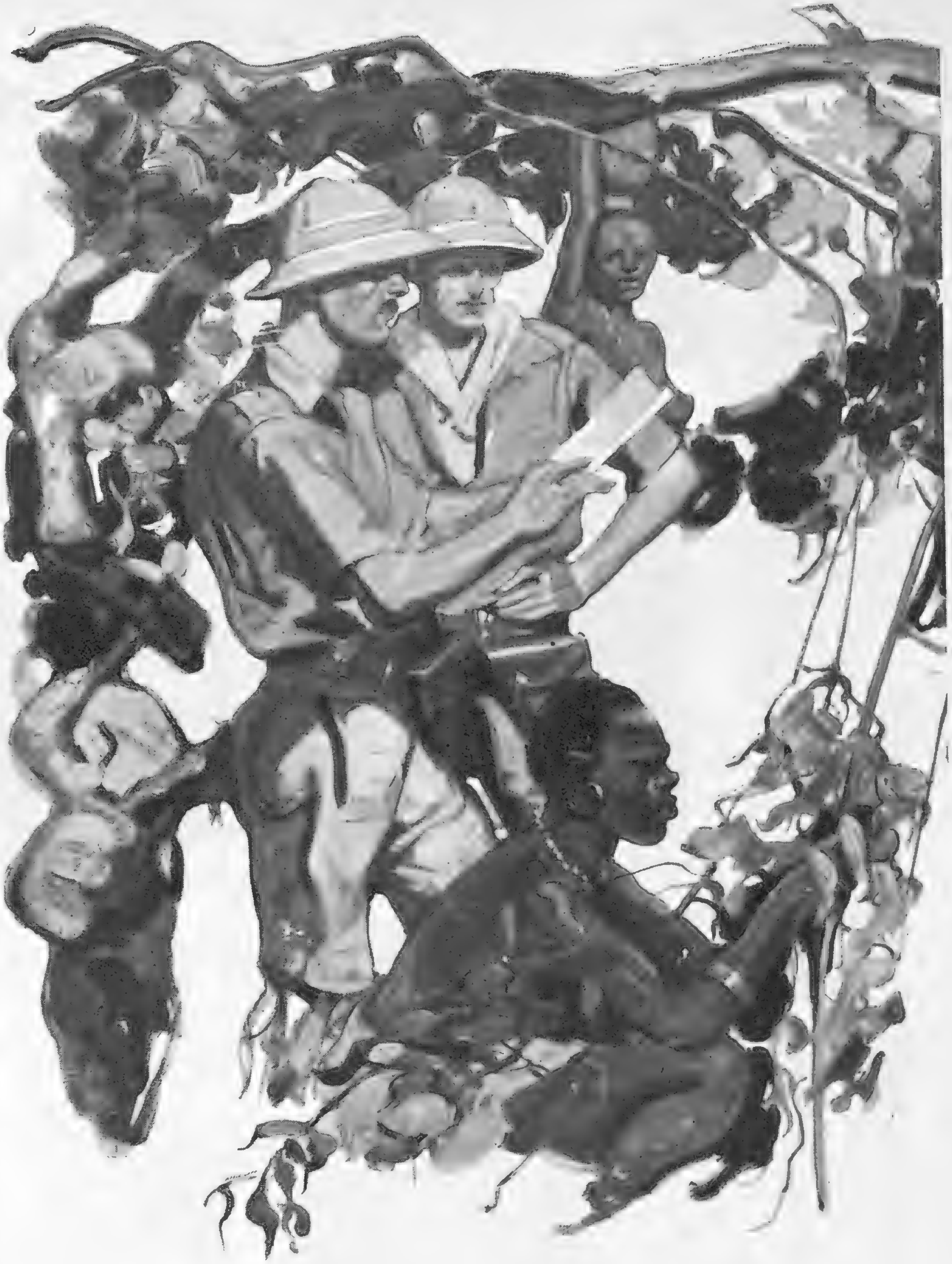
All the preparations used in one of the systems making rapid strides in popularity in England are based on the prescriptions of a famous French doctor, a specialist in dermatology. After analysis, they have had the approval of the *Lancet*, and the treatment is sound, individual and scientific. One fact which specially commends this system to me is that a treatment does not merely consist of face massage, but includes attention to the neck and throat. Also, clients are taught, during treatment, how to continue the "good work" for themselves at home.

At this time of year, when the English climate, the smoke and fog-laden air in the cities, and the wearing of furs and high collars make constant assaults on the skin of the neck and throat, it is particularly necessary to pay attention to that part of one's body. Soap and water cannot be relied on entirely to remove the discoloration engendered by furs (not always innocent of dye), and a special cleansing agent should be used. The preparations I have referred to include an efficacious cleansing milk. The cotton wool on which it should be applied will prove its cleaning properties, and the softness and refreshment of the skin afterwards will justify its claim to be a "treatment" as well as a toilet preparation.

Balms and protective creams beneficial to sensitive skins, easily affected by climatic conditions, are prepared by the same firm, but what I want to emphasise in this article is the extreme importance of including the care of the neck and throat in the daily "devotions" which most women so readily accord their faces.

The name and address of the firm supplying the treatment and lotions referred to in this article may be obtained from the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346 Strand, W.C.2.

In which the heroine loses her balance on the scales, and the hero, weighing up the situation, finds there is something in a name after all



"Dear O.C. British Forces," it ran. "Don't talk through your topee about ju-ju and other back numbers. Cordite is our means of progression, and we've lots of it. Tell that to your duds at home . . ."

Illustrated *by*
JOSEPH NUSSDORF

MY train (said Major Bostock) was not due to start for another ten minutes. I had booked a seat with my gun case, bought a book at the stall, had a drink, and was filling in the balance of the time walking up and down, imbibing the fresh air of St. Pancras Station, before being boxed in a smoking carriage.

There was a weighing scale on the platform ahead of me and, as I came near, a woman stepped on to the stage and pushed a copper into the slot. I saw the needle swing round and dither on eight-stone-one.

The woman lost her balance on the coggly stage, stepped back, stumbled over her dressing bag, and started to fall. I caught her.

"That's good of you," she said. "Thanks."

"Treacherous things, railway station weighing scales." said I, and touched my hat and went on. The eight-stone-one lady was Mrs. Crawford Picton, according to the label on her bag, and she'd a deep contralto voice and red hair. I shouldn't have minded retrieving her a second time. She interested me.

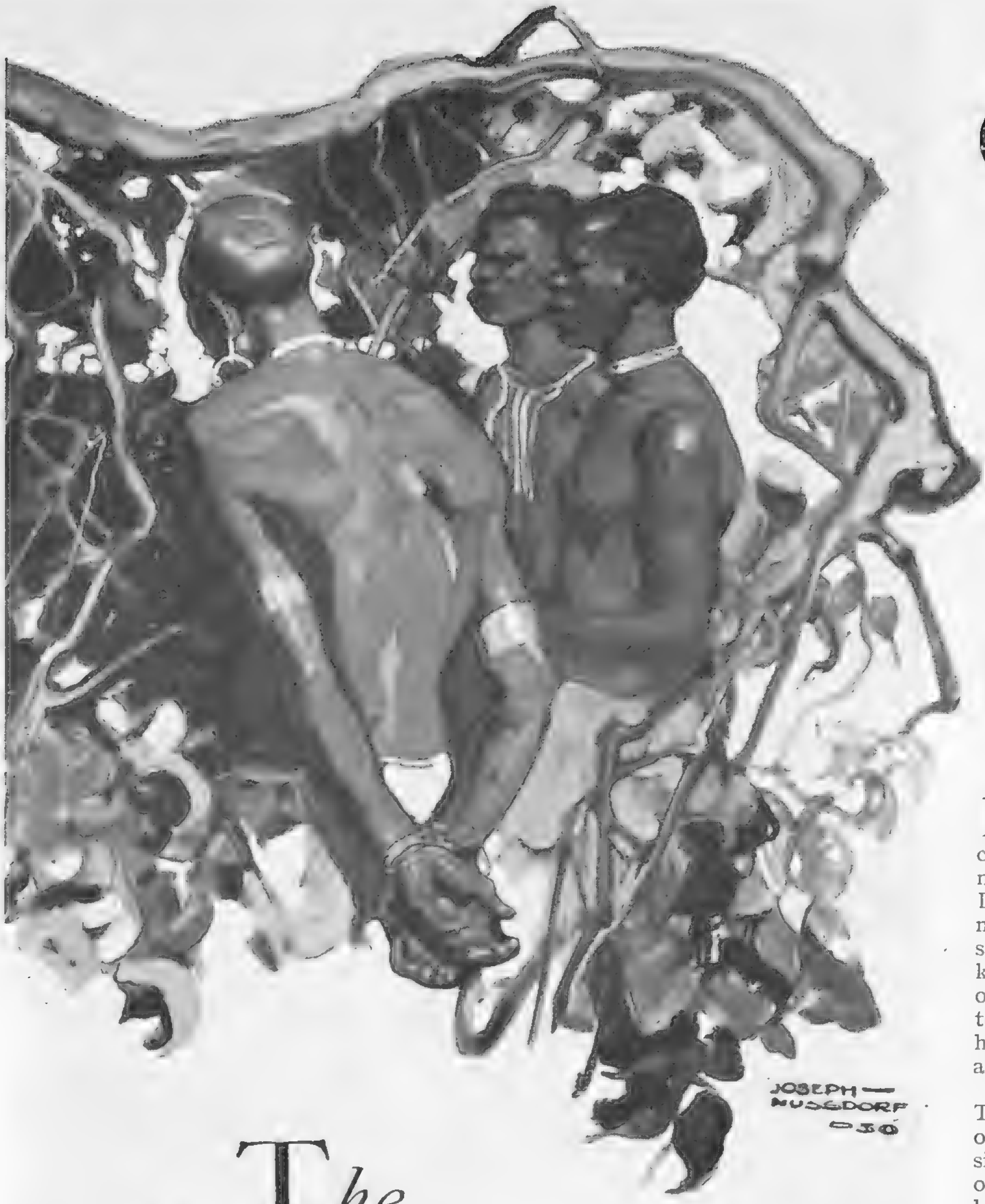
I was off for a day's pheasant shoot with Dick Rumford at his place near Leicester, and at lunch in a farm house I was introduced, in the casual way one is at these shows, to a little woman called Mrs. Crawford Picton. I rather cocked my ears at the name, but didn't follow it up with silly questions. I'd a man next to me who'd just come home from the back of Coomassie, and found him far more interesting. You know how we West Coasters talk shop. Also Dick Rumford was making heavy running with the Crawford Picton woman. I didn't butt in. Afterwards, as Dick was number two and the lady fancied his shooting stick, and I was number six and prefer to shoot solus so that I can swear freely when I miss, that's the finish of chapter one. But I made a mental note that I liked my variety of Crawford Picton better than Dicky's.

THE end of that week saw me pushing off for my job at the far end of Nigeria and up near Kano, and over there, where you are on the march most of the time, pemmican home news is all you get, and not so jolly much of that. Private letters, of course, blow in occasionally, giving full details of the games at the Cargrave tennis tournament, and the bags at three grouse shoots, and things like that, but they are remarkably scanty over bigger events—"Hard luck Dicky Rumford taking that toss," said one correspondent, and went on to describe an occasion when he and Dicky visited the barching tower at Rugby, and tossed for first licking. I concluded vaguely that Dicky had come to grief out hunting but was not killed, or the trifle would have been mentioned, and it was not till I had come down to Lagos to recruit after a dose of blackwater that I got the full yarn.

Dick Rumford, so I was told, had been caught by the police walking off with a suit-case full of stolen jewellery. On the road to the lock-up he had biffed the bobby escort—which was quite a Dicky touch—and bolted. A reward was offered for his recapture—and not claimed. And that seemed to be the end of Dick Rumford.

Looked at from a distance, the tale didn't seem right somehow. I'm not suggesting for a moment that Richard was a law-abiding sort of chap, because he wasn't; biffing the bobbys

Copyright, 1930, in the United States by C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne.



The Lady on the SCALE

By C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne

was the lad all over; but pinching jewellery wasn't his pigeon. He was a rich man; his father had left him Overley, of course, and the estate brought in a net £3,000 a year, so he told me himself; and then there was his half-share in that City stock-broking business. Dick had natural genius for breaking stocks, so Templeton, his partner, always said. Templeton was the routine man who ran the office machine: Dick supplied the ideas, and had a wonderful nose for winners, and a wizard's instinct for bad eggs. "We never gamble in this office," said Templeton. "With Dick's help we make a habit of betting on certainties."

So, as I say, looking at the job from the outside, I disbelieved the jewellery part of the tale from soup to nuts. But evidently Dick had bolted. So I crooned to myself, "Won't you tell me why, Richard?" and was prepared to let it rip. I got no answer either from my own superheated brain or from outsiders. I'd a devil of a bad time pulling round after that dose of blackwater, and was as limp as a bit of chewed string. Tobacco, cocktails, chop and Mrs. Colonial Treasurer all failed to interest me, so you can imagine I couldn't pump up much interest over Dick's high kick over the traces. Ten people told me the yarn, and one man lugged out the name of Mrs. Crawford Picton. He wasn't very clear about where she came in, and when promptly two Mrs. C.P.'s swam into my line of sight—the nice red-haired one weighing eight-stone-one, and t'other about six-stone-nothing with shaved eyebrows—I concluded that the tail end of the blackwater was making me see double.

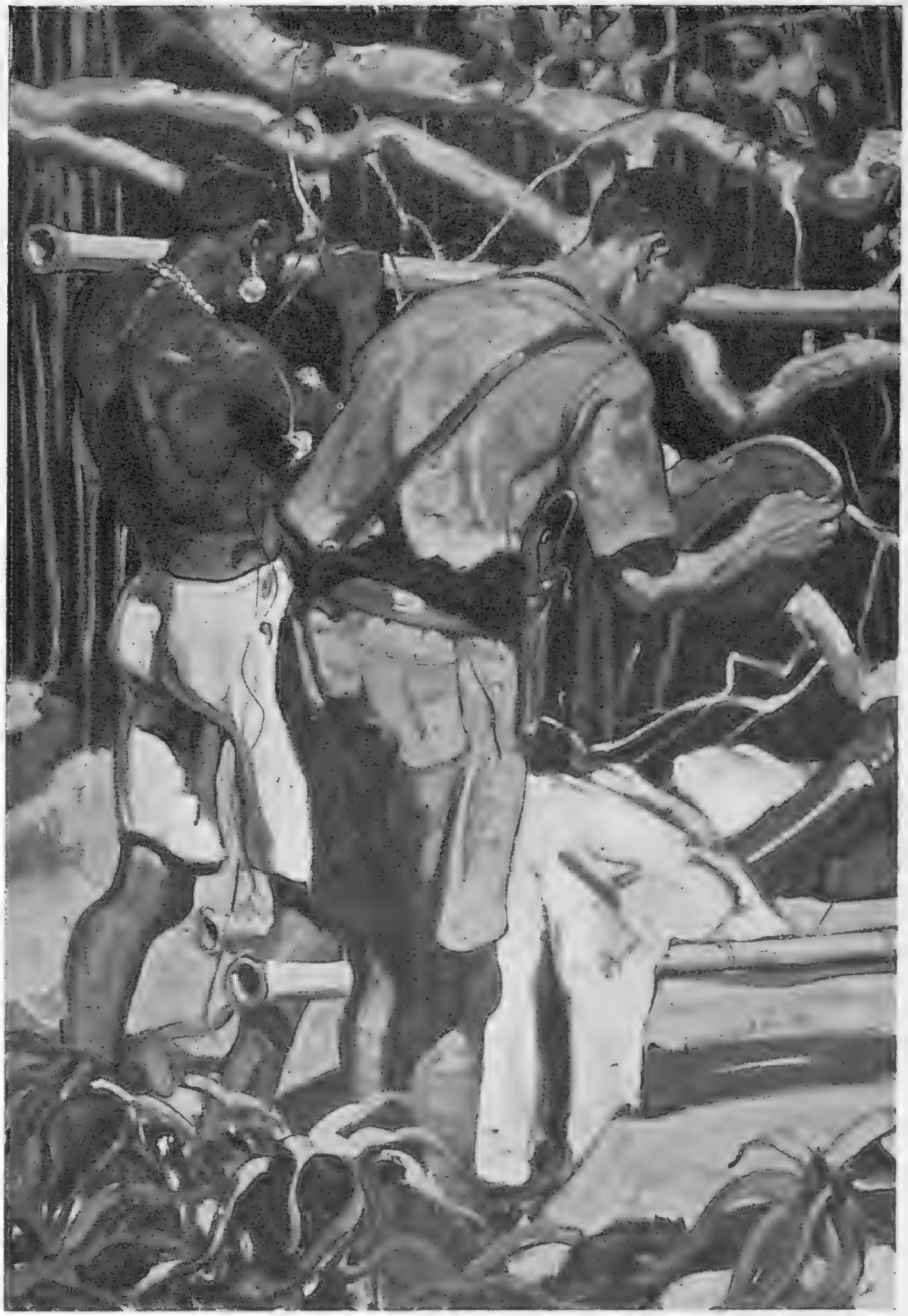
BY rights I ought to have taken home leave after that bout, but a nasty row had cropped up on the edge of my district, and my number two was a young ass spoiling for a fight. I was sure that a few kind words—with a machine-gun or two behind them—would settle up everything 'appy like. Man, you know, takes a sort of silly interest in his district out on the West Coast. So I hung on, and tottered up-country by train, launch, canoe, and hammock, though my insides were still only about C17.

The row was there, all present and correct. The ruffian who was running it was headman of a village that was unfortunately at the other side of our march—party called Kwablah, an old friend of mine. I'd excused Kwablah a hanging not a year before because four Mrs. Kwablahs came and promised he should behave himself like a little gentleman in future. They said that if he misbehaved again, they, the four of them, would quit him and attach themselves to my hareem without extra charge.—Shut up, you blokes, I'm not lying. If you understood Nigerian bush-palaver you'd have the wit to gather that was a very ordinary everyday sort of swear for pagan ladies to make out there. They don't wear a stitch of clothing, being untampered with by the Mishes, but they 'as their pride, and a hanging in the family makes you lose caste at Mothers' Guild meetings.

Headman Kwablah had got a good supply of modern small-bore repeating rifles, of an Italian brand, and a fine supply of ammunition, and his troops had had discipline hammered into them, so our intelligence said, in a way that suggested a smart British officer as drill instructor. For officer I personally read N.C.O., and that was likely enough, because after the war there were plenty of competent men anxious for a further job of soldiering who didn't care a damn who was their boss, so long as he paid. Same about the guns. The international regulation against peddling arms of precision to the black man has gone west since the League of Nations started pouring their futile ink into the seas.

Headman Kwablah, or his British instructor, had done some raids into our territory and had burned half a dozen bush villages, and had looted some stores of maize and mandioca and hoards of brass rings and platoons of young women. These were not big business, you understand, but training expeditions for young troops. The West African nigger soldier is apt to be wild before he has been properly blooded. I'd have been far less disturbed by a good old-fashioned all-hands raid than by that succession of the tip-and-run variety.

The beauty of my position was that whatever I did I shouldn't be backed up at home. We're supposed to keep order in the back blocks of the Empire with a few kind words only, and if any warfare gets talked about, the only decoration you are likely to get is the order of the boot. Besides, as I keep on telling you, Kwablah's town was over our marches, and once you start invading the territory of another power, hell's lit. My sanest scheme was to leave the job to Kaye, my next in command, who was a keen young gunner and who would have started a war for the fun of the thing. I'd a decent excuse. The vets. kept pressing on me that I should die one time if I didn't go sick and take home leave. But, as I say, I was keen on my district, and the niggers liked me and trusted me, and we have our own way of sitting on the merry Press correspondent. So I doddered up and took over.


" *In due time up the lady rode into camp, in my*
the back of nowhere I found myself touching my helmet

I GOT early news from our intelligence of Kwablah's next raid, and arranged an ambush that ought to have lairned him. The trouble was he went one better, laid for us in style, and wiped out half of a hefty detachment. Kaye blew into my headquarters with a hole in his shoulder and his tail very much clapped down.

"This isn't a skirmish, sir," said Kaye. "This is blooming war. You'd better ring up Whitehall and get out some real troops. Kwablah has labelled himself Emperor of Equatoria, and to-morrow, if we don't look out, he'll be occupying a chunk of our territory about as big as half Europe, and our Government swine (who probably think it is in Nyassa Land) will say, "Keep it, noble fellow, with our distinguished blessing.' "

"You have a knack of getting down to the guts of things," I told Kaye. "But we'll have one more touch of kindness treatment before we throw in our local hand. Kwablah's by way of being a pal of mine, and must really be gratified at heart that I didn't hang him last time we met. Try one of our quinine cocktails."

Kaye, who was scratching himself to bits with prickly heat, was a really unhappy man, and I saw that he felt I ought to have been retired under the age limit or the health rule years ago. But he was too decent to say it. Twenty-three does look on thirty-four that way, especially when thirty-four has just done his best to "lib for die" via blackwater.

If I could have got Headman Kwablah into camp and talked to him over a bowl of chop and a bottle of gin, I'm sure I could have knocked sense into him. But that was off the map, and the telephone out at the back there is worse than they have it in Balham, and sending an ordinary messenger merely meant adding another specimen to pin on Kwablah's crucifixion tree. However, I caught one of his pickets and tied the beggar's hands in front of him, and white-painted a message on his back to the effect that I would put ju-ju on Kwablah till he saw everything through a blue haze unless he stopped playing the fool.

That dove of peace went off with a Haûsa bayonet-prick in his buttock by way of accelerator, and presently, I'll trouble you, returned with hands still lashed but with a bit of white flag fluttering from his back wool. He told us he'd an envelope addressed to me tucked into his cloth. The letter inside was distinctly to the point.

"Dear O.C. British Forces," it ran. "Don't talk through your topee about ju-ju and other back numbers. Cordite is our means of progression, and we've lots of it. Tell that to your duds at Home, and say we mean to have our Equatorial Empire, and they will climb down and say 'Don't shoot, Colonel.' Fail to do that, and I shall wipe you out as a preliminary, and put the business through via your successor. I'm not guessing about this. I've a knack of picking certainties and backing them."

Thought I, "There's a home touch about this chit." But that was only a far-away shot, and I said nothing to Kaye whilst I was bandaging his shoulder that morning.

Then, as if one had not enough trouble on hand already, up crops another complication. "White mammy, sar," so my orderly reported after morning chop—" white mammy lib for canoe down yondah, sar. She wish for lib here. But her canoe boys no fit for be hammock boys. You savvy they be hush-boys, sar."

"Savvy plenty. Dem white mammy, she be God-woman ? "

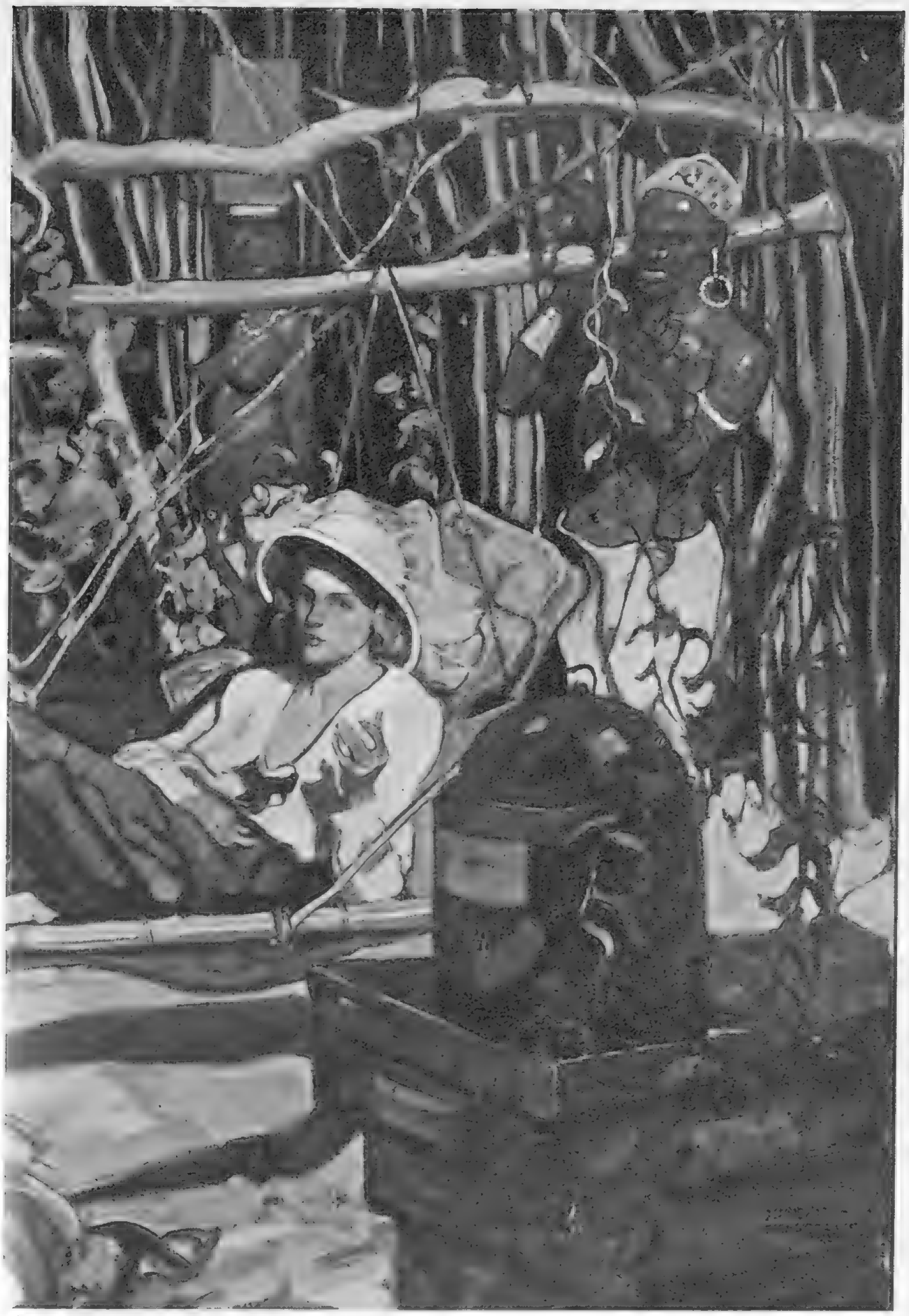
"No, sar," said my boy, who had tried a spell of mission school himself, "she no be God-woman, she be pretty lady like the mammy at the Treasury you dash dem chocolates to. She say she want lib for come here to see you, one-time. She say she savvy you plenty."

"The devil she does. What's her name ? "

But this was beyond the African brain, and "Sar, I no savvy," was the best I could get. I didn't say that I had no possible use for the lady, but it struck me that Kwablah's bush telegraph had probably got on to her, and of course it would be pie for Kwablah to capture her, and just the sort of thing to light up the very row at Home I was trying to avoid :—

Beautiful English Explorer Captured by Revolting Tribesmen.
Our Inefficient Frontier Forces

Portrait of the lady in impossible riding-kit on next page.



special hammock, not a bit tashed, and there up at to Mrs. Crawford Picton, of the Overley shooting party

So I sent down escort and carriers, and told them to be P.D.Q. about it.

WELL, in due time up the lady rode into camp, in my special hammock, not a bit tashed, and there up at the back of nowhere I found myself touching my helmet to Mrs. Crawford Picton, of the Overley shooting party, no less. You might, so to speak, have knocked me down with a feather if I'd been one of those chaps with weak nerves, and the only bright thing I could think of to say was: " How jolly of you to come. This is Captain Kaye, who's really running the show up here. Have a gasper ? "

She'd chop-boxes enough for six and a kit enough for ten, and the newest thing in mosquito-bars. That net gave the show away. It was Mrs. Colonial Treasurer's special pride and invention.

" Been staying at Government House ? " I asked.

" No, Treasury. I was at school with Laura, and she said what an extraordinarily nice man you were, so I came straight along here, though I hadn't seen much of you that shooting day of Overley. You and Dicky were the opposite ends of the line of guns."

" Delightful of Laura. But—I'm afraid I can't recommend the climate up here—for anything like a long stay. Are you writing a book ? "

" Major Bostock, I've come here to find Dicky."

" Now, that's interesting. But I'm afraid I'm no help. I haven't put eyes on Richard since that time in Leicestershire, or got any sound news of him, and I don't suppose Kaye's even heard of the chap."

My gunner was a good resourceful liar

" Colonel Rumford's cooling off in one of those villages at the back of the Monte in Grand Canary, so I've heard, Mrs. Crawford Picton. I should take the next bus back if I were you. I'm afraid we can't offer much in the way of camera stuff round here, and the jiggers and the prickly heat are something fierce."

" Rum thing," said Kaye ten minutes later, " I know a Crawford Picton woman, but that's not my one." He winced because his shoulder hurt him. " Mine's bigger."

" More like eight-stone-one ? "

" About that."

" Got red hair ? "

" Yes. Do you know her, sir ? "

" Seen her."

" *Chaude étoffe*, eh, Major ? Well, we must get on with the washing. With the Lord's help Kwablah should attack just before dawn to-morrow. . . . "

Sorry for bothering you chaps with bush-fighting shop. Shan't occur again. The little lady docked in my tent for repairs after her hammock ride—though personally I didn't see she wanted any—and came out freshly powdered and prinked.

" And now, Major," said she. " I suppose you know that Dicky bolted to shield me ? "

" That's above my head."

" That seems to be the story. Looks as if he was fond of me, doesn't it ? Not that he ever proposed, and there's no impediment. I mean, I'm a *pukka* widow, and all that, and my crime sheet's not a bad one."

" Got no taste for jewellery, you mean ? "

" Love it. But I buy or get given what I want. Anyway, I don't steal it. Do you run to such a thing as a fan up here ? "

" Boy," I called, " dem mammy twetty. She fit for swish-swish. Go fetch palm-leaf, one-time." . . " Still, I can't see Dick Rumford doing the cat burglar act on his own."

" The police evidently could. But if you don't know it you'd better have the whole tale. There's another woman going about wearing my name, and she's apparently hot stuff."

" Kaye said that."

" Good heavens, what a small world. Does Captain Kaye know her ? "

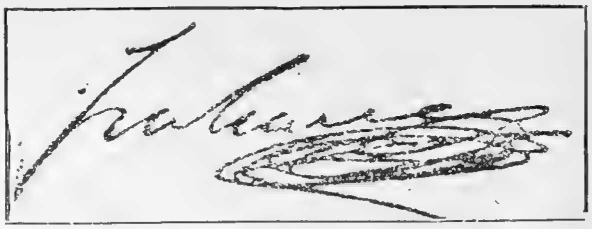
" Carry on, my dear, and don't let my loutish interruptions put you out of your stride. Hot stuff. Yes ? "

" Well, Dicky was riding in his usual third smoker, and two obvious plain clothes bobbies came in and clapped down in the seat opposite. They had with them a suit case, an ordinary leather one with my name on it. The Roberts, to judge from their cross talk, were for arresting the owner at once, if not sooner. Richard, of course, the dear thing, thought there was only one Mrs. Crawford Picton in the universe, quite omitting to remember that S. stood for Sally (or Sarah) which is me, and equally well for Sybil, Sylvia, Sophonisba, and all the rest of the clan. Also he knew I'd been having a devil of a week at bridge, and like a fool I'd told him I was shy on a quarter's rent for my flat, and that nasty Célinge, the hat woman, had fired in a writ. So my pale young hero jumps to the idea that I'd been on the loot to make up leeway, and when the bobbies went to the luncheon car to have one, he picks up the suit case and bolts from the train at the next stop.

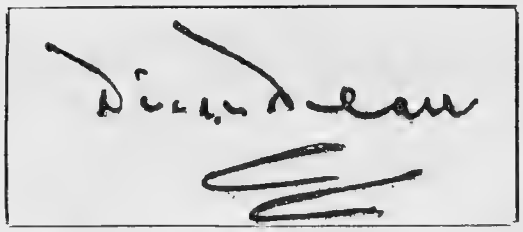
" The bobbies weren't quite such fools as they looked. They got out too, and arrested his nibs as he was arguing with the man at the ticket barrier. " What about it ? " said they. " My suit-case," says the dear, " with goods in it bought with my own lawful money." or words to that effect. " You come along o' us, me lad,' said the Roberts, and grabbed him—I don't know, Major, if you've ever tried playing kittens with our Richard ? "

" We indulged in football games

(*Continued on page 121*)

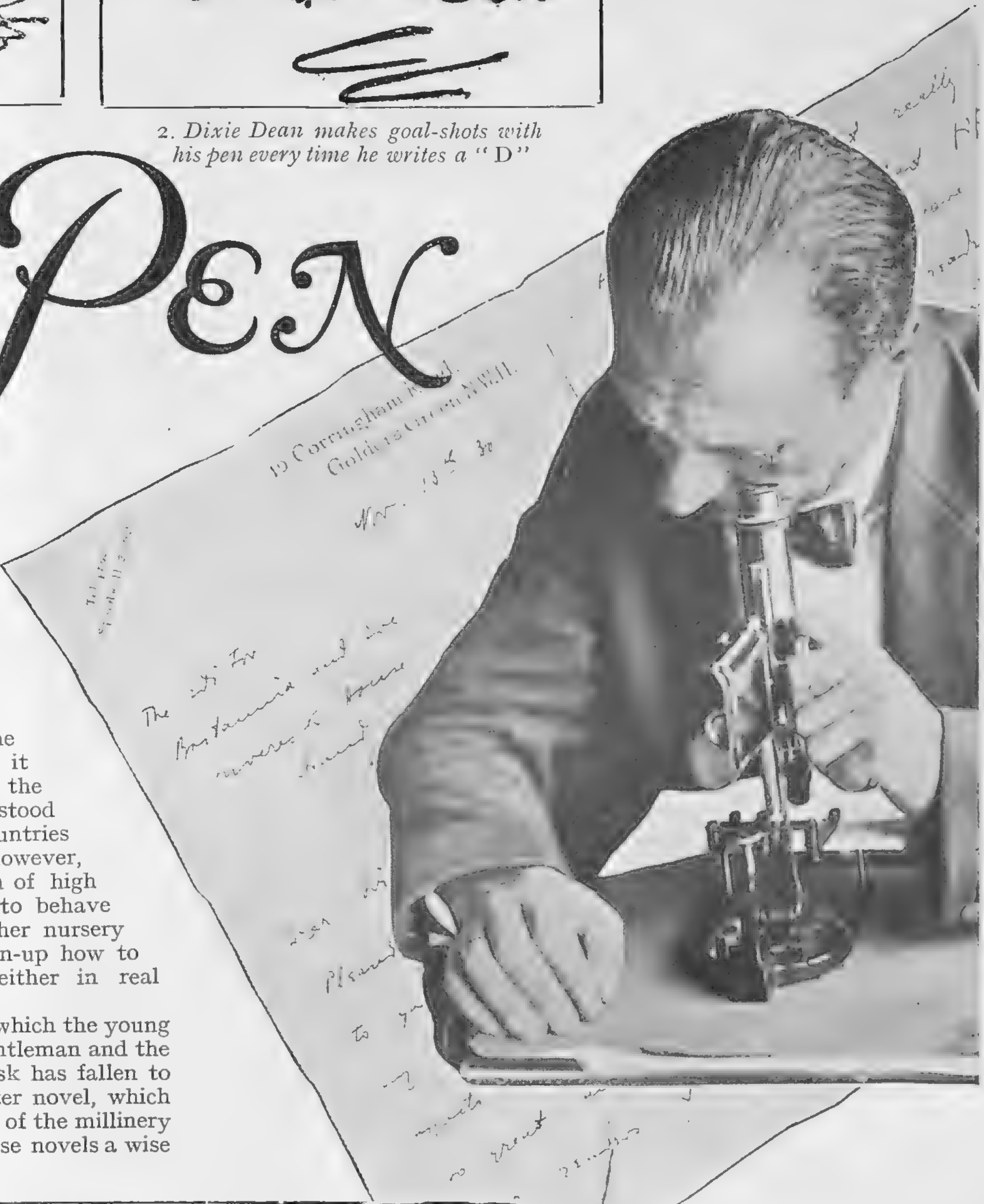


1. *The cowboy's lasso with its trailing end makes its appearance under the name*



2. *Dixie Dean makes goal-shots with his pen every time he writes a "D"*

Your Pen

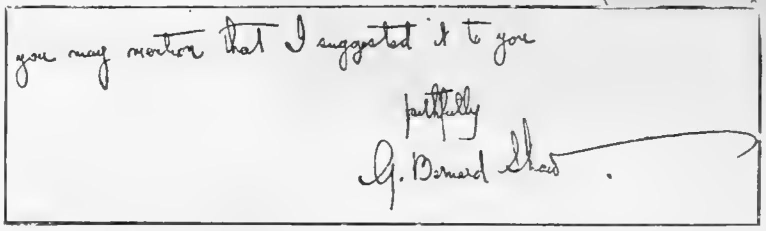

19 Corringham Road.
Golders Green N.W.11.
Nov. 13th 3

Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, writer and musician, can be detected by their handwriting, states the author of this article

SELF-CONTROL is numbered among the virtues in all countries, but nowhere is it so highly prized as in England. In the Latin countries self-control is misunderstood for coldness or lack of temperament, in Slav countries for pride and conceit. In this country, however, believing that perfect self-control is a sign of high breeding, every shop-girl cherishes the desire to behave as a lady born; but, as she was not told in her nursery days how it is to be done, she learns as a grown-up how to satisfy her ambition by imitating models, either in real life or in novels.

In America there are regular text-books from which the young man is supposed to learn how to appear as a gentleman and the young woman as a lady. In England this task has fallen to the novelist. Elinor Glyn turns out novel after novel, which are eagerly devoured by the would-be princesses of the millinery department or the typists' office. In one of these novels a wise aunt with educational theories puts a caterpillar on her niece's bare arm and insists on the poor terrified girl enduring without the quiver of an eyelash the torment of feeling the caterpillar crawl slowly up to her shoulder!

We like to think that we are in full control of our gestures, and in point of fact a large part of our training in the nursery aims at the mastery of our feelings. There we learn how to behave quietly, how to consider our fellow creatures, and how at all times to avoid any betraying gesture of our emotions.



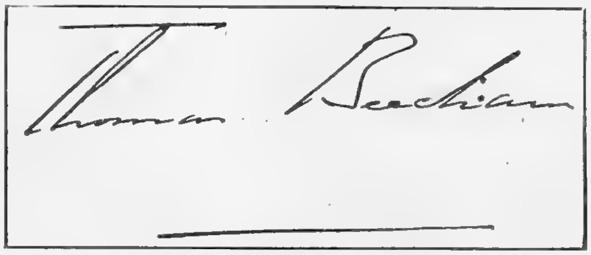
you may mention that I suggested it to you

faithfully

G. Bernard Shaw.

6. *Bernard Shaw gives value and impressiveness to every word he writes. He finishes every word more carefully than he begins it, for he knows the effect of the last say*

Handwriting bears witness of our gestures. The chief reason why our handwriting is typical of our personality is that we cannot help betraying our feelings in any stroke we trace on the paper. True, the experience of psychologists has proved that anyone can control his gestures when thinking of them and of nothing else. But how long can we endure such a laboratory test? Can we achieve such tremendous concentration for more than a few seconds? Can we control our slightest movements so perfectly as not to give ourselves away even for the smallest fraction of a second?

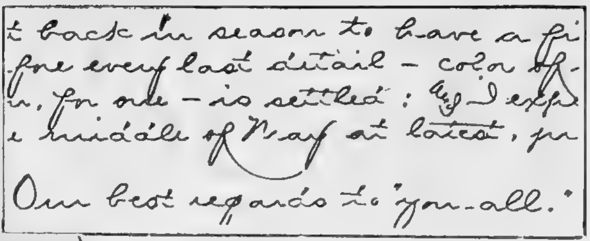

Thomas Beecham

7. *Sir Thomas Beecham, with pen as with baton, makes a wide-sweeping movement*

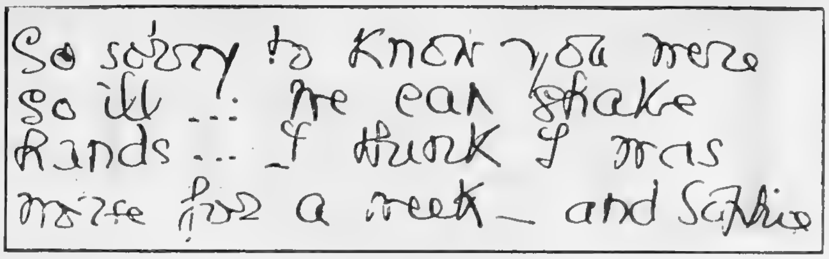
CAN you imagine a person under the stress of a deep emotion quietly and pedantically minding his caligraphy? The fact is that the moment we yield to our feelings we lay them bare to the world. There are thousands of betraying movements, and any one of them differs from all the others in its kind and intensity. The strength of our emotional gestures varies with our temperament, with our inborn passion or frigidity.

Well, now, these emotions have been neither trained nor consciously practised. They turn up unexpectedly and uncontrollably. We can neither help making them nor prevent others from noticing them.

There are other movements which, though as unconscious as those which betray our momentaneous emotions, are not *reflex* movements, but *trained* movements—in fact, little gestures which we have practised for years, and which for this reason do not betray our emotions, but rather the professional work we

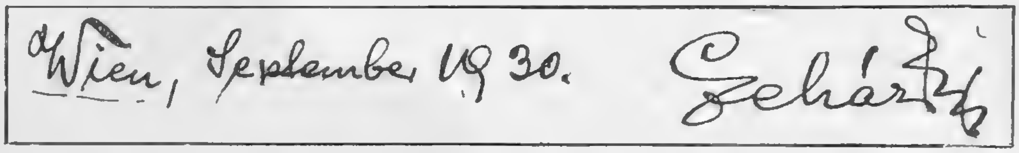

t back in season to have a fi
fine every last detail – color of
n, for one – is settled: by I exp
e middle of May at latest, pr
Our best regards to "you-all."

3. *The music-writer cannot forget his minims when making his "d's"*


So sorry to know you were
so ill ...: we can shake
hands ... I think I was
worse for a week – and Sophie

5. *See Suzanne's serving movements in her "rr," the drive in her "y," and the smash in her "n"*

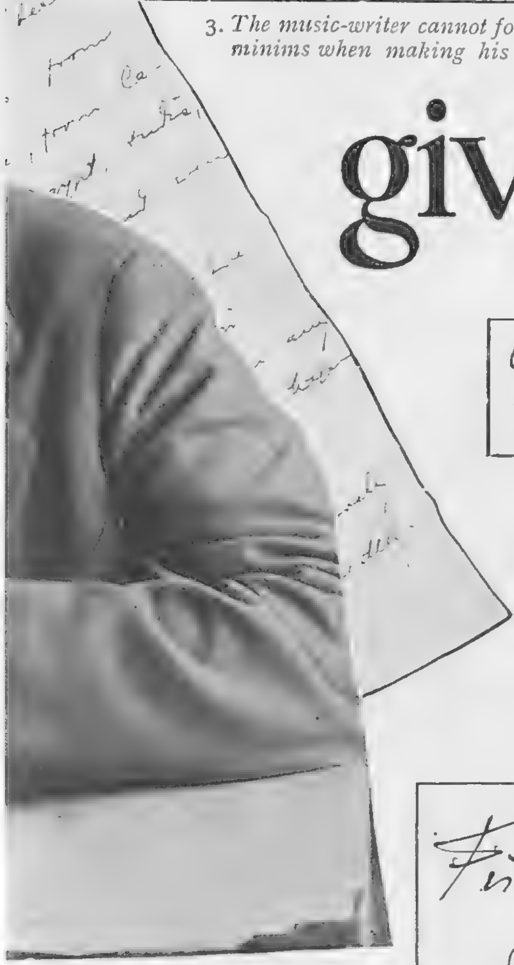
gives you Away


Wien, Septembe 1930. Lehár

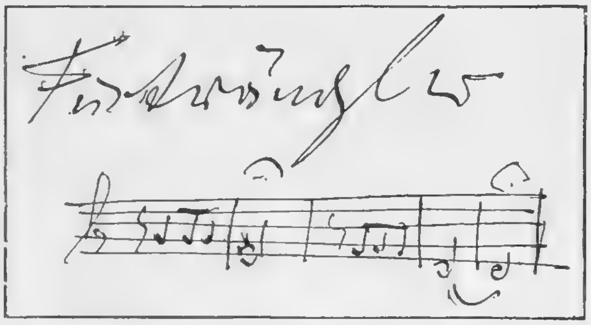
4. *Lehar includes both bass and treble clefs in his signature*

The New Graphology

By Robert Saudek



The author examining an example of handwriting with the aid of a microscope


Furtwängler

8. *Furtwaengler uses a musical sign above two letters*

are engaged in. The psychologist calls these trained, *mechanised* movements. Any baby has to learn the routine of this muscular action, this specialised set of movements, when he learns to eat or to walk or to brush his teeth. The longer the baby practises eating, walking and teeth-brushing, the greater the certainty with which the musculature performs this co-ordination of thousands of little mechanised movements.

Now, the act of fluent writing consists of such mechanised movements. Before this routine is acquired—that is, at the time when we are still learning to write according to our teacher's directions—we rather draw than write our characters.

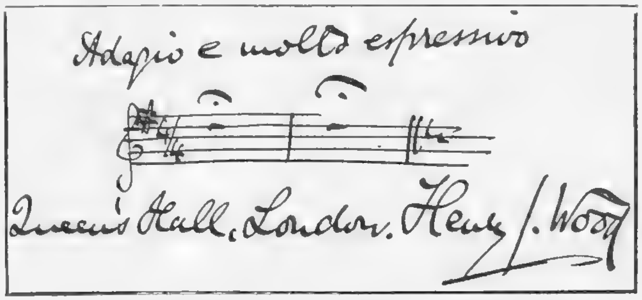
It often happens that mechanised writing movements coincide with some trained professional movement which we make in the course of our daily work, and therefore the typical movements of one's daily occupation may become so much a part of one's nature that they are performed quite unconsciously, even where they are perfectly out of place.

Fig. 1 shows the handwriting of a professional *cowboy* who used to lasso steers in the Wembley Rodeo while riding at full gallop. As he rode his hands would play surely and confidently with his coiled rope and its trailing end. By constant practice his movements with his rope had become mechanised to the most complete certainty. What his hands practised on a large scale when he galloped in the saddle in the arena he could not help repeating in miniature mechanised movements at the writing table with pen in hand, as the final flourish under his signature shows very clearly.

Fig. 2 is the signature of Dixie Dean, whose high scores in football have raised him to the level of the popular idol. The powerful upstrokes with their driving force to the left, seen in the two capital D's of his signature, are a significant reproduction of the celebrated kick in pictorial form.

Fig. 3 is an American handwriting, which appears as if chopped up in some strange way, suggesting that these letters were not produced with the normal fluent writing movements, but by some other queer process. The writer is an organist, and in the course of his professional work is in the habit of copying quantities of music. Now if one examines his separate letters, particularly the *t* and the *d*, one can recognise in them the typical movements of the music-writer, so that here, as it were, two similar types of movement—*i.e.*, that of the writing of ordinary letters and that of the writing of musical notes—have been combined to produce a third style with an entirely new sort of movement.

THE signature of the famous *composer* of "The Merry Widow," Franz Lehar, in Fig. 4, is interesting from another point of view. Lehar does not copy music, since he has his own secretaries for the purpose; he writes himself only the original drafts. In reality he thinks more in musical symbols than in writing symbols. His signature begins with a bass clef, and ends with a final flourish which is obviously a variation of the treble clef.


Adagio e molto espressivo

Queen's Hall, London. Henry J. Wood

9. *Sir Henry Wood's "J" pictures the first beat of the baton, and the underlining of his name recalls the warning gesture to his orchestra*

Mademoiselle Suzanne Lenglen (Fig. 5), for several years the lady tennis champion of the world, in her

(*Continued on p. 120*)

Desert Bred

ZAINAB was this lithe, brown-eyed girl's name; and she was the daughter of Hossayn el-Wahab, a well-to-do farmer of the Benni Fahm tribe of Moroccan Arabs, whose lands stretched rich and green and fertile, covering three large oases where there was ever the honest, rustic symphony of plough and spiked harrow and creaking water-wheel, the lowing of sleek, ruddy cattle, the neighing of stallions, the grunting of dromedaries, and the bleating of full-uddered goats.

A proud tribe. Proud, too, Zainab—and small wonder that she turned up her pretty little nose on that morning when Hamed Ali spoke to her of love.

For he belonged to the Benni Rahalah, a landless, raiding, roving Bedawin clan. People, indeed, of the lawless seed of Ishmael, with their hands against every man's hands, preferring a camp in the desert to snug, cosy tents, mocking at the decent toil of the fields, mocking at their French overlords, mocking even—may Allah forgive them their trespasses!—at the Moslem priests' nasal exhortations about punishment in the hereafter for the wicked, and glorious reward for the righteous.

And so there lived no proper Arab thereabouts, be he silken-robed chief or plodding earth-bound peasant, but would put his own dagger to his daughter's throat rather than have her share the marriage couch of a Benni Rahalah.

Hamed Ali was only a lad, in his sixteenth year. But he was already like the rest of his clan—tall and broad, lean as a rake, a bit hard and braggart in the look, with chilly grey eyes that quested like an eagle's, and powerful hands that had a trick of reaching out for whatever he might fancy of another man's possessions.

He met Zainab one morning as she crossed from oasis to oasis, driving a flock of her father's goats. A child she was, no more than thirteen, but holding the promise some day of fine womanhood, with her pleasantly rounded chin, her short, high-bridged nose, her lips a velvety red, and her skin a faint golden colour dyed by the sun and the strong desert wind.

So Hamed Ali saw her. Lovely, he thought, and right then and there he fell in love with her.

She looked at him. By sign of ragged clothes and crooked dagger strapped flat against the brawn of his bare arm she knew him to be a Benni Rahalah. And yet—she considered—not bad-looking, and his voice quite gentle as he said:

"May I tell you what is in my mind?"

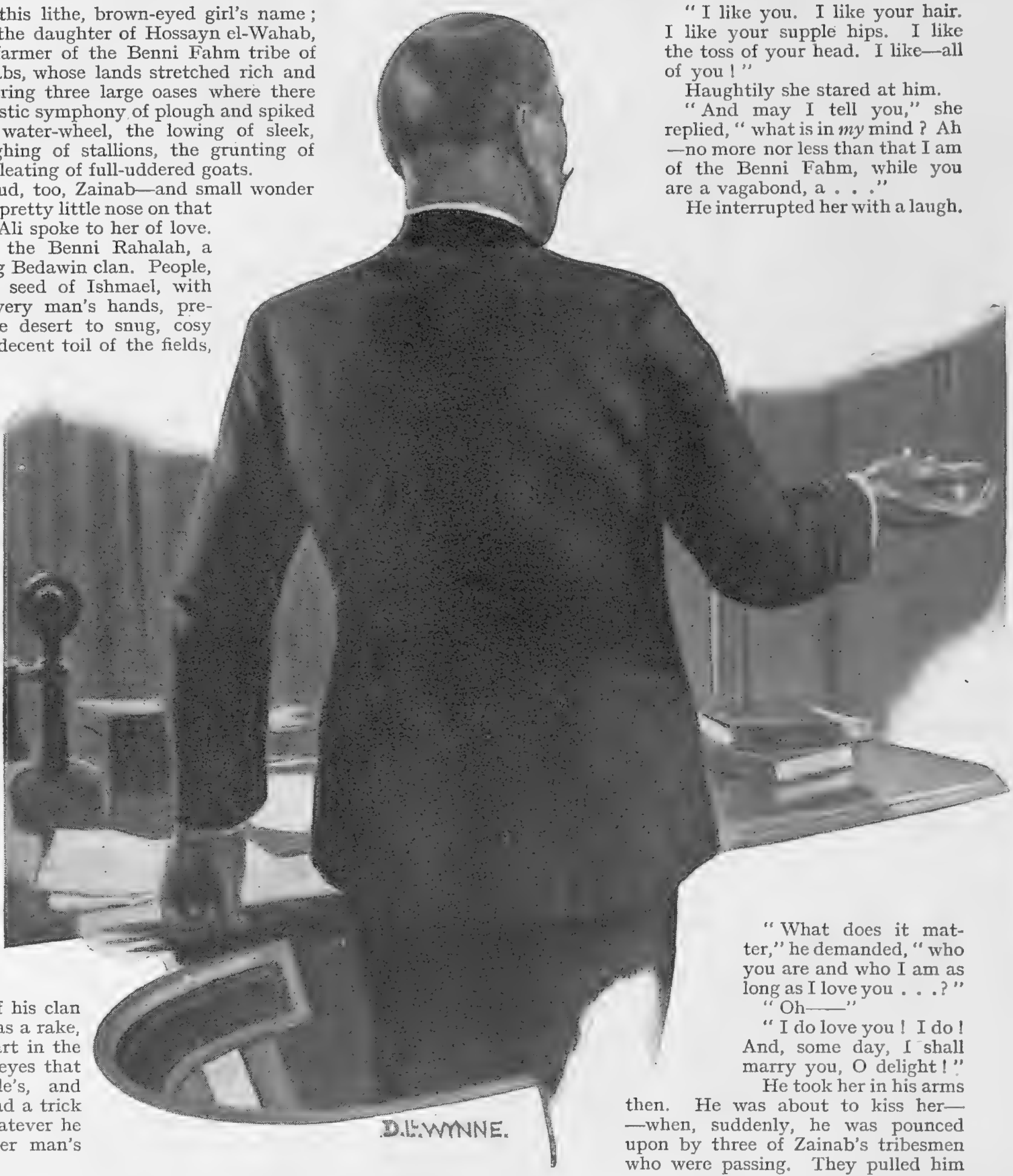
"Well. . . ?"

"I like you. I like your hair. I like your supple hips. I like the toss of your head. I like—all of you!"

Haughtily she stared at him.

"And may I tell you," she replied, "what is in *my* mind? Ah—no more nor less than that I am of the Benni Fahm, while you are a vagabond, a . . ."

He interrupted her with a laugh.



Illustrated by D. Ll. Wynne

"What does it matter," he demanded, "who you are and who I am as long as I love you . . .?"

"Oh——"

"I do love you! I do! And, some day, I shall marry you, O delight!"

He took her in his arms then. He was about to kiss her——when, suddenly, he was pounced upon by three of Zainab's tribesmen who were passing. They pulled him down. They beat him cruelly with sticks and elephant-hide flails, while Zainab danced about the prostrate youth, jeering at him and kicking him with her hard little feet; and so it was bruised and bleeding that Hamed Ali reached the camp fires of his clan where his grandmother—for his parents were dead—asked him what had happened.

He told her, and she said:

"To-night you must go to the tent of this girl's father and make your honour white."

"Make my honour white . . .?"

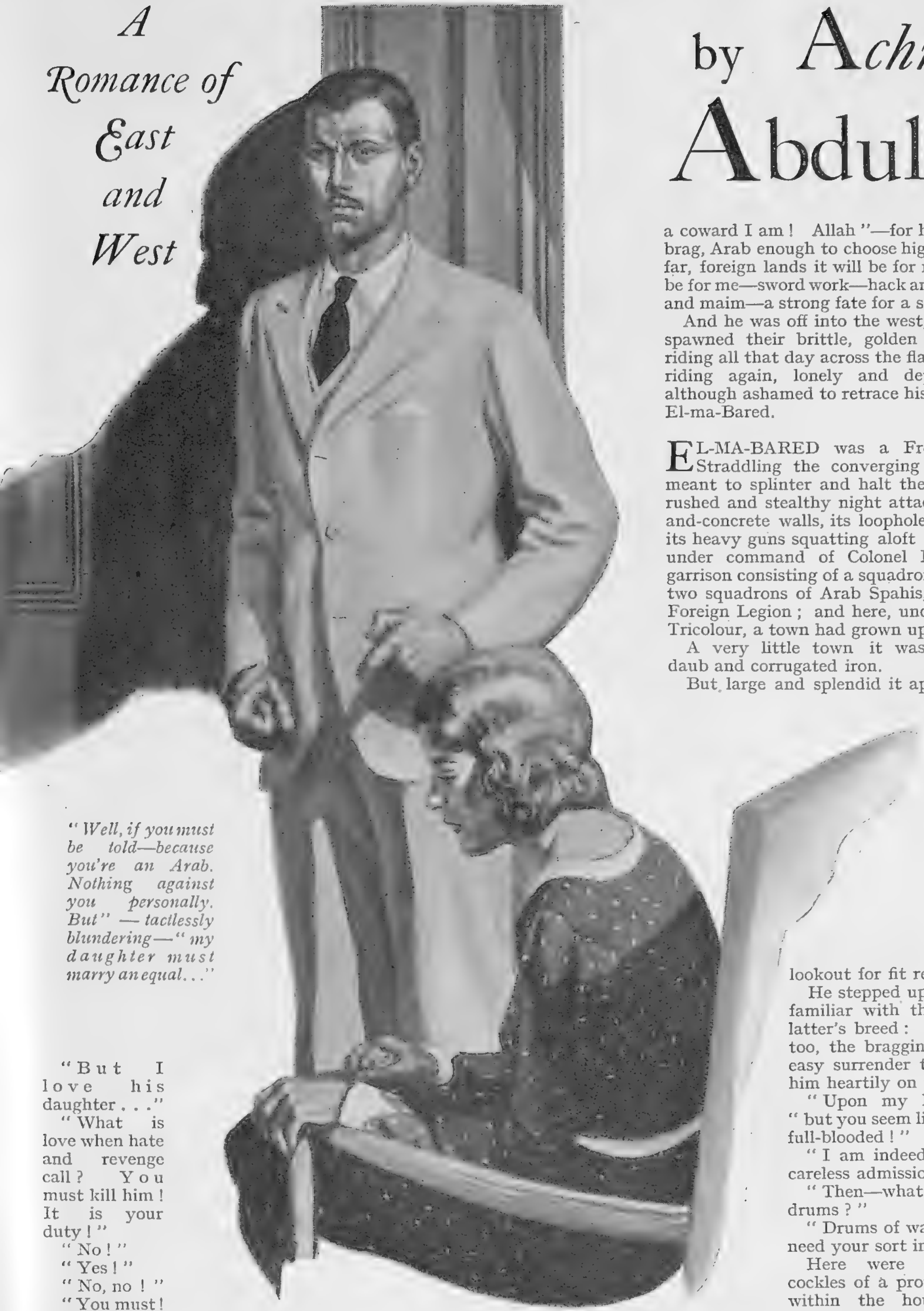
"Yes. You must kill him"—the old woman spoke with calm ferocity—"and may Allah have mercy on his soul!"

"How can I kill him?"

"How can you *not* kill him, O creature?"

A Romance of East and West

by Achmed Abdullah



"Well, if you must be told—because you're an Arab. Nothing against you personally. But" — tactlessly blundering—"my daughter must marry an equal..."

"But I love his daughter..."

"What is love when hate and revenge call? You must kill him! It is your duty!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"No, no!"

"You must! *Wah!*" shrieked the grandmother as Hamed Ali stubbornly shook his head—"a coward you are, a weakling! *Wah, wah*—almost a Christian you are—almost a Jew."

She picked up a great cudgel. With full force, again and again, she brought it down on her grandson's shoulders. And thus, twice on the same day, because of the same girl, he was most soundly thrashed; and, thoroughly enraged, hurt in more than spirit, he jumped up. He ran toward the first horse that he saw. He cut the picket rope. He vaulted into the saddle.

"Coward—weakling—am I?" he yelled at his grandmother. "By the honour of my nose—but I shall show you what sort of a coward I am! Allah"—for he was young enough to brag, Arab enough to choose high-clanking words—"the far, foreign lands it will be for me! Battle work it will be for me—sword work—hack and hew—slash and thrust and maim—a strong fate for a strong man!"

And he was off into the west, where the desert sands spawned their brittle, golden eternities—riding hard, riding all that day across the flayed, scalped wilderness; riding again, lonely and depressed and homesick, although ashamed to retrace his steps—until he came to El-ma-Bared.

EL-MA-BARED was a French military outpost. Straddling the converging caravan roads, it was meant to splinter and halt the desert nomads' sudden rushed and stealthy night attacks with its stout stone-and-concrete walls, its loopholes for musketry fire, and its heavy guns squatting aloft on the bastions. Here, under command of Colonel Letellier, was a small garrison consisting of a squadron of Chasseurs d'Afrique, two squadrons of Arab Spahis, and a battalion of the Foreign Legion; and here, under the protection of the Tricolour, a town had grown up.

A very little town it was, built of wattle and daub and corrugated iron.

But large and splendid it appeared to Hamed Ali, it being the first he had ever seen; and he walked about it with wide-eyed wonder, staring into houses and shops, and was thus observed by Colonel Letellier himself, a middle-aged Frenchman who had spent many years in North Africa, who spoke fluent Arabic and was ever on the lookout for fit recruits.

He stepped up to Hamed Ali. He was familiar with the characteristics of the latter's breed: the reckless pluck and, too, the bragging and boasting and the easy surrender to flattery. He clapped him heartily on the shoulder.

"Upon my honour," he told him, "but you seem like a man most fierce and full-blooded!"

"I am indeed such a man," was the careless admission.

"Then—what say you, you follow the drums?"

"Drums of war! French drums! We need your sort in the army."

Here were words to warm the cockles of a proud lad's heart; and so, within the hour, Hamed Ali swore allegiance to the Republic. Within the week he learned proper discipline—learned to snap his hand smartly to the salute when an officer passed, to keep uniform and cavalry carbine neat, and to shoot straight. Within the month he was stalking about with as heavy a strut and swagger as the next man, clicking his spurs and dragging his sabre.

Colonel Letellier liked him from the first. Hamed Ali had courage and a certain sharp native shrewdness. In several small engagements with raiding nomads he acquitted himself valiantly, proved that he could lead and handle men, and was rapidly promoted until, a year and a half after, a raw Bedawin youth, he had enlisted, he wore the stripes of a full-fledged sergeant-major. "A record!" Letellier congratulated him. "I am proud of you."

"Thank you, my colonel!"

"Why don't you try for a commission?"

"Oh—you mean—I may become . . . ?"

"Lieutenant—captain. Why not?"

"You think I can succeed?"

"Yes. But you must learn."

"What?"

"French, of course. Reading and writing. And many other things. Things of Europe, of the West. There is a garrison school. Go there. I shall see to it that you have the necessary time."

"Very well, my colonel!"

HE attended garrison school. During long, gruelling hours, under the nagging supervision of a red-haired Breton teacher, night after night, he bent over his books, working hard. He learned eagerly, greedily, assimilating alien knowledge with his pertinacious Semitic brain, seeing gradually a new world opening before the eyes of his mind, a strange world crammed to overflowing with wonderful, fascinating, amazing lore, yet never neglecting his regimental duties. And again he was promoted—to a commissioned officer this time. Again Colonel Letellier congratulated him:

"Splendid, Lieutenant Hamed Ali! You have the makings of a good Frenchman in you."

Thus the years passed. In the swing and zest of his new life Hamed Ali almost forgot his old life; almost—though never quite—forgot Zainab, the brown-eyed girl of the Benni Fahm; almost forgot his grandmother.

It was by a mere accident, through a passing caravan man telling the gossip of the farther desert, that he heard of her death.

He bowed his head. Decently he mumbled a Moslem prayer for the salvation of her soul:

"May the earth be light to her! May the Prophet Mohammed intercede on her behalf and open wide to her the golden gates of Paradise!"

The next moment he stood up straight and saluted as Colonel Letellier walked up to him, bringing grave, stirring news:

"War has been declared—against Germany."

"Oh . . . ?"

"Orders from headquarters. Our troops leave here to-morrow—for Algiers. Then aboard a transport—Flanders—the front." Letellier pointed to the gay red-white-and-blue flag of the Republic flopping from a tall cedar pole.

"*Vive la France*!" he shouted.

"*Vive la France*!" echoed Hamed Ali.

Already the news went through the barracks. Already the soldiers were making ready. A bugle shrilled defiantly. Somebody started singing the *Marseillaise*.

Again the bugle shrilled. Sergeants rushed about, yelling orders:

"Get ready! Hurry up! We leave to-morrow!"

The garrison jumped into action with hoarse cries and a crackling of steel, a crunching of limbers, as the munition carts swung into line.

Citizens of France. Parisians and Burgundians. Normans and Bretons and Auvergnats—Arabs—Senegalese . . . on to war—in defence of the Republic . . .

YEARS of fighting. A little glory and a great deal of dirt and despair. Men taking their chances. Hamed Ali taking his full share of chances—until, when peace came, he found himself a major, with medals and motley ribbons galore, though still a young man in the late twenties, but no longer in active service, since he had lost three fingers of his left hand and had been badly gassed.

He might have gone into private life on his retired pay. But Letellier—now Governor-General of French Morocco—would not hear of it.

"France needs you," he told him. "Trouble brewing down there in Morocco—in the desert."

Hamed Ali smiled reminiscently.

"My old clan cutting up?" he inquired.

"No. Your clan—in fact all the nomad clans—made a lot of money during the war, selling cattle and horses to the military authorities . . ."

"Other people's cattle and horses, I suppose . . . ?"

"Shouldn't wonder. At all events, they are prosperous and fat and have settled down to enjoy their ill-gotten gains. But the other tribes—the—well . . . how shall I put it without hurting your feelings . . . ?"

"I know what you mean—the better, prouder tribes. And you aren't hurting my feelings. I remember—I was once called a vagabond by a girl of the Benni Fahm . . ."

"Well—those other tribes can't get it through their heads that peace means reconstruction and that reconstruction means higher taxes. They are getting restive, dissatisfied. And you are of Arab blood—you know their customs and prejudices—your advice would be invaluable. I'll pull a few wires and get you a good berth with the government."

Letellier pulled wires with effect. Presently Hamed Ali was appointed Assistant Department Chief in the Bureau of Political Intelligence, where he specialised in Moroccan affairs.

Otherwise, after a while, outside of his work in the office, there was nothing left in his daily life, nor his daily thoughts, to remind him of his native land, of the fact that once he had been a raw, unlettered Bedawin youth.

He felt himself no longer an Arab, but a Frenchman. He dressed in the up-to-the-minute height of Paris fashion; and—unless you were unusually observant and noticed the glittering, hooded eyes—would have passed anywhere as a typical boulevardier.

The inner man, too, had changed.

For he had glossed his Moslem instincts with a European veneer that showed never a crack. He had steeped himself in French literature and history and social and political ideals, deposing the fierce desert Prophet of his ancestors and setting up in his stead three brand-new idols labelled Liberty, Fraternity and Equality.

And then, at a dinner party given by a man in his department, he met a girl.

SHE was English; her name was Lois Fletcher, and she was dressed in a Byzantine sort of frock of beaten gold that brought out the sheen of her silken hair, her dazzling complexion, her whole, almost intemperate beauty.

"Arab, aren't you?" she asked over coffee and liqueur.

"I think of myself as French."

"With your name—and your face? Oh"—she laughed—"you *must* be Arab!"

He smiled.

"If you insist," he replied.

"I do. An Arab—isn't it romantic!"

Heretofore this thought had never occurred to him. But now—looking at her, finding her utterly lovely—he was willing to admit it.

During the next few weeks Hamed Ali and Lois Fletcher went about together a good deal. They liked each other from the first. Presently they fell in love. At least they imagined they did. Still, they might have married and—one never knows—might have lived happily ever afterwards, had it not been for Lois' father, Colonel Fletcher, the British military attaché in Paris.

He was a blunt and forthright soldier who did not believe in mincing words.

"Absolutely out of the question!" he exclaimed when Hamed Ali proposed for Lois' hand.

"Why?" came the stiff rejoinder.

"Don't be silly! You know why."

"I do not, sir."

"Well—if you must be told—because you're an Arab. Nothing against you personally. But"—tactlessly blundering—"my daughter must marry an equal . . ."

Hamed Ali's eyes narrowed into slits. The insult—he thought—the insult . . . his hands opened and shut convulsively.

But he controlled himself. He turned to the girl, who was sitting there, silent, trembling.

"After all," he said to her, "it is your life. It is for you to decide if . . ."

"Lois!" Colonel Fletcher interrupted.

A very few words he spoke, marshalling his reasons against the marriage, mentioning the "Nordic race" and "miscegenation" and "half-breeds," and her love for the Arab was not able to stand up to her father's chilly contempt.

There was one last flicker of revolt in her silly, fluttery heart.

"Please——" she called, as Hamed Ali's hand was already on the door knob.

"Yes . . . ?"

"I love you. I do. But—I can't—don't you understand? . . . I can't . . ."

His answering words cut through her like a knife.

"I do not love you! Ah!"—and his exquisite Parisian veneer cracked and shivered—"Allah curse you! Allah curse you and yours! Allah curse your race, your faith!"

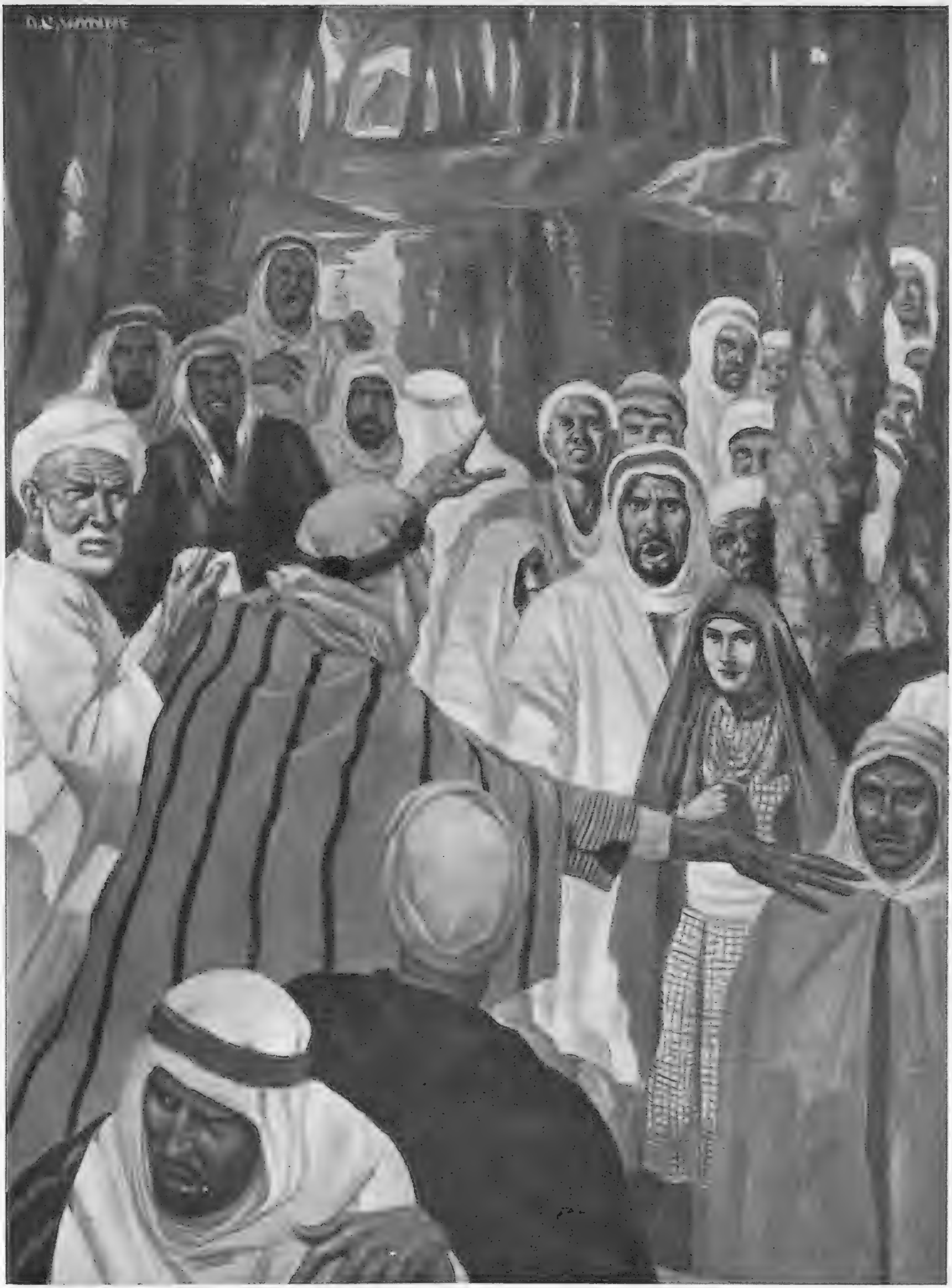
The door shut on his broad form with a little dramatic click of finality, and Colonel Fletcher shrugged his shoulders.

"You see, Lois," he said, "the man is a savage—such a quaint, melodramatic young savage . . ."

He smiled, but might not have done so could he have seen Hamed Ali, that night, pacing up and down his room—could he have heard him saying to himself:

"The insult! The deadly insult! *Wah!*"—as memories of his grandmother returned to him, as at

(*Continued on page* 122)



And then the next second he saw this friendly look and smile! For directly below him, in the front rank of the crowd, was a girl—and at once he recognised her

The Expansion *of* Screen Scope

(*Continued from page* 44)

A scene from " The Call of the Sea," a naval-diplomatic melodrama. Bernard Nedell, the villain, Chrissie White and Henry Edwards, who plays the hero

series made by British Instructional Films, there have been films like " Dassan," Cherry Kearton's photographs of Penguin Island, and " Conquest," Grierson's experiment in Russian propaganda method, made for the Empire Marketing Board and destined for exhibition in schools, but definitely of interest for its photographic beauty and the intelligence of its sequences, as well as for its content, to adult audiences. " Conquest " is the story of the development and " discovery " of America and Canada, with a " Covered Waggon " motive, and is made by cutting and assembling sequences from old films.

ANOTHER interesting aspect of English film technique is the use of the Stüfftan method, whereby actual photographs and models reflected by means of mirrors are used as backgrounds to the cinematograph records of actual figures.

The making of films from stage play successes, while proving satisfactory up to date, is not true cinematography and proffers no opportunities for development. These pictures remind one of the two legs tied together in a three-legged race. In a word English film craft seems to have reached a condition of static perfection, in advance of Continental methods, but incapable of competition with the innovations promised, or threatened, by America. The last word of the talkies to-day may be only an echo from the past to-morrow.

IT is difficult to know what is happening in Germany. We hear that large sums of money are being spent by the most important production units on plant and experiment, but since " The Blue Angel," which, although a good picture, was not in any way revolutionary, Germany has exported no films of interest. Recent trade shows, advertised as with " synchronised sound effects," were in reality old-fashioned seeming silent films with an occasional hubbub to represent an excited crowd. The characters' dumb mouthing was interpreted by captions, and all the old tricks—feet going upstairs, door handles turning, etc.—were exploited. I am thinking particularly of " Treason," a U.F.A. picture featuring Gerda Murnaud Gustave Frolich, a film with a hackneyed plot about Royal tyrants, Nihilist societies, sartorially Russian and synthetically Ruritanian.

Comparatively few French films are shown in this country, except the more intellectual by film societies or during " seasons " such as that at the Avenue Pavilion last year. The ordinary Latin film is not acceptable in matter or manner to the English public, and technically they are, for the most part, inferior to English and American pictures. The Film Society showed in November what is acknowledged to be one of the greatest French films (made in 1928), " The Passion of Joan of Arc." It is wonderfully acted and very moving, but so leisurely, so overcrowded with close-ups, that it could never represent anything except an experiment in cinematography and a ritual of national worship.

Chili Bouchier, who plays the part of a dancing Latin vampire in " The Call of the Sea "

The two outstanding pictures from America in the last quarter of 1930, " Hell's Angels " and " Whoopee," have, undeniably, a scope and mobility which no European picture has achieved.

" Hell's Angels " may be considered a freak picture ; made by the enthusiasm and wealth of a young American millionaire, it is a pictorial and emotional adventure and a cinematograph epic. The aerial photography is unique and unforgettable.

" Whoopee " is a super musical show, a form supposedly dead, which succeeds by virtue of the much improved colour effects and because Eddie Cantor *is* funny. Both these films have a scope and mobility not yet achieved in England, and lead naturally towards the wide screen and all colour developments promised, or threatened, by America. It is good news that Mr. Dent has gone from Elstree to America to investigate these.

An open letter to the Sleepless

HOW many nights out of each week do you sleep badly? How many mornings do you get up feeling more tired than when you went to bed? You face the day with the consciousness that your energy is insufficient for you to do your best work, and that you will have no vitality at the end of the day to enjoy an evening's amusement.

This question should be of vital concern to you. For every night of sleeplessness or of inadequate sleep you have to pay a heavy price in impaired vitality and strained nerves.

Sound sleep is not a magic gift to be longed for in vain. It is simply a matter of knowing the causes of sleeplessness and of removing those causes.

Nervous strain and digestive unrest are the principal causes of sleeplessness. What you need before retiring is some light, easily-digested form of nourishment which will allay digestive unrest and, at the same time, soothe and restore the nerves.

There is no food beverage richer in nerve-restoring nourishment than delicious "Ovaltine"—none more easily digested—none which contains so abundantly the food elements necessary to replenish lost energy and vitality.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from Nature's tonic foods—creamy milk, barley malt, and eggs from our own and selected farms. Eggs are particularly important because they supply organic phosphorus—an essential element for building up brain and nerves. Not only is "Ovaltine" the richest in nutritive value, but it is also the cheapest in cost and the most economical in use. Make delicious "Ovaltine" your "good-night" beverage every night.

"Ovaltine"

'OVALTINE'·THE·WORLD'S·BEST·NIGHTCAP

Prices in Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P.676

BOOKS

by

ARNOLD PALMER

(*Continued from page* 49)

"dog" spelling, and the result is 90 pages of this sort of thing: "I wented up with. I were not comfy. Adar said: 'Now you find those precious rat-holes of yours.' I played looky-sniffy hard. But it were play rat-holes. I went paws-up. Adar said: 'I thought so, you little devil!' I were dretful 'shamed. But——" Do you mind if we stop? I am genuinely conscious of physical discomfort.

In *The Portrait of a Dog* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) Miss Mazo de la Roche has attempted to solve the same problem, but she has employed the only possible method. She has carefully avoided all this sickening anthropomorphism, she has never even been tempted by facetiousness. She has told the simple story of her friendship with a dog with seriousness and a realisation of the dignity of both parties. Such a book cannot be entirely unsentimental, because the relations between the dog and his owner are never entirely unsentimental either—at least, on the owner's side. But it need not—in fact, it simply must not—writhe and grovel with adoration, as Mr. Kipling's does. *The Portrait of a Dog* is not Miss de la Roche's best book by a long way, but it is as good a book as we are ever likely to get about a dog. I cannot recall another case of a first-class writer treating this theme with seriousness and restraint; and there are, I am sure, many dog-lovers like me, who have never been able to read any but technical books on dogs. To them I recommend Miss de la Roche's little study. I think they will enjoy it. More than that I do not care to say, since dog-lovers, having been made to feel ill so often, harbour justifiable suspicions of novelists, and of reviewers too.

I EXPECTED that *Dumb Animals and Other Stories*, by Osbert Sitwell (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.), would also contain histories of four-footed friends of various sizes and aspects. But though an occasional bird or dog looks in, the company is for the most part human. Mr. O. Sitwell's seven carefully written stories are as difficult to praise as to blame. The author observes all the rules, and there never seems the slightest prospect that he will break or even crack one. His very jokes have the respectability of age, as when, at the end of the book, he gives extracts from favourable and unfavourable reviews of his earlier work. This practice, always a popular one with writers who believe in Right and Wrong, has one drawback. Sometimes the favourable reviews are the ones which are seen to have dated. In Mr. O. Sitwell's case they all, enthusiastic and damnatory, read equally odd now. So correct a writer will always be readable, and is unlikely ever to be much more.

A lot of good fun is to be extracted from *More Invective* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 7s. 6d.), by Hugh Kingsmill, author of *Invective and Abuse* and many other books—all worth reading. The new volume is a supplement or sequel to the earlier, and contains many superb insults and denunciations overlooked in the compilation of the first anthology. There is William Cobbett's speech when prosecuted by the Government (1831) for sedition. There are some good Swinburnes and Lyttons, a fine Cardinal Newman, and some first-rate "unknowns," of whom Miss Amanda Ros is easily chief. Mr. Kingsmill, blessed with a good idea, has carried it out enthusiastically and well, and two highly entertaining volumes are the result.

For the Library List

Star-Dust in Hollywood. By Jan and Cora Gordon. (Harrap, 12s. 6d.)

THE most amusing of all the many works of these popular "vagabonds," and one of the most readable volumes ever written on the ageing theme of the celluloid world. It has only one drawback—it sadly lacks an index. Well illustrated.

Plato's Britannia. By Douglas Woodruff. (Sheed & Ward, 6s.)

A Socratic dialogue, in eight Books, on the state of Britain and her Empire, by the author of *Plato's American Republic*. The fun is very good, even if it does go on a trifle too long, and the style of the parody is excellent throughout. The matter is not always worthy of the manner.

Success. By Lion Feuchtwanger. (Secker, 10s.)

A modern novel by the author of *Jew Süss* and *The Ugly Duchess*, and even longer than those very long books. In fact, interesting and comprehensive as it is, it is chiefly memorable for its exceptional length. A large book is needed to support the weight of the Middle Ages. I am not convinced that it is suited to our broken, scattered, drifting epoch.

The Fortunes of Richard Mahony. By Henry Handel Richardson. (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.)

An even longer novel than Feuchtwanger's. But this is a masterpiece, and there is not a page too many. The first volume of this now united trilogy was published 15 years ago. The last appeared in 1929. The obstinacy of the public's refusal to recognise this magnificent novel can only be matched by the enthusiasm now shown in England and wherever the language is spoken.

Miss Rebecca West, whose book, "D. H. Lawrence," is reviewed at the foot of this page

Mr. John Heygate, author of "Decent Fellows," a story of school life which has caused a flutter among Etonians past and present

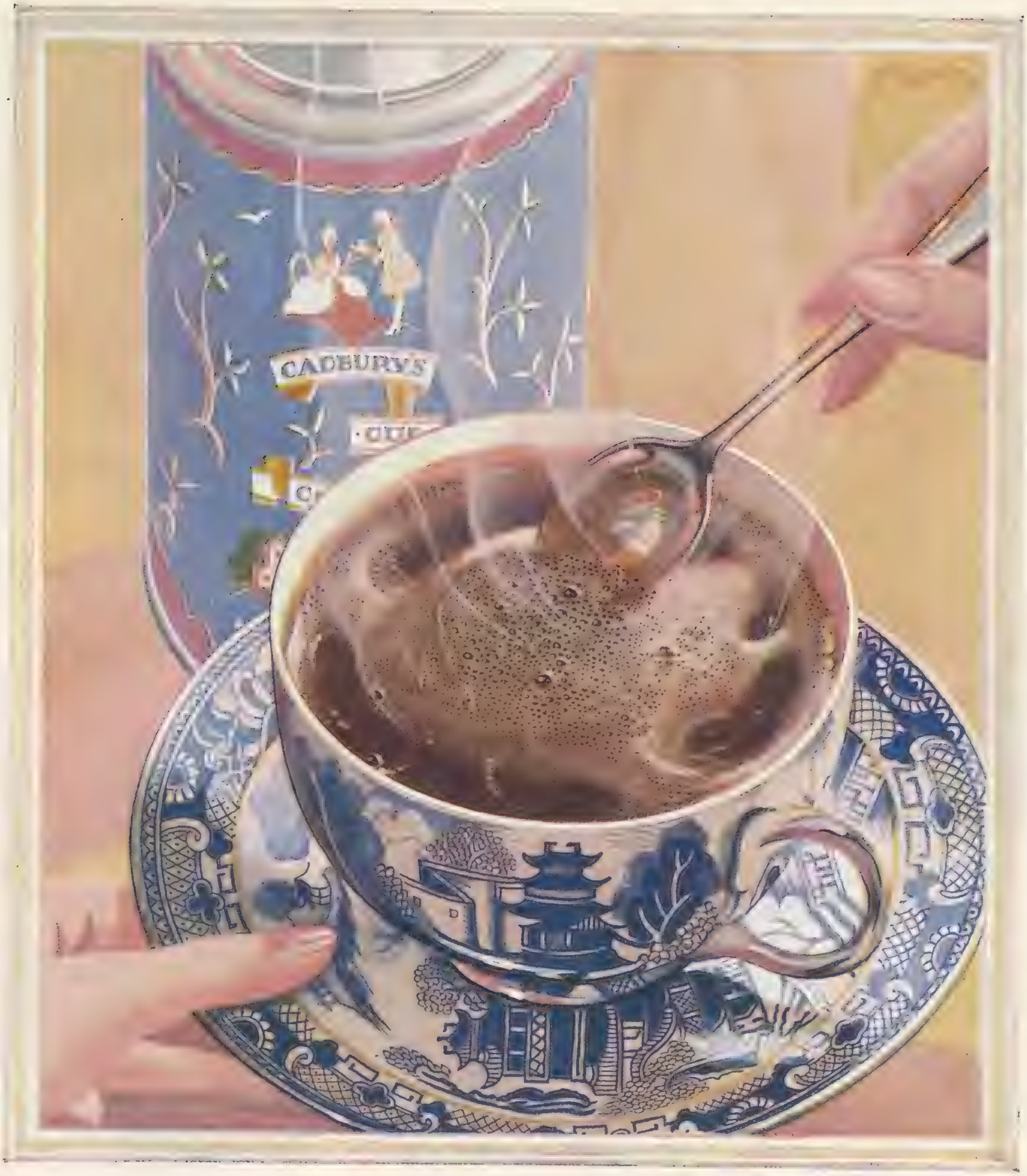
LAWRENCE

The Virgin and the Gipsy
By D. H. Lawrence
(Secker, 6s.)

D. H. Lawrence
By Rebecca West
(Secker, 3s. 6d.)

RUMOUR had it that there were some unpublished short stories of Lawrence's yet to appear. But the definite statement, on the jacket of *The Virgin and the Gipsy*, that this is "the last work of fiction he lived to complete" disposes presumably of the hope. I looked, therefore, with particular eagerness through *The Virgin and the Gipsy*—tried to see right through it, I mean, and to reach the writer, since this was the last of his too few appearances. I was looking for signs of change, such as the poems had seemed to show; and in the novel I cannot find them. I wish, more than ever, that there was even one more book to come, in which we might find evidences of how Lawrence the novelist would have developed. As it is, this last novel hangs in its place in line with the other novels, and leaves unimpaired the unity of Lawrence's work. He did not live to revise it, and there are a few awkward phrases, but in essentials it is finished—a long short-story rather than a novel, pure Lawrence all through, unmistakable, individual, signed in every line. There are not half a dozen novelists alive to-day of whom that can be said.

MISS REBECCA WEST'S little book is a republication of her essay in "The New Adelphi" of last June. It gives a strange but vivid picture of Lawrence, and this is its chief and sufficient claim to existence. Its descriptive passages excel—or perhaps are more welcome than—its analytical or critical pages. One of the best things in it is a letter from Mrs. Catherine Carswell, whose recent book on Burns is at this moment horrifying the Scots. To incorporate such a fine piece of writing in her essay says much for Miss West's generosity.



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When Frederick Lonsdale *was* Broke

(*Continued from page* 35)

heaven forbid should happen) I shall quite truthfully say of him that he was an immensely human and understanding person who had a heart; that he helped all sorts of less successful people in his quiet way; and that jealousy, the curse of the theatre, was singularly absent in his make-up. At different times he has said to me:—

"'Willie' (Somerset) Maugham is my master"; and "I like Noel Coward and want to see him become a very great success." Well, these are two people of whom a great many other people are no doubt very envious.

HE is a very independent person, this Frederick Lonsdale, and once, at least, his independence paid him marvellously. He had been doing some hackwork in musical comedy for George Edwardes, but this had temporarily fallen off and he and his wife were living at Westgate-on-Sea (Kent) and literally had no money at all. Well, one day there came a telegram asking Lonsdale to go up to London to Daly's Theatre at once. He borrowed the railway fare from a friend and went.

Robert Evett, who had succeeded Edwardes, said: "We are going to do a new show here, but the book is not right. We want you to put it in order. You will get £125 down on signing the contract and half the author's fees subsequently."

"Imagine the position," Lonsdale said to me. "I was absolutely penniless—my wife and I were living on pawnshops. Evett gave me the play and I took it into a room at Daly's to read it. I read it twice, and then I went to him and said: 'This is no good at all. There is no story, there are no situations. I haven't got a bean in the world, but I can't take people's money like this.'

"Evett was furious, and I went back to Westgate without enough in my pocket to repay my friend's loan of the train fare, to say nothing of the disappointment I had in store for my wife. That night she had to go to the pawnshop again, and on her way home she saw something she never could resist—strawberries. We dined off strawberries and cream that evening.

"Someone else 'did' the piece for Daly's; it was put on—and it was at once a most terrible failure. Now here is the sequel. They had to get something else at once—and because I had been obstinate over my opinion of the piece that failed they sent for me again and said would I do another play for them. This turned out to be 'The Maid of the Mountains,' which holds the record for a musical comedy run in London—1,352 performances off the reel. It just shows you how things happen; if I had taken that £125—and heaven knows I needed it then—I should most likely have been discredited and never been given the chance to do the version of 'The Maid of the Mountains' and so, at last, begin to amass some real money."

"THE Maid of the Mountains," produced in 1915, set Lonsdale on his feet, and since then he has gone on from success to success, fame to fame. He adapted "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Lady of The Rose" (another big Daly's hit); and then there began to come from him that series of brilliant, biting comedies and high farces, "Aren't We All?"; "Spring Cleaning," one of the social sensations of 1923; "The Fake"; "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," which Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Gladys Cooper did in London and which, later, made a fine talk film; "On Approval," an immensely clever and adroit four characters play; "The High Road," vastly amusing on the stage and also done as a "talkie," and "Canaries Sometimes Sing."

Lonsdale thinks that the last named is his best play. Well, *tot homines tot* . . . personally, I like "On Approval" and "The High Road" better. I have told him so, and he said:—

"Well, anyhow, 'The High Road,' which is a story of a young sprig of the nobility who wants to marry an actress, was taken from real life. I heard a story at dinner one night and used it as the basis for the play. On the first night of it a celebrated author came up and said to me: 'It's got no relation to real life!' I said to him: 'Say it is a bad play, a dull play, a rotten play, if you like, but don't say it isn't life. I could tell you the names of the people it is written round.'

"And that brings me to my one bit of advice to young playwrights; always base your plays on something that has happened in real life. Don't sit down and invent a complete story. If you do, the chances are that you have sat down to write a failure."

There is such an obvious moral to all these stories of a remarkable career that, seeing they concern Frederick Lonsdale, I will refrain from stressing it. The moral of it all is the only obvious thing I know about Lonsdale.

END

Berlin *after* Dark

(*Continued from page* 19)

IT was now nearly two.

"But I want to see some *real* life," insisted my companion. "What about the cries in the Reichstag to-day—'Hunger Dictator! Hunger Dictator!'—when Chancellor Bruening got up to speak? Where is the German working man—and the Communist? What about Germany's three million unemployed, the million and a half that are working on short time? Where do they keep themselves?"

We took a taxi and drove to North Berlin. On our way we passed the Hitlerite headquarters, stronghold of the Fascists, who are giving French statesmen nightmares in Europe's stomach troubles from Versailles. Mugs of Mussolini on vermilion book-jackets scowled at us from the dark window. In another and smellier part of Berlin, behind the provision markets around Buelow Platz, the sardonic smile of Lenin on hundreds of other book-jackets sneered at us from the Communist Party's shabby office. A long line of taxis waiting outside the "Resi Casino" showed us we had arrived at another den of post-midnight German revelry.

"This," I assured my comrade, "is where the workers hang out."

YOU could know it was honest working girls, because most of them did not use any powder or paint—and when they did they laid it on with a trowel. Also, in that superheated room, they smelt like honest working girls. The musk, worn usually by "ladies of the town," was not there. Also, two orchestras, facing each other on perches under the glass-panelled ceiling, playing tunes that no self-respecting lady of the Friedrichstrasse would have wiggled to—Old German waltzes, the "Blue Danube"—with all the lusty, hearty, laughing couples whirling round and round and round.

"The Germans," concluded my friend, "have invented more mechanical devices for keeping legitimately blotto until three in the morning than any other race on earth!"

Beside our table was rigged a telephone. It had a number and a chart showing the telephone number of each and every other table-telephone in the room.

"I think I'll ring up No. 42," I announced. "I like blondes."

When I gave the number a girl in the telephone exchange below the café's floor connected me forthwith. I saw a pretty blond head at table 42 look around to see who it was that was talking to her. Several men were telephoning different girls, so she could not know—now what was my table number? I gave her the one of a bald-pated Ghengiz Khan I saw using a 'phone at the table next to me. "Nein!" she laughed—she did not dance. It was most amusing, an entirely fresh experience to see her looking at him, talking to him, when really she was talking to me. I said the most abominable things for him. I made love. Then I gave her my own number, and asked her could I come across and sit down with her? She scanned the telephone chart again, located my table, and laughed "Nein!" again. I felt desolate—but then a hefty iron puddler came in and resumed his seat beside her, and I felt I had been saved from a sudden death. Another blonde was more amenable. She wore a home-made silk frock, and wore her hair in a bun on the top of her lovely head—Brunhilde. She whirled me till I had to hang on to her from sheer dizziness.

"Ach, I luv dancing?" she breathed.

When I succeeded in getting back to my normal state of mind again, I found my comrade busy writing notes and shooting them through an air-tube also connected with our table, like a department store's cash-box system. Back came packages of chocolates, ten cigarettes, a lady's paper fan, out of the air-tube—also two notes on pink paper asking us why did we sit alone when there were so many willing girls around; such, for example, as table No. 91.

The Resi Casino was full of tricks. When the band played a tango the rotating globes, coruscated with coloured stones, split in half, the upper semi-hemisphere rose slowly into the air and fountains sprang upward from its lower half. "Fabelhaft!" cried the dancers. "Wunderschön!"

"But the Communists?" insisted my friend. "Where are they?"

"Coming," I said; "the *wurst*—and the Communists—are yet to come. All good Berlin Communists go to bed at ten o'clock—but they have to get up early in the morning—all except their 73 deputies, who will sing the 'Red Internationale' in the Reichstag. We will go to a night club now—as it is three o'clock—and sit there until the Communists come out."

NOW, seven o'clock on a raw, rainy morning, with the prospects of a jobless winter drawing on, is the right time to see Berlin—if you can stand it with its mask off. In this case we were facing the realities of the Bruening Government's attempt to cut the wages of one hundred and forty thousand Berlin metal workers by about 8 per cent. A strike had been called, new arbitration had been accepted by the trade unions, most of the workers were returning to work again—all but the Communists, who, declaring that the trade unions were betraying them, were trying to hold the others from going back.

Shivering, undecided crowds stood before the factory gates.

"They're trying to cheat us," declared a pasty-faced man in a suit of pre-war date. "They are trying to play us off against one another, just because they know we are afraid of losing our place. They're telling other workers that we have already started work here. If we go in there, we're lost!"

"In there" meant the yawning archway leading into the cobbled works yard, inside which stood the timekeeper checking the names of those hardy—or timid—souls who braved the Communist pickets to register their willingness to work.

"Work starts to-morrow," said a heavy-jawed man at the door. "If you don't sign to-day, there's no use coming back to-morrow."

"Desperation!" growled a Communist at one, as I pointed out the great majority of workers signing on. "We are scared. With three million out of work—and it will be four million before this winter's done—we ain't got the nerve. Too many people want our jobs."

"Come along," said my friend. "It's nearly nine o'clock now. The cafés will be open again."

END

Joanna the Cruel

(*Continued from page* 31)

spoke at length, protesting her innocence in a speech designedly ill conceived and incoherently delivered. She relied on emotion rather than eloquence, and at the end of the audience found she had charmed the Pope to the view of a recantation of all his previous pronouncements. She supped with him and spoke of the oppressions and hardships which come to queens when they have no powerful friends. The Pope was entranced. In the morning she went away with the promise that the Supreme Pontiff would give her back her kingdom.

Joanna returned to Naples and found the Hungarians had fled. She fancied for a moment they were terrified of her approach, but afterwards was reluctantly forced to admit they had evacuated Naples in panic because of a plague. She was argeeably surprised to find that the Neapolitans who had, erstwhile, been so sullen now gavotted round her carriage with joy. She had yet to learn that her fickle subjects looked upon her as the lesser of two evils. The Hungarian soldiers had been unwelcome visitors. Their crude Northern instincts, which were moderately straightforward, ill assorted with the double-dealing spirit of the South. Besides, they were far too handsome. The Neapolitans found they stood very little chance with the ladies while the Hungarians were still with them. And love affairs were as essential as murder to the proper enjoyment of life to the mediæval Neapolitan.

LOUIS OF TARENTUM, her second husband, was crowned joint ruler of Naples, and then died abruptly. He was duly buried, and Joanna took a third spouse from among her lengthy assortment of paramours. The new king was James, King of Majorca. He, too, died abruptly, and Joanna selected Otho, Duke of Brunswick, to share her throne. But in spite of her four husbands, Joanna still remained without a male heir. She furthermore mourned the memory of two daughters who had not lived to womanhood. It was essential to perpetuate her family on the throne of Naples, which had been restored to her in such fantastic circumstances. She felt that her years—she was now fifty and no longer alluring—justified her thinking for herself. She therefore publicly named Louis, the Duke of Anjou, as her successor.

That was quite sufficient. The Duke of Durazzo, who was for preferment after the death of the childless Joanna, took immediate action. The very amenable Pope Clement was now no more, and an unsympathetic Pontiff graced the throne of St. Peter. He countenanced the cause of the Duke, and once again an army descended on the city of Naples. This time Joanna did not make good her escape. On the contrary, she was taken to Aversa, the city where the unhappy Andreas was assassinated, and thrown into prison.

They had a certain refinement in their tortures in the middle ages. They remembered past associations. The Duke of Durazzo sent an order on the morning of May 22nd, 1382, that Queen Joanna be strangled to death in the very gallery where the unhappy Andreas perished almost exactly thirty-seven years before.

END

Should Men Take the Blame?

(*Continued from page* 33)

nobody can logically be responsible [for the support of any other adult except for definite services rendered. This rider covers the case of wives who pull their own weight and more in the home which they make and maintain, often at a greater cost than can be translated in terms of pounds, shillings and pence.

But women have talked a great deal about "standing on their own feet," which for some incomprehensible reason they imagine a more agreeable position than sitting in somebody else's seat. Let them do it! I'm all for it, provided they don't ask some man to pay for the ground they stand on!

I would like to see women as decent about shouldering the responsibility for their failures as they are about all the difficulties placed in the way of their success.

THERE should be no more disgrace in divorce than there is in the dissolution of any other contract, provided neither partner attempts, sentimentally or financially, to exploit the other. But our divorce laws are the only ones which appear to have been especially enacted not only to encourage, *but to enforce sin.* Every judge on the bench is determined that somebody shall sin, not only in appearance but in fact, before that somebody can be freed from the exclusive rights vested in another.

It is all hopelessly illogical. Why, when two people can't get on, one of them should be obliged to go through the humiliating farce of a £5 night at an hotel, I can't conceive; but since, by statute, sin there must be, at least let the one who is to benefit most from it take the blame. Why should man always do it? Why should he support and maintain and shield and protect a woman who has no further use for him? It's odd, isn't it?

END

Island of Lost Souls

(*Continued from page* 27)

of the waves breaking on the rocks. France sends those who have been convicted as traitors to Devil's Island. Twice already a grievous error of justice has been made: first Dreyfus and then Henri Bellon. Bellon spent five years on the Ile du Diable. I talked with him about his experiences all through one never-to-be-forgotten night in Cayenne.

At dawn we came to Cayenne. It is a shameful town, run entirely by slavery, and the slaves are *white.* To Cayenne many of the *libérés* come when they have finished their time in the penitentiary. They arrive with a tiny flicker of hope in their bruised and broken hearts. In Cayenne, they think, they will be able to make a fresh start; they will find employment; they will earn enough money to pay their passages back to France when their time is done.

What happens? They come up against the citizens of Cayenne, who are for the most part half-castes. These citizens are the only people who can give them work, and they have formed themselves into the strongest employers' union in the world. Every member is sworn to one object—to see that no *libéré* shall ever earn enough money to pay his passage back to France. Cheap labour is convenient, and it costs nothing to bury a man out there.

On landing I made for the Café de Verdun, which is the local Ritz, kept by a mulatto woman. Though a steamer had come in, I noticed that not a soul had booked a room there, and the strangely deserted air of the place did not encourage me to stay, especially after the Arab waiter had told me he had been sent to Cayenne for murder. I then betook myself to the hospice of Les Sœurs de St. Paul de Chartes, as brave a band of missionary women as exist. In the hospice I found three parties of Belgian gold prospectors, none of whom were on speaking terms, a Chinese and a young French mining engineer. The Chink, the Frenchman and myself shared a room. A queer little Frenchman who never took his sun helmet off his bald head, day or night, was the hospice orderly, and waited on us.

LATE that night the young mining engineer and myself sat down to write letters by the light of a candle in a bottle. The orderly sat between us. The mining engineer was going back to Europe by the same boat that I was. Both of us were writing to our wives, and as we wrote we chatted to each other of the home-coming that awaited us. Suddenly I noticed that the orderly had put his head between his hands, his sun helmet had fallen off his poor old bald pate, his shoulders were shaking with terrible dry sobs. The young engineer laid a hand on his shoulder. He got up, sniffed, and stumbled out of the room.

"What was the matter?" I asked my companion.

"He is a convict. He is here for life. It was hearing us talk about our homes. He will never see his wife again; he has given me a letter to her."

Henri Bellon was a more cheerful soul. But then Bellon could throw his head back and look his fellows in the eye, for the conviction against him for treason had been quashed and he was a free man waiting to go back to France.

We drank rum together that night—Bellon and I rather deeply, I admit; but I was beginning to feel I needed it. I was becoming more mentally sick each moment. Wherever one went those *libérés* with their dreadful haunted eyes. Once a skeleton, still living, being wheeled in a barrow to the hospital. They do not often take a sick convict to the hospital until he is going to die.

The time came to leave Cayenne and go back to St. Laurent du Maroni. It could not be avoided. The *Biskra* called there; and besides, one might as well see the thing through now. The Commandant was going to show me over the penitentiary itself.

We began our tour in the timber yards where the hard labour gangs work. White men don't do manual labour in the tropics as a rule; it is done by coloured folk with white supervisors. But they do if they are sent out to La Guyane. White and black and copper coloured—they all work together in the same gang. It is not a pretty sight to see a white man working bare-backed in a mosquito-infested swamp, and because they are given no boots or socks their feet are lacerated by thorns and jiggers.

We went on to the prison itself, first visiting the isolation cells. Here conditions have been slightly improved. The dungeons, I understand, have been abolished; at least, I saw none. At one time men of bad character were put in dungeons that were completely dark. They were kept there for thirty days, then taken out for three, so that they should not lose their eyesight, and afterwards put back again.

We passed on to what they call the "cages." The "cages" are wooden block houses with overhead ventilation. By day they are left open. At night the convicts are shut up in them, forty men to each cage. There they are left till daybreak, and very dreadful things happen in those cages when night falls, and might becomes right among the men shut in.

It was nearly over now, thank God. Within an hour I should be back on board the *Biskra*, her bows headed for France.

It may be asked why it is allowed. The answer is that the French, who as a nation are neither cruel nor mean, have no idea that such a place exists. I have talked to many Frenchmen, and I know. Those who have seen it, such as certain officers of the French mercantile marine, will not speak of the place, for they consider it a blot on the honour of their splendid race.

END.

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“Ema, Ema, E”:

(*Continued from page* 41)

watching, through half-shut eyes, the tingling sparkle of the far-out breakers, listening to the velvet thunder of the reef, that was never long inaudible from any part of Lakomana, mused on these things, and came to no conclusion. “The natives know, but they can’t tell,” she thought. “Birds know—that tui-bird in the forest has been telling it all morning, but we can’t understand. Mark half knows; that’s what makes him unlike other people. Whatever it is, we throw our lives away for it—we who hear the call.”

She paused a moment. “And other lives, too,” she added slowly.

TWELVE thousand miles away, and ten hours earlier, Dick, at that moment, was waking to a wintry dawn, in the great bed where so many masters of Reeveshill had slept—but not alone. Dick was alone.

About the time of the little minute that lies between sleeping and waking, many folk, even the most commonplace, are clairvoyant. Dick Reeves, half awake in that sinister luckless dawn, saw a vision. It was in nothing like the iron world outside his window. It was a flashing view of sea and palms and sun, bright but indefinite, with two figures in the midst of it. Dick knew who they were. One was September. The other was a man.

The master of Reeveshill would have been cut in pieces rather than acknowledge to anything so absurd as a vision. Visions “weren’t done.” He told himself he had had a dream, and that it had upset him. He told nobody anything else. But the Cunard Company received a wire that afternoon, and two days later Dick Reeves sailed for New York, “on business.”

The boat in mid-ocean passed her sister ship, which happened to be carrying a letter for Dick; a letter from September, that was to wander the whole world over in search of him, and miss him at the last.

September, a little tired of waiting, waited on. And the season turned, swiftly, in Lakomana, from shining warm summer towards warm shining winter. The south-east began, and the steamer came.

Mark Seagoe was not on the boat. September was a little troubled; but only a little. There was another boat to follow soon; an extra sailing. That would certainly bring Mark. She had not heard from him since he reached England; there had been barely time for that. She knew that he meant to see the girl, tell the truth and “take what was coming,” ask for his freedom, and immediately return. He might be back in Lakomana before a letter could reach her.

Nevertheless, she went to the little post office, where to-day the whole white population of the island—some fifteen souls in all—was gathered together, looking for its mail.

There was no mail for September. Stay, on second thoughts, the postmaster opined there was something. Only a newspaper.

Some instinct made her take the paper, unopened, out to the breadfruit forest. You couldn’t be alone in the little tin hotel.

It turned out to be a copy of an evening paper. There were pictures of murderers in it; pictures of cricketers, pictures of brides. One, a snapshot taken on the steps of St. Margaret’s, Westminster, was headed—“To-day’s Society Wedding—Daughter of Well-known M.P. Weds Scion of Wealthy Family.” It had been a windy day when the snapshot was taken; the bride’s frock was blown away from her rather bandy little legs; her pinched, pretty face was partly obscured by the flying veil, but even so, one could read its expression of half-frightened triumph; one could see that she was saying to herself: “Mine—after all!” Rather brutal, that snapshot; but so are many wedding pictures brutal.

The bridegroom’s face was turned a little away; hard to see its expression. But it was Mark. No need to look at the caption; that screamed out his name. . . .

Round the picture was a scar of red pencil. Someone had sent that to September. Someone who knew her address. There could be only one person who knew it—surely? She picked up the torn wrapper, and looked at the handwriting. Not his. Hers, then. She had picked and pried to find the address—never, never had it been given her!—and sent off the paper, probably on the very day it was published.

What did that matter? What did any picture, or paper, or piece of news in the whole world matter? The world had come to an end.

There was no one in the breadfruit forest; no one on the windy beach beyond.

Lips and closed eyes pressed down among the crackling dead leaves, hands clenched in the damp earth beside her, September silently endured the greatest pain that her seven-and-twenty years had known. She felt physically sick; she panted; she was cold.

“He might have written,” she thought dully, looking at the celadon-green sea. A sudden memory of Tinavai Atoll, the blinding emerald and the blinding snow of it, came to stab her. No one would live there now.

It was late before she went back to the tin hotel, but she had found herself; could hold her head up, smile a little, join in the unending, never varying steamer talk.

They said there would be another boat in three days. They said it wasn’t much of a boat, and that the company ought to put on something better. They said she would take passengers and mails, if any, and drop them at Pango-Pango for the mail steamer.

September, determinedly eating food that tasted of nothing, heard this. “I shall have time to get my things washed and packed,” she thought. And then—“For where?”

There was no answer in her mind. There was none, even on steamer day, when, packed and ready, she went down once more to the breadfruit forest, to sit by the beach and see the boat come in. The “Ducie” would not sail till near sundown. She had plenty of time. All the time in the world. For what?

No answer to that, either. A question jumped into her mind from God knows where. “Is Dick feeling like this, now that he’s got my letter?”

Was she going to marry Dick? “Well,” she thought, tracing figures on the sand with her sunshade, “one has to do something—or drown oneself. I wonder wouldn’t I rather drown?”

Somebody bent over her, and took the sunshade out of her hand. She looked up, and it was Mark Seagoe.

Out of a thousand things she might have said, she found this one only—“Did you come by the steamer?”

He did not answer her. He said, “Put that away, and I’ll sit down.” He sat down on the sand.

She wondered if—Dorothy—was on the boat. Mark was capable of anything. He was taking out a cigarette now, hunting in his matchbox. How like him!

“Have you a match?” he said sharply. And then, without preliminary: “She held me to it.”

“So I gathered,” said a cool voice beside him. “There’s your match.”

“She did. They all did. She said I’d asked for my freedom, and she thought it best for me not to give it. She said I didn’t know my own mind. She said I’d promised. She showed me the ring. She said—they said—people would say there was scandal in it. They drove me in—like beaters. They fixed the wedding. Sent out the cards.” He puffed at his cigarette, burning it like tinder. “I said, ‘Do you know I don’t love you? Do you know I love another woman?’ She said, ‘I do know, and I refuse to let you ruin your life.’ She said you’d thrown Reeves over for a caprice, and you’d throw me. I won’t tell you what else—I nearly hit her. She said, ‘You’ll come back to me, after we’re married.’ I said, ‘The hell I will!’ Even then, she wouldn’t. It was an awful day, raining and blowing. We came down the steps in a sort of blizzard, and they snapshotted us, and had it out the same afternoon in the evening papers.”

“Yes—I——”

“We drove back to their house. We had the breakfast, and a speech or two, and she cut the cake, and she went and changed into her travelling frock. I had my saloon at the door, and my own chauffeur. I handed her in, told the man ‘Waterloo,’ banged the door, and——”

“Oh!” It was almost a scream.

“I’d a man I’d once saved from jail, waiting behind, in a sports car that could do ninety without turning a hair. We chucked London behind us like an apple peel. That night I was on the ‘Cedric,’ boring full speed into an Atlantic gale, and thanking God. And—that’s all.”

All! More fully than ever September realised that Mark was the dangerous kind; a man who would do anything. Into what sort of a tangle had he flung his life, and hers, and the wretched Dorothy’s?

“I think you’re cruel,” broke from her, almost without her will.

Mark had finished his cigarette, smoking furiously. It was the only sign he gave of any feeling.

“I wanted to be,” was his curt reply.

“But——”

“I made my will; settled half of everything on her. Signed it immediately after the wedding. What does she want? She’s got my name, and my property, and everything but me. And I—don’t belong—to—her.”

Silence. It seemed to September that she had stopped breathing.

“The thing is,” said Mark, tapping out the end of his cigarette on a stone, “the thing is—will you come to Tinavai with me?”

He might have been asking her if she would go to the pictures. But she could see that his face, beneath its golden tan, had turned white with the rapid beating of his heart.

“Will she divorce you?” asked September. Words came heavily, each one weighed down with its own load of fate.

“Not a chance. Her people would make her hang on to the money. . . . Alimony’s never as much. Will you come to Tinavai with me?”

She opened her mouth to say “Yes,” and said instead—as if someone had been dictating the words to her—

“I can’t possibly.”

Mark, looking away, said:

“I rather thought as much.”

She wanted to say: “Then why did you do it?” but her voice seemed to have lost itself, and besides, what was the use? Mark Seagoe was, always had been, incalculable.

Incalculable or not, he seemed to be able to calculate her, estimate his chances, clearly enough. He was silent for quite a minute, and then he spoke.

“Are you going to marry Johnny?”

“That’s not his name.”

“Are you?” His hand had crossed the quarter-inch interval now; was holding hers firmly down. His face was close to hers.

“Don’t,” she said quickly. “There’s someone coming.”

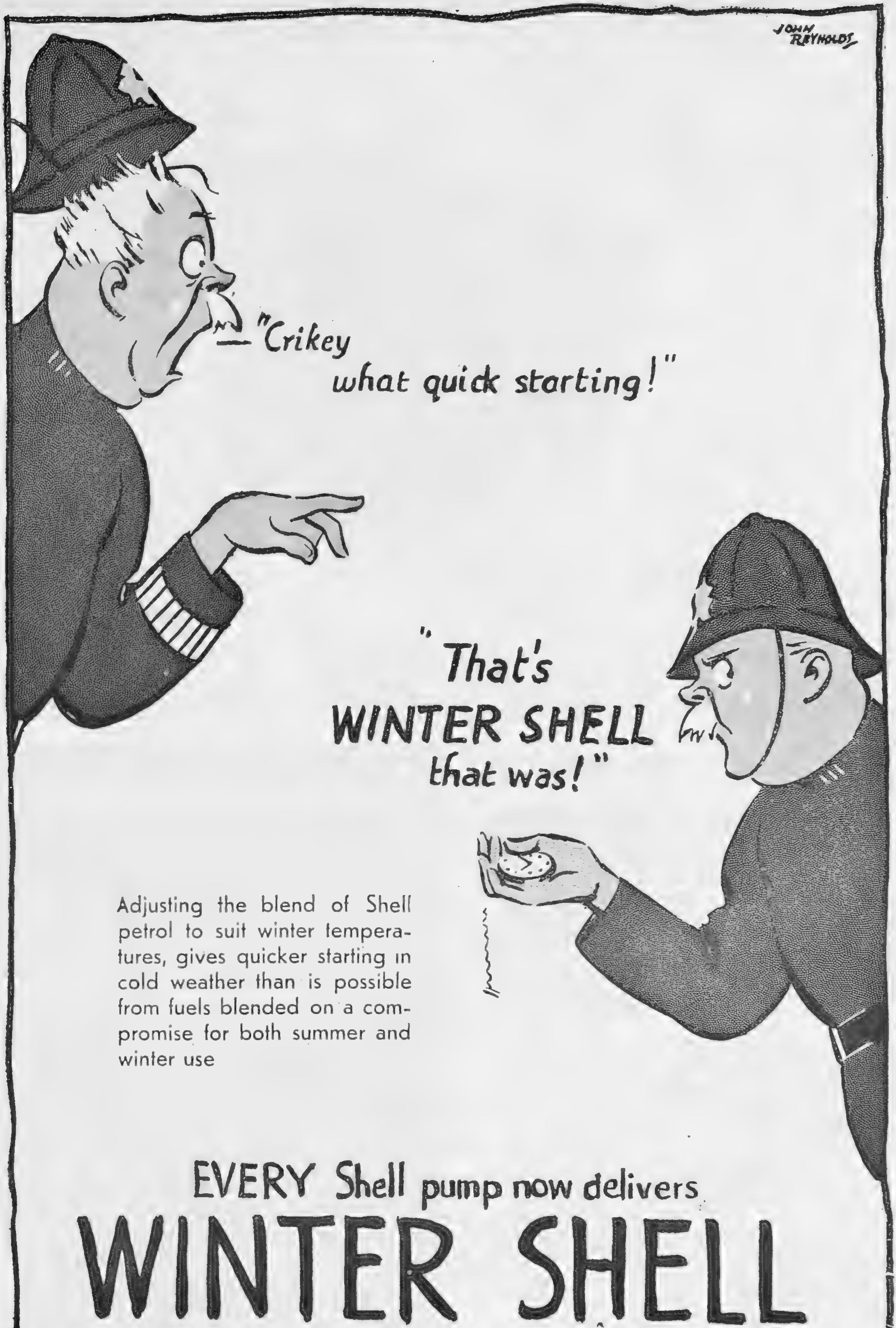
She heard him quietly curse the invader, before she saw who it was. A native boy from the hotel. A light-footed, smiling youth, in a green pareu, with a telegram in his hand. “Came by the boat,” he explained and, singing, went away.

September opened it, and Mark, with his usual disregard of conventional manners, read it over her shoulder. It was signed “Reeves,” and announced, from mid-ocean, her fiance’s intention of meeting her at Pango-Pango, Samoa, whence her last letters had been dispatched.

“What are you going to do?” asked Mark again, and she could only answer: “For God’s sake, go.”

“Do you really mean that?” he asked her. “Because, if

(*Continued on page* 96)


JOHN REYNOLDS
"Crikey what quick starting!"
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I go, it's goodbye for good. She'll never die. And you'll never go home. You can't. The islands have you. It's like that with some. Hereward Shaw. And me. And you. You'll never, never sleep again out of hearing of the sound of the reef."

"Very well, then," answered September, roused to sudden bitterness—"if I do, I'll sleep alone."

Seagoe rose to his feet, and bowed slightly.

"That being the case," he said, "as the boat goes this afternoon, I'll take back my berth on her, and cease to trouble you."

"Perhaps you'll be good enough," she said breathlessly, "to take a cable down to Pango-Pango for me."

He handed her his pencil and an old envelope.

She wrote on it: "Please do not come. Useless," and directed it to Reeves, at San Francisco.

Mark Seagoe put the paper in his pocket, barely glancing at it. It seemed to have no interest for him.

"I believe," he said, "there are several thousand islands in the Pacific. Room for choice."

"I'm going to buy Tinavai," she said, still hurriedly. There was so little time, just these few minutes, in all her life. Just now, to look at Mark's brown face and black eyes.

"By all means," said Mark. ("He is terribly angry. He will never forgive me. He doesn't forgive women—anything," she thought, in the same breathless hurry; for really he was going now.)

"Goodbye," he said, and did not take her hand, and was gone.

September sat quite still for a long time after he had left. Then she rose, and said to herself, with stiff lips, "I suppose I'd better go—and unpack my things."

IT took a long time to purchase Tinavai. It was eight months before she knew herself the owner of the atoll, and more trouble and money had been sunk in the business than she cared to think about. But now she had the place she was entitled, South Sea fashion, to call herself Shaw of Tinavai.

Then one evening, as she stood on the verandah of her little brown thatched house, looking out over the marvel of sunset on the lagoon, a vision came to her of dark wet roads with motor-cars speeding over them. Of meets on Drakeshill Moor. Of the sea wall, and the climbing houses, and the people who lived in them, and the green, wet country beyond. Of a country house where a kind heart and a true lived lonely.

In all the glory of the seas, in the wonder and the adventure and the wild dream realised, of this life that she was leading, was there enough to fill the blank left by the loss of all one's kind?

September stayed long on her verandah that evening, watching the tulip-rose-coloured water fade to steel, and later darken to black crystal shot with a thousand fires.

Next morning somebody passing by called in from Lakomana, and brought a magazine for September. . . .

September put it on the table, and decided to read it later, not knowing that for the second time in her life Fate had stretched out a hand through the pages of a newspaper. The day was half done before she picked it up, and carelessly glanced through it.

When she had read half through, she put it down, and a wild peal of laughter rang through the little brown house; so wild and strange that the cook-boy came trotting in from the kitchen, and put his black silky head, adorned with flowers, round the corner of the doorpost.

He saw nothing to alarm him, and returning, told his mate that the Missus was all right; probably had been kai-kai-ing "plenty wisk"—all white people did so, now and then, though indeed they had never caught the Missus at it.

September was reading over, for the third time, one of the gossipy paragraphs that were the *Prattler's* speciality; still laughing as she did so, though tears seemed to be very near.

"A little bird tells me of the most charmingly romantic marriage lately arranged between a lovely divorcée and a wealthy West Country squire, both being well known to London society. The lady was the heroine of an extraordinary desertion case nearly three years ago; readers will remember the remarkable circumstances, which actually reversed the tale of 'Young Lochinvar'—in this case, the bride being left behind. Although supposed to be inconsolable, she obtained her freedom, lately, at the instance of the squire aforesaid, he having been equally victimised with herself, and by the same person. It is said that the two had never met until lately, and that their mutual misfortune instantly formed a bond. We wish them happiness."

September was very human. The house-boy, coming to sweep her living room later on, found the floor strewn with torn-up paper—namely, one *Prattler* torn up very small. He never knew what September, half laughing, half crying, had said, as she ripped the paper and stamped on flying pieces. Otherwise, his opinion of himself as a man, and of the whole male sex in general, might have been somewhat disturbed.

Seeing that, whatever the cause, the storm-cone was certainly raised, he went back into his kitchen, and solaced his mate and himself with song.

"Don't sing that war-chant," complained the helper, "it is enough to have the chieftainess angry, without further disturbing the very air. Sing something pleasant."

An islander is always willing to oblige. Solofanua, sitting down to have full scope for his time beating, burst without further preliminary into the best-known song of all. The helper joined him. A long way off, on the other side of the atoll, the plantation people heard, and sent their voices and the voices of the wives, tenor, alto, soprano and deep bass, bounding across the clear lagoon like skipping-stones on a pond. And what they sang was something that they did not understand, but that nevertheless was the very sap and marrow of their island lives. And the first words of it, so far as anyone could hear, were "Ema, Ema, E!"

September, sitting with her pencil doubtfully poised over a pad of telegraph forms, looked up, listened, laughed, and sighed a little. The pencil began to work.

"Solofanua," she called, "you will take this in the launch to Lakomana to-morrow, in time for the steamer."

"What is in it?" asked the cook's helper curiously, by and by.

Solofanua, who could read, and who, incidentally, had his kettles boiling, told the helper, in a minute or two.

"Nothing much," he said, disappointedly. "Just an address, and two words. 'Come, September.'"

END

The German Girl—and her Grandmother:

(*Continued from page 51*)

ANOTHER type of Germany's bread-winning class, the daughter of a family completely ruined by the inflation, was the secretary of the *Verkehr's* bureau in a famous thousand-year-old town. All day long she sat in her little bureau receiving travellers, and for the good of the town giving them help, advice, and pamphlets.

At slack *verkehr* moments we sometimes inveigled her to coffee in a queer old house covered with carved saints. She told us of her precious holiday—two weeks in the Tyrolean mountains.

"Alone? Why not? With *rücksack*, mountain boots, and an axe, off I go by train to the Tyrol. One day's walk brings me to an *alm* where one can put up for the night, and there I wait about to join up with an experienced party of climbers. I scan the various newcomers, taking an appraising glance at their calf muscles.

"'Can I come "*mit*"?' I say to the leader of the most earnest-looking group. He studies the set of my neck, the workmanlike cut of my mountain breeks, and hefts my ice-axe critically.

"'Lift up your feet,' he orders, 'Yes. Boot-soles are all right. No mountain teeth missing there. You seem to know your job. Tie yourself on.' And we all tramp away upwards without another word."

THE modern woman is, however, only beginning to make herself felt in Germany. The brilliantly painted old houses of the small towns are still presided over by sober *hausfraus* who cherish as thrones of honour the family sofas on which their most important guests must be installed in state.

We lived as paying guests in the house of an impoverished painter who, on account of hard times, was forced to barter his pictures for food. Through all the vicissitudes of inflation and ruin his wife had conserved the stiff ceremonials of German middle-class life.

"Will you deign to descend and partake of coffee?" she would say, knocking at our door instead of ringing a peremptory gong.

"Will you be so worthy of love as to try this cutlet?" was her dinner ritual, and when my husband politely passed the potatoes she lauded the carefulness of his upbringing. From these heights of courtesy, instead of saying grace before meat, she would descend with the ejaculation:

"Grip into it."

Our hostess's cooking was most palatable. Our *pension* terms were four and a half marks a day, and we enjoyed an ever-varying menu of new and interesting dishes, which, alas, she brought one day to a conclusion with a gigantic tart made of custard, sugar, and onions.

Economical pressure was forcing the mother to bring up her daughter as an apothecary. Instead of mixing custard and onions, her long, lanky girl was experimenting at school with sulphuretted hydrogen.

Her mother bewailed modernity as it was destroying the old virtue of saving.

"Nowadays girls are so expensive to dress," she grumbled. "They must all have the same things—gym shoes, *rücksacks*, canoe trousers. All that money used to go into the savings box for the future trousseau."

The peasant women have not changed much. Exercise is no new thing for them, as they have always worked on the land.

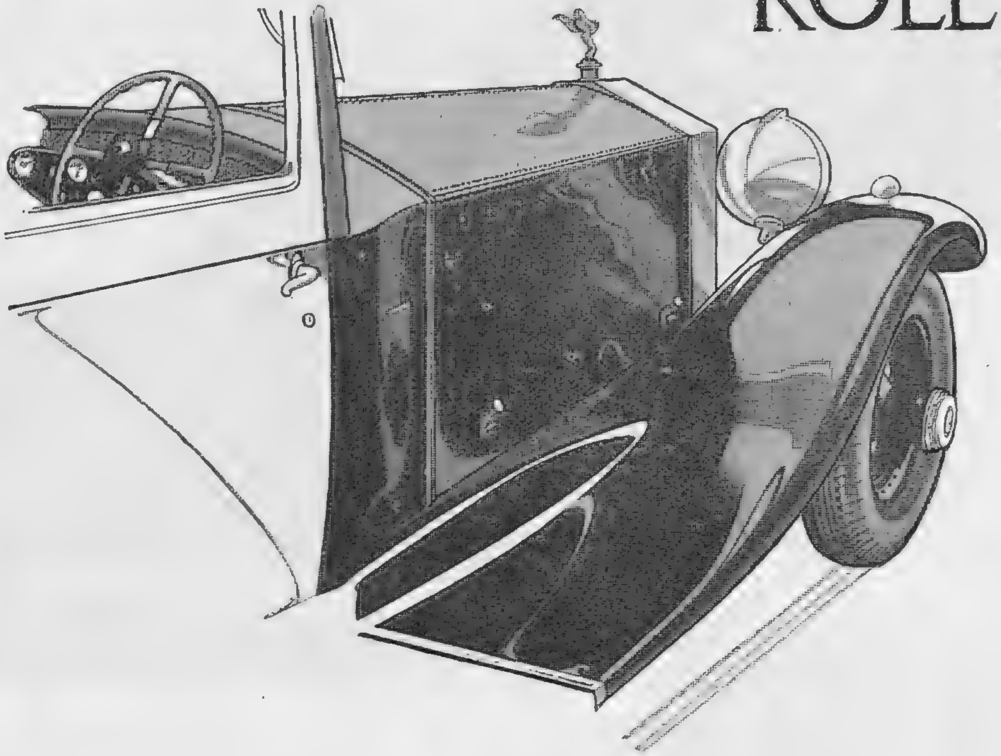
In the far corners of the Bavarian Tyrol engagement is still considered so binding a ceremony that while living in their father's houses they may have five or six healthy children without being looked on askance. The young couples remain faithful, and as soon as their united savings can run to a separate home there is a gay wedding, and the bride removes with her chest of drawers and flock of children to a hard and sparing future.

That witty man Whistler was the first to suggest that Nature imitates Art. By this he meant no more than that one's eyes learn to see aspects of Nature after Art has pointed them out. But, oddly enough, Fashion proves herself to be stronger than Art, and Nature does seem to follow Fashion. Comparing the wasp-waisted ladies of the 'eighties with the bean-poles of to-day, one could hardly imagine that they belonged to the same species, or, indeed, to the same family. The whole change that has come over the German woman is notably marked in her physique. The full-bosomed, short-legged German frau has not only flattened, but lengthened in the leg to an extraordinary extent.

And with the lengthening of the leg there is no doubt that much of her old sentimentality has gone. She is no longer the plump, simpering dependent whose head has been stuffed with ideas of mawkish love till it suffers from a kind of fatty degeneration of the emotions.

She has become the athletic rival of men, voting against them and competing with them in the hunt for occupation. But the development is so recent that the reaction of the German man to the change has hardly yet become vocal.

END



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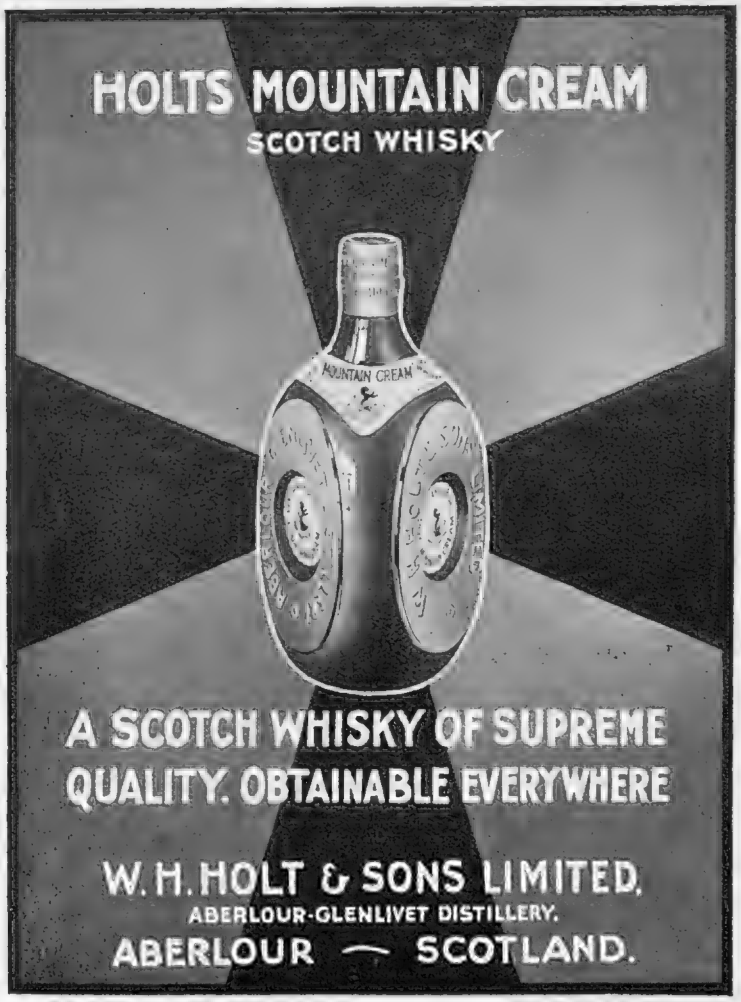
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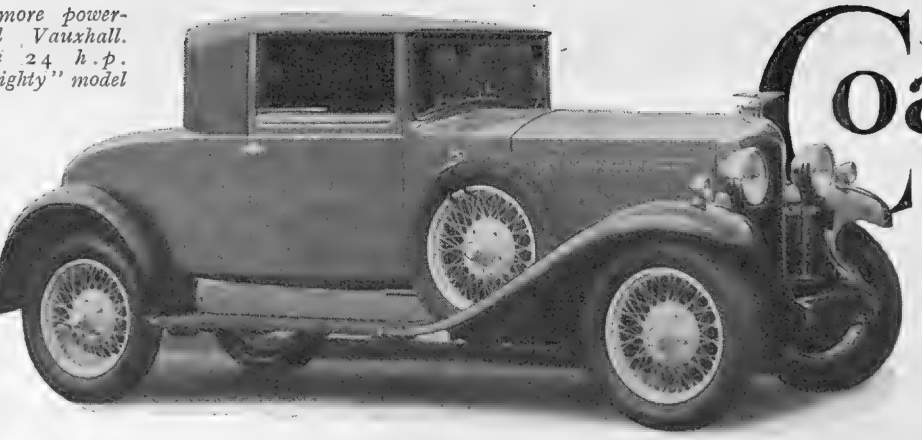
Coachwork of 1931

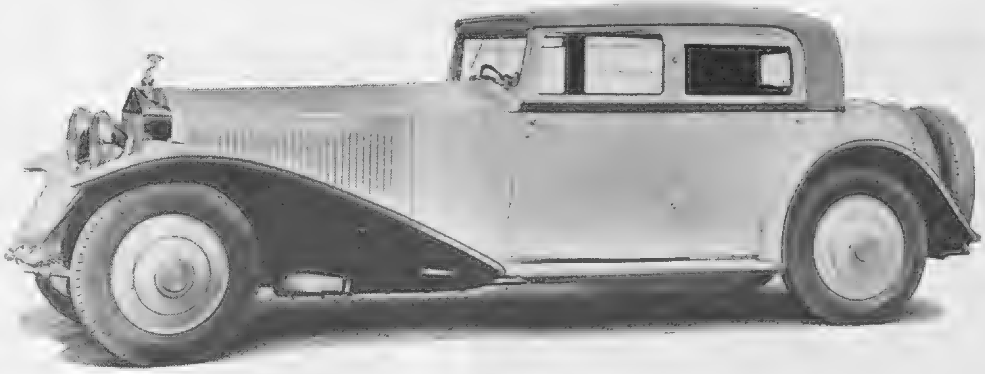


A more powerful Vauxhall. The 24 h.p. "Eighty" model

THE average motorist, I believe, is very far from being an unappreciative person. He readily becomes an enthusiast, or even a whole-hearted partisan, when some new chassis captures his imagination. It is, for instance, almost an everyday occurrence to hear two owners wrangling good-humouredly over the road performance of their respective cars. "Of course, mine needs decarbonising now, but I can still get eighty out of her." "Ah, but what sort of acceleration do you get? Now mine——"

They will carry on like this for half an hour at a stretch, but for some reason the talk will always be of m.p.h. and r.p.m. and m.p.g., gear ratios and other technicalities. Hardly ever does the coachwork enter into the discussion, and it is the rarest thing in the world to hear So-and-so's bodies claimed to be the most comfortable, the ugliest, or the best value on the market. Coachwork is taken for granted, and only the freakish type of body attracts enough attention to be a source of argument.

I have always felt that the coachbuilder, in this respect, is rather badly treated. In a very unobtrusive way, he does a great deal for our comfort, and we should not hesitate to turn and rend him if the general standard of his work failed to satisfy our expectations. Actually, there is a tremendous amount of interest to be found in the study of his art, in his efforts to keep always abreast of the times, and in his ingenious combination of the luxurious and the practical.



High speed with comfort is the aim of this Rolls-Royce Continental Touring Saloon. It is definitely a fast car, although the traditional Rolls-Royce qualities have in no way been sacrificed

ONE interesting coachwork question at the present time is whether the fabric body is, or is not, going out of fashion. A great many practical motorists will always be faithful to fabric. It looks particularly well when kept in good condition, and it gives little or no trouble to clean. On the other hand, it is, of course, much more difficult to renovate when it is worn or damaged. It does not stand heat well, and I have just found it necessary to strip the fabric from the bonnet of my own car while it is still in excellent order elsewhere.

For coachwork of the sporting type, however, the demand for the fabric body is still as strong as ever. It is only in luxury coachwork that it is declining. If one goes into the showrooms of a firm which specialises in building the luxurious town carriage, one finds that there is hardly a fabric body to be seen. The only exception is made by one historic house in the case of a very handsome Sedanca which has a fabric top. It is chiefly in the low-built sports saloon that fabric reigns supreme.

Luxury coachwork nowadays seems to favour almost entirely the Sedanca and the Limousine de Ville. There are a great many variations, but always on the same general theme, and practically every closed car has its folding extension over the driver's seat. This, it may be said, is what the words "de Ville" imply. The old Coupé de Ville, thank goodness, is no longer fashionable. It was always an irritating type, with its immense length of scuttle and minute compartment for passengers perched over the back axle. It was a French design, and its English successors are very much more practical, having as much space inside as any other closed cars. The Landaulette also is practically dead, although its influence is still seen in the dummy irons sometimes fitted to the conventional fixed head.

SPEAKING of French importations, it is interesting to note how frequently the English coachbuilder is influenced by a French idea, and how he gradually adapts it to suit the English taste. I have mentioned how Paris produced the "de Ville" type, and how it has since been evolved in this country on practical lines. I remember also how the first fabric bodies came to us from France. They were then built quite square, and looked like Cubist drawings come to life, but were soon afterwards developed by English designers into the graceful saloons which are still popular to-day.

AN interesting and, I think, an attractive fashion is now developing for running boards which are separate from the wings. There is, after all, no particular reason why the wings and running boards should extend the whole length of the car. The close-fitting wing is more efficient, and the running boards serve no useful purpose except when immediately underneath the doors. The separation of these units is not entirely a new idea, having previously been used in sports cars, but it is only recently that I have seen it applied to the luxury types. Flared wings appear to be less popular, probably owing to the fact that they usually do not give such good protection.

It will be interesting to see how soon the separate running board will be adopted generally by the trade. One of the hardships of the exclusive coachbuilder is the continuous struggle to remain exclusive. He gets an idea, he develops it, and it becomes popular. Instantly it is seized upon by the mass producer, and very shortly it is utilised by almost every maker, especially, as in this case, where production costs are not increased. Then, of course, the exclusive builder has to begin all over again with another of his exclusive brain-waves.

WHEN it is a question of sheer luxury, the exclusive designer naturally has a clear field. The man who is prepared to pay £2,000 for a chassis is not going to grumble at having to pay another £1,000 for a body which shall be worthy of it, and thus there is practically no financial limit to the coachbuilder's ambitions. It is possible nowadays to buy a car with a complete cocktail cabinet attached, or a cupboard fitted with a decanter and a syphon. For a small extra charge, the makers would probably fill the decanter!

Many of these ultra-luxurious bodies are built to the purchaser's private design, and a large and very interesting part of the high-class coachbuilder's business consists of carrying out these special orders. In many cases, needless to say, some tact is required in watering down the client's over-exuberant ideas, but the finished product is generally a very creditable compromise, and its originality renders it doubly pleasing to its owner.

Moreover, the owner driver can be certain of getting a driving position which is the epitome of comfort, since the controls can be modified where necessary and the front seat literally "made to measure."

The Silver Crossley: £50 reduction

Crossley Motors Limited, Gorton, Manchester, announce that the price of their new 15.7 h.p. six-cylinder Silver Crossley saloon car has been reduced from £545 to £495.

New Styles and Refinements

By The Earl of Cardigan

"Beauty at the wheel" is the obvious title for this picture of Miss Leila Hyams of film fame

The New FORD

A Cheap Car with a really fine Performance

A 24 h.p. Ford cabriolet passing through Midhurst. Lord Cardigan describes the many merits and remarkable road-performance of the new Ford on this page

I HAVE never found it easy to form an absolutely fair and unbiassed judgment of a car which differs widely from the ordinary run. Personal preferences must not be over-stressed, and yet there is no generally accepted standard on which an opinion can be based. This difficulty confronts me once again in writing of the new Ford, a car which, on the English market at any rate, may be said to be unique.

If I am to take as my criterion the best possible combination of low price and high performance, then I am bound to write an article which will be almost lyrical. Never before has the public been offered a £200 car (several models sell at £185) with so truly impressive a reserve of speed and power. I do not think I shall be exaggerating when I say that this car's acceleration is equal to that of quite a few "sports models" even when, as in the case of the saloon loaned to me, it has done the equivalent of two years' ordinary running.

It would not be altogether fair to stress the fact that it can make rings round any cheap family car of British manufacture. Our cars are built for home conditions, and their design is largely influenced by the question of taxation. Thus the Ford's 24 h.p. engine, which will give it an immense advantage in every other country in the world, may be a rather dubious asset to it here. This has, of course, been realised, and a special 15 h.p. engine is supplied at an additional cost of £5.

The smaller engine, being sold in far smaller numbers, actually costs more to produce. Thus the British public has the felicity of paying Mr. Ford £5 extra to supply it with a less efficient car!!

TO return to the 24 h.p. Ford, and to deal with its merits as a car and not as an instrument for dodging Mr. Snowden, the secret of its remarkable performance does not lie entirely with the big horsepower developed. It is also due to the lightness of the complete car, or rather to the combination of these two qualities which is known as the power-weight ratio. I do not know exactly what the Ford's power-weight ratio may be, but it is obviously very greatly superior to that of any cheap car which is built on conventionally English lines. The body is little larger and, I suppose, no heavier than one which we should ask a 9 or 12 h.p. engine to propel.

A few months ago, while engaged on quite a different matter, I was able to make an excellent test of its maximum speed. I was driving a Rolls-Royce from Biarritz to Paris, and was pursued by a French Ford owner. Cruising at 60 m.p.b., I was quite unable to shake off the pursuit. At 75 m.p.h. I succeeded in drawing ahead, but as soon as I reverted to the more modest mile a minute the Ford would creep up and be on my heels again. It followed me for miles at something between 60 and 70 m.p.h., and apparently enjoyed it.

The steering is very light, and has quite an extraordinary lock. I was told that the turning circle is only just in excess of that laid down for taxis, and I can quite believe it. The springing is interesting, being of the familiar Ford transverse type, and certainly prevents any tendency to roll. In the car which I drove, it was somewhat too flexible at speed, but shock absorbers are fitted, and these can no doubt be readily adjusted to individual requirements. Of the brakes there is little to be said, since these act efficiently but unobtrusively.

A FEATURE of the chassis which impressed me very favourably was the consideration which has been given to the owner driver. Every unit is accessible, and all running repairs can be carried out with the minimum of trouble. There is an exceptionally efficient tool-kit, and it is noteworthy that in many cases a single tool, say a double-ended spanner, will do all the possible jobs within a certain section of the chassis. A small, typical point is the metal connections between the distributor and sparking plugs. No "shorting" is possible, and they can be instantly removed. Where wiring is used, each cable has its distinctive colour.

Only the interior fittings are susceptible to criticism. I am afraid that I shall never get to like the plush or cloth material which is used in American upholstery. Of the chassis, however, disregarding the artificial expense which taxation introduces, it is hardly possible to speak except in terms of praise.

Be *kind* to your Battery

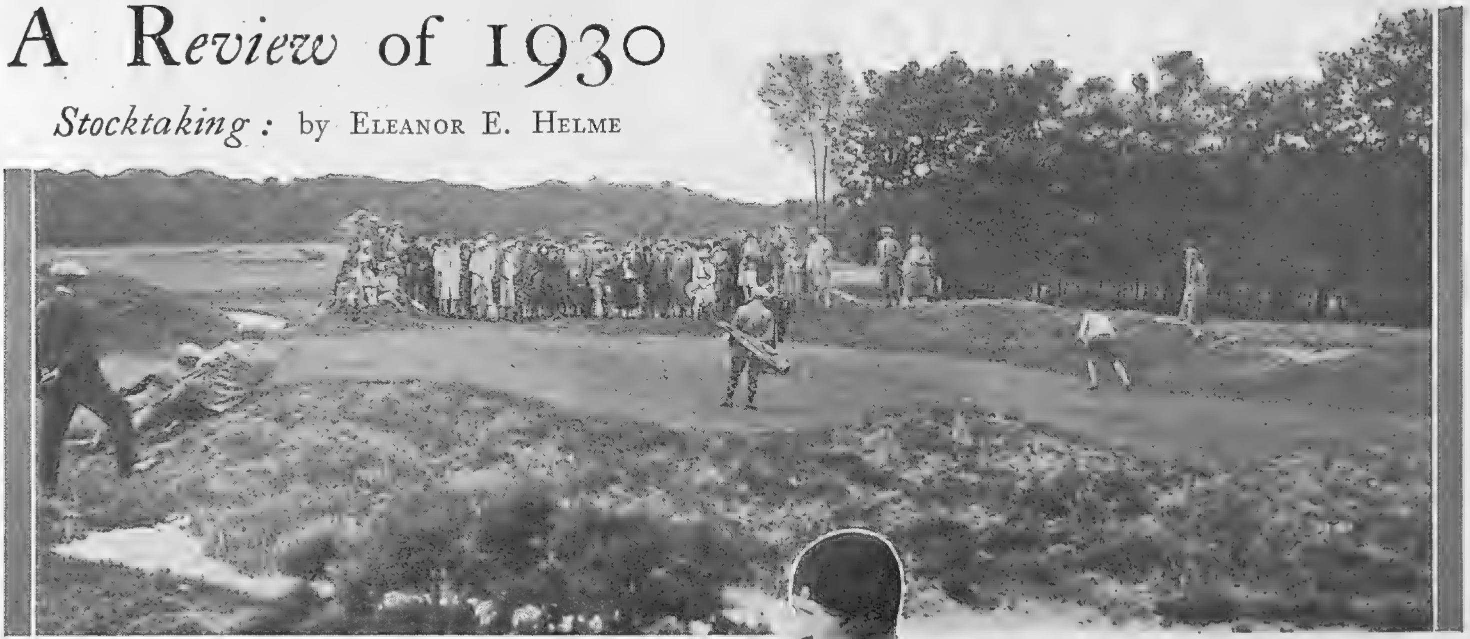
AT this stage of the winter the battery of the average car is beginning to feel the strain of its exceptionally heavy duties, but it is still possible to keep it in fairly good order by a little additional care.

In the morning, for instance, a few turns by hand will relieve the self-starter of having to break down the stickiness of a dead cold engine. The starter should be used in short bursts only. If the engine does not fire at once, it is clear that something is amiss. To go on turning will not put the trouble right. I have, however, known a lady run her battery right down, when the only trouble was a lack of petrol in the tank.

Naturally, a lot depends on "topping up" the battery at frequent intervals to the correct level, with the water just covering the plates. This is important at any time, but particularly important now.

A *Review* of 1930

Stocktaking: by ELEANOR E. HELME



Woodhall Spa—where BRITANNIA AND EVE'S *Northern Foursomes will be played on April 14th and following days in 1931*

HERE endeth 1930, and the obvious duty of the careful historian is to sit down and think over the events of the year. What have been the chief characteristics? What are the outstanding names? Is the standard of play on the upward or downward grade? One thing has certainly been noticeable. It has been a bad year for holders. All the championship cups of major importance have changed hands, so have all BRITANNIA AND EVE Foursomes—a splendid state of things, which shows how keen is competition.

Then it has been a year for the young players, who have come to the fore in greater numbers, as well as greater strength, than perhaps at any time during the last twenty years. Nothing could be better for the game. Old players we may want for the encouragement of the young; for a certain solidity of outlook on golfing problems; for the most responsible positions of management and captaincy. But if golf is to go on—let alone go forward—then the young player is essential, and the old players, instead of carping and criticising if manners and methods are different from their own, should do their very best to help the newcomers to find their feet.

Take the championships first. The Open, the English, the Scottish, the Welsh, the French are all held by players who have not yet completed their quarter-century. The Open and the English Champions indeed have not yet reached their majority. The EVE Ranelagh Foursomes, of all events the one where age and experience might be expected to hold their own, are held by a pair whose combined ages total only thirty-seven. In County Championships much the same story prevails. The Kent, the Lincoln, the Dorset, to mention only a few; in all of them it is youth to the fore.

Which of these youthful names are going to go down in history when the immediate events of 1930 are forgotten? What place, for instance, is the Open Champion, Miss Diana Fishwick, going to hold in golfing annals? Hers was a very wonderful record, to be runner-up in the English in the autumn of 1929 and to win the Open itself six months later, in the final beating Miss Glenna Collett, who had already put out Miss Molly Gourlay and Miss Enid Wilson. A sprained ankle robbed us of the chance of seeing how Miss Fishwick's golf would stand success and whether she would be capable of adding the English Championship to her laurels. Her style has been frequently criticised. Luck has been attributed to her in large proportion. Granted that nobody can go through championships without a certain amount of luck on their side, it is quite ridiculous to ascribe two consecutive successes to luck alone. Miss Diana Fishwick stands where she does because she plays extremely consistent golf and because she has supreme faith in her ability so to do.

In Miss Enid Wilson, as English Champion, we have a young golfer of wide experience, of well-controlled power, of all-round ability. It may be questioned whether she will ever have the brilliance of either Miss Wethered or Miss Leitch, but that she can go on playing round after round of high quality, nobody will dispute.

Miss Jestyn Jefferies, Welsh Champion

Mrs. Andrew Holm, Scottish Champion

Mrs. J. B. Walker, Irish Champion

Mme. Rene Lacoste, French Champion

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, herself a keen golfer and well known to "Eve" Foursome-ites as a presenter of their cups

BRILLIANCE is one of the features of the golf played by Mrs. Andrew Holm, the young Scottish Champion, who played as much impressive golf in winning the Scottish as perhaps any champion of the year has shown. What is more, she has kept up that standard almost without a break ever since, so that it really seems as if, in her, Scotland has a potential Open Champion again.

Miss Jestyn Jefferies, the Welsh Champion, has less experience than Mrs. Holm, and less length, but she has a very attractive swing. She played with rare courage at Maesdu and showed herself a great little fighter. She, too, may well raise the standard of golf in her country. That has already been done in France by Mme. Rene Lacoste, who was Mlle. Simone Thion de la Chaume when she won the French at St. Germain last June.

As for the Girls', it is all in accordance with the rest of 1930 that the youngest competitor, Miss Pauline Doran, aged 15, should have been the winner.

The Irish Championship went to Mrs. J. B. Walker, a seasoned golfer, although her apprenticeship to the game has been more intensive than long. But in Ireland, too, there seems a goodly number of young golfers coming on who, it is to be hoped, will give a taste of their quality at Portmarnock, when the Open is played there next year.

England retains the International Shield and International Cup. Surrey have regained the English County Championship, Ayrshire the Scottish. Addington hold the Pearson Cup and Star Trophy.

Turning especially to BRITANNIA AND EVE events: the Northern Foursomes went to Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw; Spring Medal to Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Dorothy Pearson; the Scottish to Lady Alness and Miss Leetham; the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh to Miss Diana and Miss Lulu Esmond; at Roehampton to Miss Hartopp and Miss Evershed.

Miss Gourlay and Major Hezlet retained the Worplesdon Foursomes. Major Hezlet and Miss Rabbidge scored a Royal Mid-Surrey success in the Camberley Heath Inter-Club Mixed Foursomes.

What of the standard of play in 1930? The golf is very long, on the whole it is very good, and in Miss Wanda Morgan, Mrs. Andrew Holm and, possibly, Miss Sylvia Bailey we have three young players who should be capable of climbing any height. None of these may become a Miss Wethered, because geniuses do not grow on blackberry bushes, but they and many another seem well fitted to keep up the standard which must undoubtedly be maintained if we are to hold our own against another American invasion. We have repelled that American invasion again for one more year, but how long we can go on remains to be seen. The clubs have failed so far to raise sufficient money to put international golf on a sound financial basis, and international matches are therefore still a thing of the future. Until the economic situation rights itself, we can hardly wonder at, however much we may regret, the failure to raise the large sum of money required.

The 13th green at Gullane, where the "Britannia & Eve" Scottish Foursomes will be played June 16th — 19th, 1931

This Year

By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Pauline Doran, the Girl Champion for 1930

HAVING rung out the old, let us now ring in the new. 1931 is going to be a thoroughly interesting year. For the first time the Open Championship will be held in the Irish Free State, on that most glorious of courses, Portmarnock. And for the first time there is to be a qualifying round, thirty-six holes of medal play with sixty-four to qualify. Some say St. George's Channel and fear of not qualifying will between them keep down the entries to below sixty-four. If so, much heartburning and many rounds will be saved. It will be interesting to see what happens when players are confronted with medal play as a part of their championship.

Competitors in Britannia & Eve Foursomes have very pleasing prospects for 1931. The Northern are to be played at Woodhall Spa—an established favourite—on April 14th to April 17th; the One Day Spring Medal at Wentworth on April 24th; the Scottish at Gullane, June 16th to June 19th; the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton, October 6th to 9th, and the Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges, September 8th, 9th and 10th.

The entry forms for Northern Foursomes are appearing in the February and March numbers of this paper: for the One Day Spring Medal in the March and April. May competitors be reminded that entries cannot be received until these entry forms appear.

At Wentworth, where the One Day Spring Medal Foursomes will be played, April 24th, 1931

The "EVE" Golf Competitions

Results of the NOVEMBER Monthly Medal Competition

CLASS I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The divisions for "Britannia and Eve" Monthly Spoons are now in accordance with the new L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely:—18 and under in the Silver division: 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Strachan ..	Murcar ..	77	18	59	66	7 Below
Mrs. Trevor	North Hants ..	88	15	73	77	4 ,,
Mrs. A. Vint ..	Olton	87	15	72	75	3 ,,
Mrs. Ashley Smith ..	Fairhaven ..	93	16	77	77	Equal
Mrs. E. E. Harris ..	Henbury ..	85	10	75	74	1 Above
Mrs. M. Evans ..	Northenden ..	90	14	76	75	1 ,,
Mrs. M. Panikkar ..	Aston-under-Lyne	82	9	73	71	2 ,,
Mrs. M. Reynolds ..	Ashford (Kent)	95	17	78	76	2 ,,
Mrs. A. N. Tasker ..	Hillside ..	93	18	75	73	2 ,,
Miss D. R. Wooding	Kingsthorpe ..	92	13	79	76	3 ,,
Mrs. Carter	Trentham ..	93	17	76	73	3 ,,
Mrs. Playford ..	Thonock ..	82	8	74	70	4 ,,
Miss G. Hancock ..	Thonock ..	92	17	75	70	5 ,,
Miss F. Simpson ..	Chesterfield ..	76	18	78	73	5 ,,
Mrs. W. Rose ..	Thonock ..	95	14	81	70	11 ,,

CLASS II (Handicaps over 18)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. McTurner ..	Woking ..	99	30	69	79	10 Below
Mrs. Sedgwick ..	Stratford-on-Avon	103	36	67	75	8 ,,
Dr. Lilian M. Evans	Creigiau ..	86	25	61	68	7 ,,
Mrs. R. B. Dickson ..	Hillside ..	97	29	68	73	5 ,,
Mrs. Wilkie	Arbroath ..	94	20	74	79	5 ,,
Miss D. Bond ..	Northenden ..	92	20	72	75	3 ,,
Miss Green	North Hants ..	107	33	74	77	3 ,,
Miss J. Welchman ..	Hockley ..	91	19	72	75	3 ,,
Miss K. Kelk ..	Hillside ..	93	21	72	73	1 ,,
Mrs. W. M. Leonard	Formby ..	95	22	73	73	Equal
Miss B. Clivley ..	Thonock ..	94	23	71	70	1 Above
Mrs. F. Gelling ..	Sutton Coldfield	95	19	76	74	2 ,,
Mrs. J. C. Bell ..	Powfoot ..	99	19	80	74	6 ,,
Mrs. E. Story ..	Ryde	95	19	76	70	6 ,,
Mrs. Wildbore ..	Thonock ..	101	25	76	70	6 ,,

"EVE" Club Competition. Leading results for NOVEMBER

	Membership.	Entries.	Percentage.
Langholm ..	76	44	57·89
Thonock ..	80	46	57·50
Ryde	68	32	47·40
Tamworth, Ltd.	70	20	28·57
Trentham ..	100	4	4·00
Hillside, Ltd.	100	3	3·00

Club.	Membership.	Entries.	Per centage,
Ashford Kent	48	1	2·08
North Hants	150	2	1·34
Chesterfield ..	78	1	1·28
Hockley ..	80	1	1·25
Kingsthorpe ..	87	1	1·15

Position of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Langholm	65·59
Thonock	57·43
Ryde	39·09
Tamworth, Ltd.	28·27
Cowes	15·09
Trentham	13·45
Rugby	8·89
Nuneaton	5·51
Chesterfield	5·00

SHOTS OF THE MONTH

Britannia and Eve have much pleasure in congratulating the following players who have holed in one :—

Mrs. E. M. Lock	10th hole at Bedford Golf Course.
Miss Cristobel Evans ..	4th hole at West Byfleet Golf Course.
Miss Doris Latham	9th hole at Woodford Golf Course.
Miss Mabel Jillings	13th hole at Princes Ladies' Golf Course, Mitcham.
Mrs. A. E. Pitts	8th hole at Sandy Lodge Ladies' Golf Course.
Mrs. F. Gelling	2nd hole at Sutton Coldfield Golf Course.
Mrs. A. M. Dobbs	11th hole at Sundridge Park Golf Course.
Mrs. A. Reed	At Dumpelier Golf Course.
Miss Phyllis Jones	17th hole at Aberdare Valley Golf Course.

All entries for Eve's *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* Britannia and Eve *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards,** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* Britannia and Eve, **Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the Course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON. JAN.

Name *Mrs.* *Miss* ....

Address ....

....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of ....Club, of which I am a member.

THE CHILDREN'S SALON

AND

Competition Circles

PATRONS: H.R.H. The Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

● NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Photography, etc.

Conducted by "LEVANA"

NEWS OF THE MONTH

FIRST of all, of course, the cheeriest of New Years to everybody.

* * *

THE "Paisley" doll, kindly given by Messrs. Clark for the best needlework entry of the month, has been won in September by Mabel Sanders and in October by Kathleen Bell.

* * *

YOU will be delighted to hear that once again the Alexandra Day Committee have most kindly remembered the hospital cot work of the Salon and have sent us a donation of £50. I have asked Miss May Beeman very kindly to convey to the Committee the Salon's most grateful thanks for this extremely substantial help. It went, of course, at once to the Streatham Babies' Hospital, in which, as most of you know, we are now endowing our 14th Cot.

* * *

DON'T forget the "Cinderellas'" Pantomime! There is still time to send in a donation, large or small. We hope to take 300 Cinderellas to the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, in the third week of this month.

* * *

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, October 17

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Lilian Cowell, G.C.S. 4922. Hon. Mention: Dolly Davies, G.C.S. 5700; Romola Erskine, G.C.S. 5774.

Literature Competition.—The World a Hundred Years Hence. Prize 10s. Divided between Jill Maunsell, G.C.S. 5693, and Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573. Hon. Mention: Mona Fildes, G.C.S. 5788; E. Marjorie Gath, G.C.S. 5741.

Needlework Competition.—A Doily. Prize 10s. Awarded to Kathleen Bell, G.C.S. 5754. Hon. Mention: Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739; Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Book Jacket. Prize 10s. Divided between G. E. M. Moss, M.C.S. 3079, and Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719. Hon. Mention: Betty Metchim, M.C.S. 3058; Gwen Sweeting, M.C.S. 3067; Freda M. Toop, M.C.S. 3176.

Literature Competition.—A Review of a Book. Prize 10s. Awarded to Cathleen Ibbotson, M.C.S. 2814. Hon. Mention: Joan M. Lindsay, M.C.S. 2916; Joan Greenall, M.C.S. 2850.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Honor Fielding, M.C.S. 3166. Hon. Mention: Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Mary Roberts, A.C.S. 1322. Hon. Mention: Betty Weir, A.C.S. 1346; Ann F. Walker, A.C.S. 1344; Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281.

Literature Competition.—A Paper on Autumn. Prize 5s. Awarded to Stella Bull, A.C.S. 1083. Hon. Mention: Betty Weir, A.C.S. 1346.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize. 10s. O. M. Kerr, A.C.S. 1413.

Second Prize. 5s. Heather Strudwick, M.C.S. 2910.

Hon. Mention: Isabel Patrick-Wilson, G.C.S. 5779; Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 1180; Joan Cohen, A.C.S. 1406; Diana Wilton, M.C.S. 3192; Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126.

Award of Prizes, November 3

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Design for a Calendar. Prize 10s. Awarded to Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356. Hon. Mention: Jean Wheelhouse, G.C.S. 5773; May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523; Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between R. M. Perceval, G.C.S. 5735, and John Leigh, G.C.S. 5814. Hon. Mention: E. Simpson, G.C.S. 4986; Bridget Hannay, G.C.S. 5753; Maud Girdlestone, G.C.S. 5691.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242. Hon. Mention: Isabel Patrick-Wilson, G.C.S. 5779.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Design for a Christmas Card. Prize 10s. Awarded to Barbara R. Reece, M.C.S. 3134. Hon. Mention: Violet Horn, M.C.S. 2803; Gwen Sweeting, M.C.S. 3067.

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.*

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Divided between Nancie Berners-Wilson, M.C.S. 3099, and Charles K. Gorst, M.C.S. 3194. Hon. Mention: Peggy Adès, M.C.S. 2872; Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126; David W. Goodall, M.C.S. 2715.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Draw a Water Jug and Glass. Prize 5s. Awarded to Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189. Hon. Mention: Betty Weir, A.C.S. 1346; Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Clare Ackroyd, A.C.S. 1190. Hon. Mention: Ann F. Walker, A.C.S. 1344; Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227.

Saloners' Portrait Gallery.—Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281, who, although only 9 years old, shows great promise as a painter in water colours.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(October 17)

Mary A. Jones.—The figure and surroundings are admirable for their purpose, but their dramatic significance is weakened by the lettering, which is too large and spread out.

Veronica Price-Harris.—Cleverly splashed in, and truthful colour, but the group as a whole is a little flat. However, this is an excellent method, and greater control will come. Many thanks for snaps. I was delighted to have them.

Rena Recaldin.—Lettering is too indistinct, especially as this is an advertisement. The grouping is very well managed, but, considering their importance, the shoes should have been less covered. A modern dance frock would have been more appropriate than the outdoor costume.

Yvonne Earle.—A striking bit of design, and remarkably good technique. It should be folded to be seen at its best. I believe she designed her own dust-cover.

Peter Recaldin.—Glad to see you competing again and hope you will now send in regularly. As illustration this scores, but it is a bit too vague, and although it arrests the attention, there is insufficient detail to hold it.

Gwen Sweeting.—Very pleasant colour and clever placing of masses. The lettering needs more careful consideration, and is a little tall for the space allotted to it. More margin would have increased distinction.

Margaret Ream.—You have managed all these difficult curves very well indeed, and if you had emphasised the cut pattern of the glass with slightly heavier touches the interest of the group would have been much increased. Use a softer pencil.

Norman F. Bunker.—The beginning is charming and the comments all through interesting, but the paper is a bit short. I have duly sent on your message.

G. E. M. Moss.—Very happy in method and charming as a colour scheme. The figure is a bit too much in the exact centre, but this is clever work and admirable for its purpose.

Hilda Barrow.—I was much amused, as you may imagine, but the ingenious last half is too much of a particular case compared with the earlier part of the paper. I wish I could be there to see your excellent suggestions through!

M. K. McIntosh.—You are severe, but I daresay wisely so; I have not read this particular book. Very well expressed, but rather too short; the attack needs further comment to justify it.

E. Marjorie Gath.—Comprehensive and well handled considering the scope of your inquiry, but the joints or connecting links are a little too obvious. Still, you have attempted to tackle the subject thoroughly, and the performance is on the whole very satisfactory.

Betty Adès.—Very pretty. Rather brief, though. I think you could have extended the picture to advantage. The beginning is particularly well done.

Olwen Lawton.—The pochette is very neatly executed, but needs better mounting. A ruler is a great help on these occasions. I think the book title would look better in the interval above the head; otherwise this is an original and effective effort. In a review some personal reaction to the book is advisable as well as an exposition of the theme.

Honor Fielding.—Not at all badly done. With further practice you will soon get stitches looking exactly alike—the charm of perfect knitting—and I am very grateful for this pretty set.

Phyllis White.—An artistic colour scheme, but the handles badly need attention. It requires considerable patience and plenty of time, I know, to get these on perfectly.

Patricia Appleyard.—A complete picture of the intricacies of the novel is given before you finish, it is true, but you have had some difficulty in arranging your matter. With a big theme such as this, you must plan some sort of skeleton first, so that the details finally fall into their correct places.

Marjorie Webb.—The design of your doily is extremely pretty, and it is attractively embroidered. The cards in the Art entry should have been all ruled the same size, and cut by a line. Several good points are raised in your paper, but the composition is rather haphazard.

Joan Greenall.—Cleverly put together, and a well-balanced appreciation. Pay more attention to your actual writing, which is occasionally rather difficult to read.

Peggy Adès.—The quotations are very interesting, but are too long for so short a paper, which begins very well. You arouse curiosity and interest, but do not quite succeed in satisfying it.

Cicely F. E. Crew.—Lively and intelligent. It reads a bit disjointedly, but practice will soon overcome this tendency. A book written so long ago could have been usefully compared with present-day ones on a similar theme.

Beatrice Allison.—Graphic and decidedly well written, with some tendency, however, to repetition. The analysis is excellent, but the method a little "cut and dried."

Stella Bull.—Quaint and charming. Not an easy way in which to tackle the subject, but a very good one. You have successfully managed a difficult task.

Ann F. Walker.—The group is delicious in colour, but objects are seen rather too individually, and the plate lacks the sound realism of the rest. So glad to see you competing again.

Ruby E. Campbell.—I imagine this is from the *Gazette du Bon Ton* or some similar publication, isn't it? I prefer not to have copies, because it is not such good practice as original work. Not at all a bad attempt, however, at a difficult subject.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—As a whole a very good composition, but the girl's weight is not really on the man's arm as it should be for this pose. Lettering needs picking out in a lighter tone to get sufficient visibility. Interesting work.

Sybil Stallibrass.—Pose and character very well grasped and sympathetically treated. The hands are rather weak and their mass too small unless the model was exceptional.

Ann Broadwood.—The flower seems a little small in proportion to the leaves, but this is a pleasant method, good for tackling a broad effect. Try to carry your next sketch a little further.

Bridget Hannay.—Nothing lacking of invention or ideas, but composition not quite up to their level. Practice, however, should soon bring this about. Clever, original work.

Heather Strudwick.—Read that last sentence over again—it begins with an interesting idea, but the finish of it does not carry it through as it should. Otherwise thoroughly bright and entertaining.

Ursula Scott Morris.—The chief fault with this well-written paper is that the different items of the description are set out in almost catalogue form. The smallest human touch—the merest hint of your own reaction to the season—would have relieved this and greatly improved the general effect.

Cathleen Ibbotson.—Interesting throughout, but particularly towards the end, where the criticism is very just and convincing. In your haste or over-concentration you have allowed one or two spelling slips to pass!

Barbara Heaver.—This is a somewhat conventional picture. To get something quite fresh one must build on first-hand observation. You write very well, so far as composition goes.

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—You have taken every opportunity afforded you by the subject, and the little dialogue scores all round. Avery amusing and clever entry.

Maud Schwabe.—Pleasant in colour and design, but horse and rider require further attention. The forequarters of the gee are much too short and the man is too statuesque. The landscape is charming in feeling and attractively laid in.

Barbara Stallibrass.—The suggestion of growth supplied by the flower stems is not quite in accord with the geometrical motifs, although as a whole the pattern is distinctly pleasing, and refined in colour and treatment. A way out of the difficulty could be found.

Joan Hunton.—Excellent as illustration, but the horse requires reference to the actual animal. A plain background would have helped the design, and this type of lettering must always be quite vertical.

Deirdre Patrick-Wilson.—Interestingly worked out as colour, but the chief's head composes badly with that of the white man. The former would be much more effective treated very lightly as the shadow in the background.

Effie Dundas.—Sound work, but suffering from rather tortured detail. See things as simply as possible all the time, and in finishing see that the big effect is preserved.

Betty Metchim.—A fine piece of design, fortunately not dependent on the expensive gilding for its excellent effect. In fact, the gold actually disturbs rather than assists this clever scheme.

Anne Hallewell.—The path is a bit too much in the exact centre, but in most other respects this is on the right lines. The lettering, however, needs more consideration.

Mora Hope Robertson.—The gleaming transparency of these flowers isn't quite captured, but the drawing all through is very good indeed. The patches of white left between the blooms do not help the effect.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—Too realistic a method for this purpose. The simpler treatment of the back is much more satisfactory, and is, indeed, very good. The lettering is of a very suitable type, but not quite correct in details.

May W. Harrison.—There is so much of interest within the border, no further decoration is necessary anywhere else, and the frame should have been of the simplest possible nature. The significance of your figure and its surroundings loses point as things are now.

Kathleen Phibbs.—The rose itself is very satisfactory, although cold tones are a bit exaggerated. The leaves look out of scale, and the vase is not quite upright. Use one or two guiding lines when sketching in. Promising work.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Dorothy M. Yoxall.—Remarkably graceful and dainty, but the wings in another key from the rest are overpowering. The lettering should have been part of the scheme.

Freda M. Toop.—Line drawing rather weak, but charming in composition and balance of colour. Lettering very well placed and the demands of the title aptly met.

Pamela Searight.—Some stronger hint of the obstacle demanding this excessive muscular action would have strengthened the pictorial value of your sketch. But, in spite of some pardonable exaggeration, this is an extremely interesting suggestion, very attractive in its accentuation.

Lilian Cowell.—The fact that your miniature looks better as a transparency proves that there is slight harshness in some of the work, though, in the main, good and true. A very little more cold and warm contrast, and graduation downwards, would help. Very expert and charming work of true miniature feeling.

Margaret Smith.—The quieter side of your sunset is far better than the designed centre of interest. The boat would be a solid silhouette against concentrated light. Reflections, by the way, do not happen quite like this. Picturesque, but not sufficiently observed.

Helen Cameron.—A blue sky qualifies sunlit colour a bit and reflects vigorously in shadows. Your cast shadows, by the way, are absent. A good subject, but not altogether in Nature's effect. Have a definite scheme of lighting.

Jean Wheelhouse.—You have been too much concerned with technique and not enough with breadth of effect. The result is rather like a drawing from a cast of one colour and tone, and too much made out all over. Some extremely smart handling, but lacking life.

George House.—The upper part of your head is vigorous and convincing, but the lower part tails off in effect and seems at a different angle. Possibly only dark relief is needed, but it looks like a moving model. Yours is very interesting work.

K. Brooksbank.—The pattern of the doily is very pretty, but a finer cotton would have given you a better result. Lack of complementary colour has produced the effect of tinted paper. The level glow in the foreground indicates sunset well out of the picture, and demands atmospheric blue-greys as relief. Make careful verbal notes of these transient effects.

Rachel M. Perceval.—A great deal of clever penwork—in the spirit of etching—in your study, but the delicate fragility of the blooms is forced out of true effect compared with the well-expressed drapery, pot and foliage. Full tonality with a pen is almost impossible.

G. Christabel Richens.—A bright and clever effect, charming in colour and light, though you have taken liberties in your blottesque relief; the inky shadow is particularly uninviting.

Amy G. Haydon.—Very dainty and charming. Only just beaten in the race for the prize!

Mona Fildes.—A bit Utopian, but none the worse for that; a careful, considered essay, better in matter than manner. Correct carefully to avoid unnecessary slips.

Dolly Davies.—A very well-designed two-colour poster extremely well put together. It needs more brilliant blacks and a rather steadier line to get full effect, but this is a really good bit of applied art.

Romola Erskine.—The heavy outline on the sharply lit side and the over-sharp shadow edges detract a little from an extremely interesting and artistic simplification. The suggestion of the head and the sculpturesque simplicity of drawing are particularly good. A brilliant time-sketch.

Stella Thelenburg.—Don't outline like a scissor-cut; let lines overlap where joins and eclipses occur. A lot of good work in the pencilling. When you use a more sympathetic defining line you will advance a big step.

Mary Roberts.—Very intense action cleverly suggested. Some points suggest more anatomical study. Pictorially the railing is too much made out and the repeated foreleg is not happy. There should also be some shadow, but this is remarkable work for your age and full of promise.

Jill Maunsell.—Pencilled shadows are out of place in a sketch of this character, and the lighting scarcely suggests the title; otherwise very pleasantly handled. Your literature entry is excellent all through. It could scarcely have been better within these limits.

Trixie Ford.—The last half of the paper is attractive both in idea and expression; the earlier part begins too haltingly. You can easily improve this. In the needlework entry I would advise rather closer stitchery another time. In all other respects charming.

Betty Weir.—The sketch lacks Nature's warmth; red seems almost to be missing from your palette. Otherwise full of cleverness and very advanced for your age. In the essay the concluding sentence is a bit weak, but the rest is excellent.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Presumably the full evening dress of the lady and the lounge attire of the gentlemen reflect an episode; otherwise one would question it. The general effect is remarkably satisfying, in spite of weak drawing. The review seems to have caught some of the jumpiness of its theme. Interesting, but too casual.

Dahlia Anson.—See detail more simply. This is overworked, although you have managed to retain the big effect. Promising work.

Elizabeth M. Dawson.—A neatly handled appreciation. Perhaps in view of the fact that everyone has read it, no description of the plot was necessary, and thus more space could have been given to the interesting idea framed in the last sentence or two. You write very well indeed.

Joan M. Lindsay.—Vividly done, but just a trifle too unrestrained. However, this is a fault in the right direction, but remember it needs the backing of very careful composition.

Muriel M. Malvern.—By speculation as to the future, and better still by determining to do the "bit" of the unit in relation to it, movement is in the right direction—don't you agree? The past is only the foundation, although so packed with interest and important to study. "Look both ways!"

Kathleen Bell.—A beautiful piece of needlework, charming alike in design and execution. I have no criticism to make.

Maud Girdlestone.—More margin would have added to the effectiveness of the sketch. Good placing of the subject on the paper is always important. Otherwise the work has both vigour and accuracy. I would suggest that you use a finer crochet-hook for this size cotton.

Ann Hannay.—The back of the book is very wide, assuming a volume of an unusually heavy number of pages. The stage background is cleverly suggested, but figures are too complex in treatment.

(November 3)

Rena Recaldin.—When working on a white background endeavour to leave all high lights, instead of applying them. Otherwise very sound in drawing and artistic expression.

Deirdre Patrick-Wilson.—In design and colour interesting and effective, but the absolutely flat treatment of the lady's skirt does not tally with the rest, no regard being paid to the perspective of pattern or draperies.

Pamela Searight.—Reflections are cleverly managed. Try for a rather more stylish use of pencil, and avoid so small a scale another time. Very good appreciation of proportions, all the same.

Yvonne Earle.—The colourless heads and arms strike a curious note of unreality, not sufficiently justified by the rest. Execution and composition first rate.

Dolly Davies.—Figure and landscape are charmingly suggested, but the detailed flowers, not quite accurate in their pictorial analysis, and too assertive, detract from the harmony prevailing. Wash out the bed in the right-hand corner.

Maud Schwabe.—Dainty in design and colour, but lettering rather too casually placed on both pages. Rule light pencil lines for these to secure accuracy.

G. E. M. Moss.—The incorporation of the music as decoration is a good idea, but it has the appearance of being squeezed in to fit. A margin on the left is particularly necessary. Your clever blue frame relieves the darkness of the picture, but the black background to the outer border keeps the whole scheme too heavy. Excellent otherwise.

Olwen Lawton.—Striking in design, but these young things look rather gloomy considering the season indicated, and their attitudes are just a little too near repeating the vertical lines of the mantelpiece piers.

Marjorie Serpel.—Remarkable strength of tone for the medium and carefully modelled. The nature of the objects and their grouping haven't helped the picture, so that your work does not look so well as it should.

Diana Seth-Smith.—The original background should have been retained for a study of this type. Your drawing is improving rapidly, and your eye is sensitive to beautiful colour. Don't be afraid of making all sorts of experiments.

Jean E. Campbell.—The second verse is better in handling than the first, and the end very good. The first is a little too casually done.

Lily Sosnoe.—That very long second sentence should be cut down. Full of grace, but just a trifle cloying. Still, very good, particularly at the end.

E. Penn Simpson.—Very well told, but the end is a bit disappointing. Something, for the moment more serious, should, I think, be invented to satisfy the interest aroused earlier.

The Children's SALON

Ann Broadwood.—This reveals several good points, but sentences are a little long. Get accurate spelling from a dictionary if you are not sure. I shall be interested to see your next entry.

G. M. Kaye.—Remarkably well arranged, but going rather too much into detail with respect to matters very well known. Unless a new thesis can be indicated, there is not a great deal of point in exercising obvious talent in such a direction. Try your wit on first-hand matter.

John Leigh.—Excellent stuff this. Ought to be marketable. The hiatus after the second series of asterisks is just a bit too noticeable. Possibly if Vassima's name were given when the Caliph refers to her on page 2, this would break it sufficiently.

Betty Weir.—More colour contrast between foreground and background is advisable in arranging such a group. Reflections are rather understated, but on the whole very good, particularly the jug.

Phyllis G. Wilson.—A happy idea, so good that you might have done rather more with it. The landscape below the 'plane lacks interest, although pleasant as a spot of colour.

Mary A. Jones.—Rather weak in desigh, but very clever in depth of colour and effect. The silhouette of the tree suggests leaves. A different treatment here would greatly assist matters. This is too woolly.

Hetty Duckham.—Always avoid placing a figure in the exact centre for such a scheme. This dainty little lady should have been about an inch lower. The effect would then be charming.

Nellie Hopwood.—A much simpler curtain is necessary. This competes for notice far too much, and negatives the value of the rest, which is an excellent illustration of the pretty verse.

Muriel Tancock.—Rather gay in colouring, as a whole, for an exercise in this fascinating tradition, but decidedly interesting as an experiment. The white space to the right is rather too large, but could be easily broken with a line or two of extended foreground.

Helen Cameron.—Sky and hills are in true perspective and delicately suggested. The detail of the near shores isn't simple enough for a sketch on this scale, and the sharp green at their edge wrong in colour. Very nicely felt and character of this scenery cleverly seized.

Joan Marshlain.—A jolly little group, very well handled; if better lettering had been attempted, this would have been a most successful design in every respect.

Lois Duckham.—The house is too much in the exact centre both of the card and the sun. When composing such a scene again keep items a little more to left or right. The colouring is very pleasant indeed; lettering not so good.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Betty Wright.—The general lines of these objects are correctly sketched, but the jug handle is a little too heavy in proportion to the rest. Try for a smoother running line. The story is vivacious, but the spelling is a bit reckless.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The girl's figure is rather stiff and starched for such an exciting moment, although the picture as a whole is prettily composed and handled. The first four lines have a beat in them which falls to pieces afterwards, until you end in almost pure prose. This begins with an interesting method, and you will find further experiments exhilarating.

Diana Wilton.—Opens and closes well, but some of the centre lines will bear condensing. Verses three and five could be dispensed with, with a little alteration in the second and fourth. The poem would gain greatly. The card is very ingenious, but the "S" at the end just fails to come off. You can remedy this.

Charles K. Gorst.—Charmingly expressed. Beware of over-using a word. "Saw" has several synonyms that could be employed here. It appears in nearly every verse. "And *watched*," etc., would be even more appropriate in the last line of all.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name

Address

Age, if under 20

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

The Children's SALON

Jean C. H. Crawford.—You have indeed excelled yourself. It evoked a chorus of praise! So many thanks.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—The downward glances of both these figures take life from the picture. Some nice smart painting of the gentleman—a line all round instead of the panel would, I think, have been better. The poem is curious and interesting, but needs some revision.

Maud Girdlestone.—The idea of the dream is really too old for further exploitation, but you have managed the story within it remarkably well.

Eric M. Eaves.—Interesting in mass and pattern, but steadier drawing in the mill would be an advantage, and possibly a containing line would assist, allowing, of course, ample margin.

Annie Waters.—The verse which begins page 2 is the best, although all are good. You have great facility. Try to pack these many thoughts and ideas into a smaller space.

With this charming glimpse of bonnie Scotland O. M. Kerr, A.C.S. 1413, wins the first prize in the Snapshot competition of October 17th

David W. Goodall.—Line four is a bit awkward; the rest is excellent, properly terse, and satisfying from all points of view.

May W. Harrison.—The general arrangement is quite successful; the detail is not so satisfactory in itself, although quite right in relation to the whole. Study some of the old miniatures in illumination carefully. They will tell you what is lacking here.

Barbara R. Reece.—Delightfully dainty, and pleasing in composition. A most attractively sketched design.

Gwen Sweeting.—Your figure is rather too centralised, which takes something from the distinction of the effect. It is otherwise excellent, and would work out well. The carrying strings of the instrument might have been indicated to good purpose.

Betty Metchim.—Your lady of the Pork-Pie-Hat epoch does not carry her parcels or her crinoline very naturally, but the chief fault in a good composition is the perspective of the bay window, which does not harmonise with the rest of the drawing. Good, but not of your best.

Veronica Price-Harris.—A gallant attempt at a difficult group. The glass is a bit lop-sided and should have a rounder foot. Half-close your eyes to determine the relative lights and darks and their values. Very promising work with real feeling for colour.

Kenneth Hoffman.—This is by no means without talent, but it is rather obscure. If the personification of "Echoes" is intended, as one gathers, certain lines need less confusing treatment.

Heather Strudwick.—I was wondering to what climax you were leading. Very good. But I think you should keep the remorseless note clear of any sinister suggestion. Still, most interestingly done.

Clare Ackroyd.—These verses are a bit unequal for you. The last three are consistently good; in the rest one notices too many lapses. A very little would put the whole thing right.

Winifred White.—Quite good, and all the detail interesting, but if you want to try sending it round to Christmas Annuals, for instance, shorten it a little towards the end, and get a better finish. The last page is a little weak after the rest.

Nancie Berners-Wilson.—Beautifully expressed, original and arresting. The "lesson" from the bird is a charming idea, but the treatment fails to be absolutely convincing. Look at the last three verses again.

G. Christabel Richens.—Strong and effective, but rather empty. Having got the effect, more suggestion of detail would continue the interest after the first glance. The ideal is to get both at once by skilful handling, the great water-colour charm.

Jean Wheelhouse.—Considerable archaic charm and clever lining. The dark lines should be reserved for the Madonna, with the angel in light tones exclusively to help the eye distinguish. Very interesting as an experiment in method.

Margaret Smith.—A strong romantic effect, if not quite the effect of Nature. Your ideal impulse is good, but needs founding on fact, which careful observation and mnemonic notes will supply if you refresh your memory at every chance.

Dorothy Yoxall.—Contrasted delicacy and force emphasise the angular drawing and the extreme slenderness of the figures, and demand meticulous care in proportion, volume and pattern. Some very good tender colour, though the children are sad and serious at their play.

Joyce Bidder.—The best imaginative work I have seen of yours. Delightful in colour and cleverly expressed emotion. The danseuse might be more tragically beautiful, but the spirit of romantic art is well suggested.

Joan Hunton.—A jolly subject, well put together and bright in its elements, but the coach is not of any known make, and the horses are a long way up the road. It is well, in such matters, to refer to engravings for facts.

Dahlia Anson.—Some very good work rather stultified by the single light on dark effect which cuts things out and loses half their charm by emphasising form alone. Try a natural effect; you ought to do well.

Sylvia Reed.—A very ingenious intarsia in which you have used your quaint material with admirable felicity. The camels are a bit small for the Magi, and the cast shadows would be blueish under this sky. A success of curiosity.

Violet Horn.—A very charming card with a pleasing touch of primitive art. The illumination is well chosen and extremely well handled and shapely. Altogether excellent but for one too heavy black line.

Dorothy Yoxall.—A very good paper along conventional lines. There isn't anything actually to criticise, except perhaps the method. This is a subject which has been much written of; it is therefore necessary to try to give it a new aspect by virtue of a new treatment. Not easy, but possible!

Alison Ackroyd.—I have a dim sort of recollection of having seen an earlier version of this? If so, in such a case always send the original as well. Interesting all through, but too irregular in metre.

Barbara Heaver.—Vivaciously written, and the detail very much better than the plot which it unfolds. If you are not certain about anything, always inquire. The sum mentioned is very large for a competition of that type.

Bridget Hannay.—You have an excellent idea of the manner in which such a subject should be tackled. I can find nothing to cavil at!

W. H. G. Reed.—The sequence of ideas isn't always quite as good as it might be. Take more care in this respect, as your work is witty and unusual.

G. R. Allen.—A poem of this description must obey metrical laws. Study the work of the masters carefully. The imagery is very pretty.

Yvonne Coe.—The last four lines are immeasurably superior to the rest. I think you should be able to bring the other part into line.

Peggy Adès.—Admirably put, although the last two lines of the third verse are not as good as the rest. The last verse is the best of all. Metres are a bit erratic elsewhere.

G. M. Cumpstey.—Although rather thin in plot, you give your characters a good chance to act. Have you ever tried it? I suspect it is a good deal better in action than on paper, which is certainly in its favour.

Marjorie G. Waters.—Line 11 needs some modification—it puts the matter too extremely, although it is clear what is meant. As a whole, very good, particularly the last line or two.

Arnold Parkin.—A theme of this type demands a verse form of more appropriate type. Either longer lines should be employed or, if short, the effect must be terse to get the depth of feeling required.

Marjorie Webb.—The pattern of your calendar is admirable, very clever and artistic, although details are poor. Punctuate more carefully, and avoid long sentences. Also paragraph your work—you will find it a great help. The glove and handkerchief set is very pretty. So many thanks.

Angel Verschoyle.—The poem is very daintily composed; lines seven and twelve are the weakest. Some lettering would have added to the interest and finish of the card, which is otherwise very well carried out.

Ann Hannay.—This figure makes a very suitable bit of decoration for the purpose. Sketch hands from life as frequently as possible, to master their very considerable intricacies. Better lettering is also necessary here. The lines show wit and grace. Quite good.

Margaret Smith.—The technique is a bit rough for the delicacy of the theme. Matter and manner must endeavour to keep in step. You should try recasting this.

Hilda Barrow.—I cannot quite fit in the last two lines with the rest, but in themselves they are charming. Some quite good work all through, although needing further revision.

Peter Recaldin.—This outlook and the expression of it are just right. A bit halting in metre, but nevertheless mature for your years. Compete again soon.

R. M. Perceval.—Stark, and effectively so. A little gem in its way. Nothing to criticise.

Evelyn Baxter.—Original and interesting, and the summing-up just what was needed. The rhythmic effect is a little broken by the lack of a rhyme in the last line.

Elizabeth Dawson.—Very gracefully done, but at the finish one feels it is not the end. A last verse should have some indication of a climax.

Ursula Scott Morris.—The second CAMEO is the better of the two. Both are good for your age.

Doris Seth-Smith.—You cover familiar ground very pleasantly and with a well-sustained rhythm. I always think the "hack" home a good subject for verse in this connection.

Claribel Ireland.—Shorten the last line to preserve the rhythm more accurately. Quite all right in other respects.

Hilda Hancock.—The effective last two lines would have been a good model for what goes earlier, where the method is too nearly that of prose.

Phyllis White.—Very prettily done, with one or two feeble moments which you can easily alter. "Lots and lots," for instance, line 2, verse 3. So glad to see you competing again.

Douglas Fisher.—The third line, verse 3, is a little clumsy, and why not the "soft" ripple instead of the double sound, which is too like "rill" not to be a little monotonous? Otherwise quite good, as is the little fragment which follows.

Muriel Malvern.—An excellent idea, which will bear further development. A monologue is most effective on the stage with two people present, as in this case.

Ann F. Walker.—The two phases indicated in this otherwise pleasing little poem prove too much for its brief scope. A good deal of promise is indicated.

Marjorie Field.—The last line of each verse does not fit in with the rest very happily, and as it is repeated it should, of course, be particularly apt and satisfying. Otherwise charming.

Isabel Patrick-Wilson.—Very good technically and the colour scheme clever and charming, except for the green border, which somewhat detracts from the harmony of the rest.

Joyce Vernum.—The suggestion is that the wild water bird was near, if not in the garden. This would be very unlikely. In describing ideal surroundings detail should keep as closely as possible to actual facts to be acceptable.

Trixie Ford.—Keep your sentences a bit shorter. You write graphically, but better arrangement of your matter should be aimed at. The needlework entry is tastefully handled, and I appreciate the fact that you have hemstitched it so carefully.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—These verses are some of the best you have submitted. A word more apt than "state-room" should be found, however. The little picture is also very successful, in spite of some weak perspective.

JANUARY-FEBRUARY COMPETITIONS

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. A Sketch Design for a Pantomime Scene. No. II. Closing date, February 2nd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, February 16th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, February 2nd. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, February 16th. Review a Recent Novel.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. Anything White. No. II. Closing date, February 2nd. Anything Embroidered. No. III. Closing date, February 16th. Do-As-You-Like in Wool.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, February 2nd. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, February 16th. A Poster advertising Cigarettes.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. A Review of a Book. No. II. Closing date, February 2nd. A Paper on "Why are 'Thrillers' so Popular?" No. III. Closing date, February 16th. A Lyric.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, February 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, February 2nd. Sketch a View from a Window. No. III. Closing date, February 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. A Paper on "What I Mean to Excel in Next Term." No. II. Closing date, February 2nd. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, February 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. No. I. Closing date, February 16th. Anything in Wool.

Open to All: Age taken specially into Account

Handicraft Competition.

First Prize, 15s. Second Prize, 7s. 6d. Closing date, February 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Snapshot Competition.

First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s. Closing date, February 2nd. Subject: A Landscape.

CINDERELLAS' PANTOMIME FUND, 1930.

First List.

Donations from the following are acknowledged with hearty thanks:—

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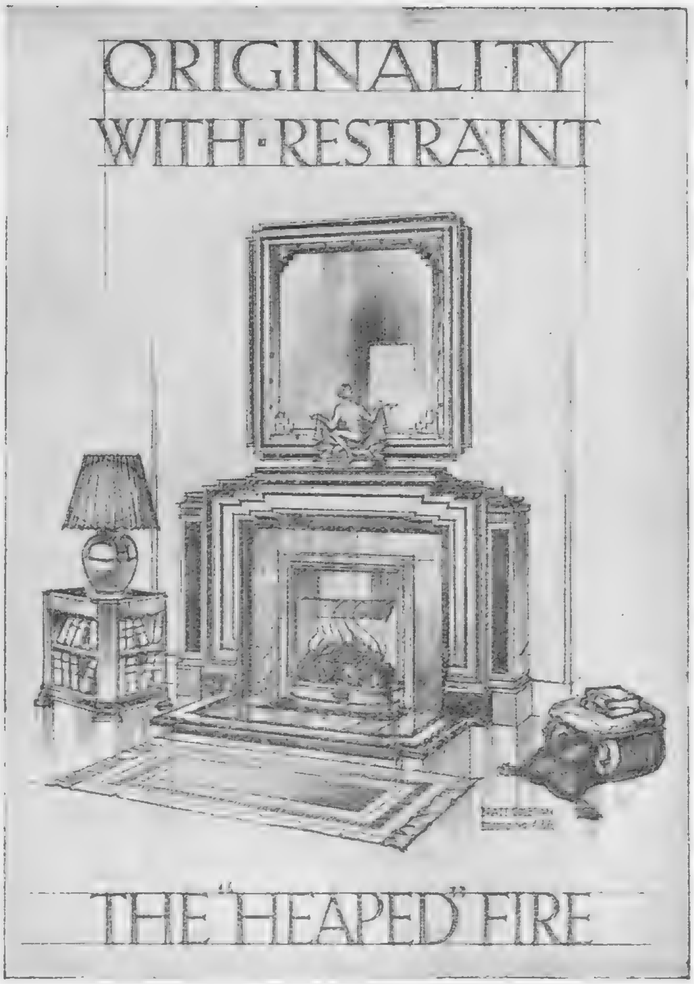

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Our Literary *Competition Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

NINETY-EIGHTH SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post January 15th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best quotation from Shakespeare suitable for inscription on the walls of a model kitchen.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—JAN. 15

NINETY-NINTH SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post January 29th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best limerick concerning ice skating beginning "There was a young man from the States."

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—JAN. 29

Results of 92nd Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to Vera Manners

Hon. Mention: "Fiona," Dorothy M. Fidgen, H. Broadberry Seaman, "Niobe," "J. A. B.," "Emma," Muriel Sly, Clare Clayton, Alys Rodgers, A. Davidson, B. Paul, Lettie Cole, G. Thornber, Mary Redmayne, Annie M. Waters, F. Peel, C. M. Bacon, S. Christine Straker, Gertrude Pitt, Beryl M. Jones, Marjorie Elton Young, "Bwlch," Ian Fitter, May Belben, H. Trevelyan-Thomson, "Getta Bree," "Toni," "Una."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best review of a recent novel.

Awarded to "Una."

Hon. Mention: H. Trevelyan-Thomson, May Belben, Gertrude Pitt, T. Sayce, "G. G.," B. Paul, T. Ford.

The winning entry:—

SHORT REVIEW. *Angel Pavement.* By J. B. Priestley.

Like Dickens, Mr. Priestley is royally generous. In one volume he gives us at least half a dozen slices of life, all buttered thickly and so alluring that it is difficult to refrain from bolting them at a sitting.

The pulse of the machine is Mr. Golspie, a modern buccaneer, who drops like a bolt from the blue into the stagnant waters of a city office and upsets the craft there, including Mr. Dersingham (the head), Mr. Smeeth (the cashier), Mr. Turgis (the clerk), and Miss Matfield (the typist); not to mention the office-boy and the charwoman. Any one of these yields material which most writers would think sufficient for a full-length novel.

The book is tragic because life is tragic. Most of the characters are living dangerously. Their troubles are not spectacular: yet they compose an absorbing entertainment. Even the "supers," a charwoman dusting the offices, or two women in a tea-shop, are solid, living people. And the backgrounds—plushy cinema, stuffy flat, frowsy lodgings, grimy office—the very smell of them floats out of the pages!

"UNA."

Results of 93rd Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best ode to a favourite animal.

Awarded to Mabel Asher.

Hon. Mention: Ian Fitter, Blanche Jones, Victor Ryan, S. C. Straker, May Belben, Dorothy M. Fidgen, Margaret R. M. Bone, Marjorie Crosbie, Murielle Scott Morris, Phyllis M. Lubbock, Joyce E. Boyd.

The winning entry:—

ORIGINAL ODE
To My Cat

"Pussy-willow" you were christened when you were a tiny kitten,
Just a ball of smoky velvet, grey and silken, eyes of flame
Ringed with black, so, like a catkin swinging on a bough of willow,
Heedless, careless, grew to cat-hood, when a change of name was made,
And I called you "Bill" and "William"; in your moments most sedate,
Stately, solemn, and unruffled, you to knight-hood were elected,
And your title was "Sir William"; supreme master of my fate
You appear, when, on returning from the turmoil of the city,
I so graciously am greeted with your green eyes' lucent gleam,
You, the owner of the castle; I, your serf, obedient, humble,
Wait on you with anxious care and fill your saucer full of cream,
Serve you tit-bits, dainty, luscious, list to your melodious purring,
As, with appetite full-stated, on your cushion you recline,
Like a sultan in his harem, in the firelight dozing, dreaming,
Head on folded paws of velvet, so, until the clock strikes nine;
Then you slowly waken, yawning, wander round the room and listen
To a feline voice a-calling, scratch the door with pleading look,
Mutely asking my assistance—now you are a cat called "William."
Going out to meet another; so I must lay down my book,
Let you out and watch you speeding, slim, grey shadow swiftly flying
Down the shadowed, garden pathway to a shadow 'mongst the fern;
All the night you are a-roaming, sometimes silent, sometimes noisy,
Till my neighbours curse you roundly; in the morning you return,
Sometimes gallant, full of conquest, great "Sir William," proud and boasting,
Sometimes marked with scars of battle, tail bedraggled, dirty, ill,
Slinking through the open doorway; yet I welcome you with rapture,
Tho', alas! I now must call you by the common name of "Bill";
So pathetic, shame-faced, gentle, hobbling on three legs, and mournful,
As I cleanse your wounds and feed you, fussing, loving in your pain,
That I call you, as when tiny, "Pussy-willow" once again.

MABEL ASHER.

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1. *Climax!*
2. *The Middle Stairs.*
3. *2 A.M.!*
4. *The Whispering Wall.*
5. *The Crooked Little Finger.*
6. *The Hooded Ace.*

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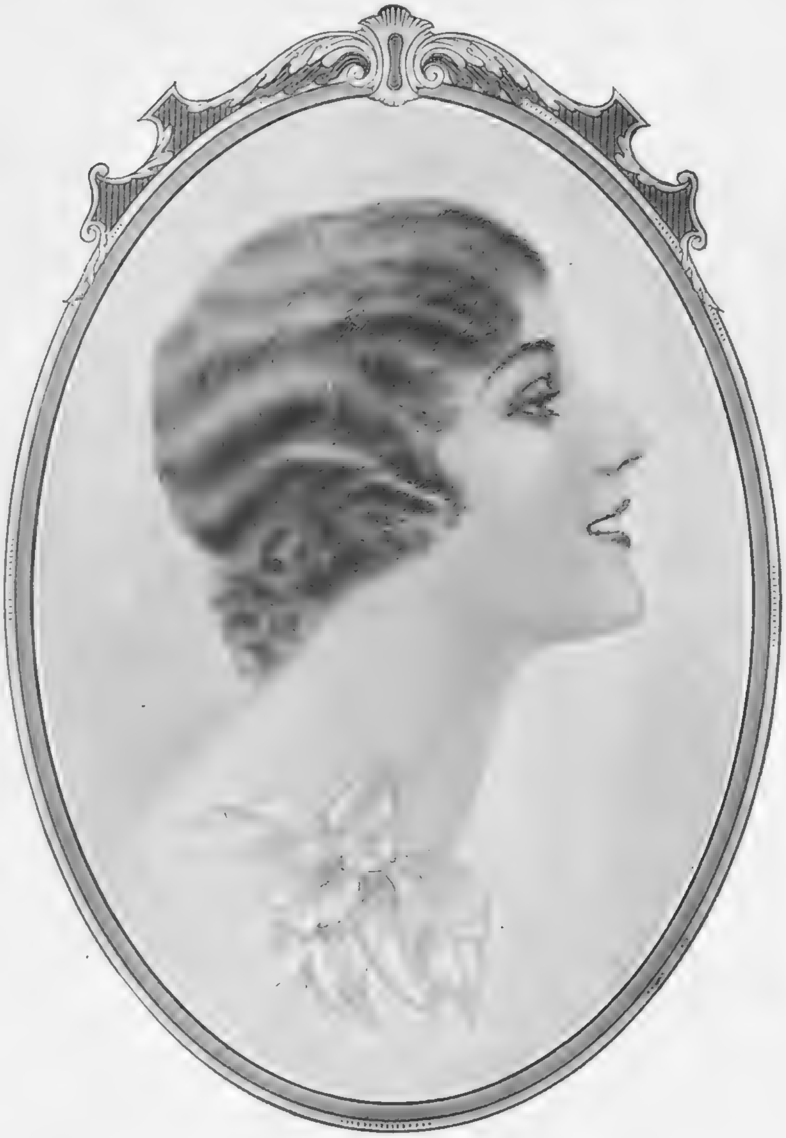

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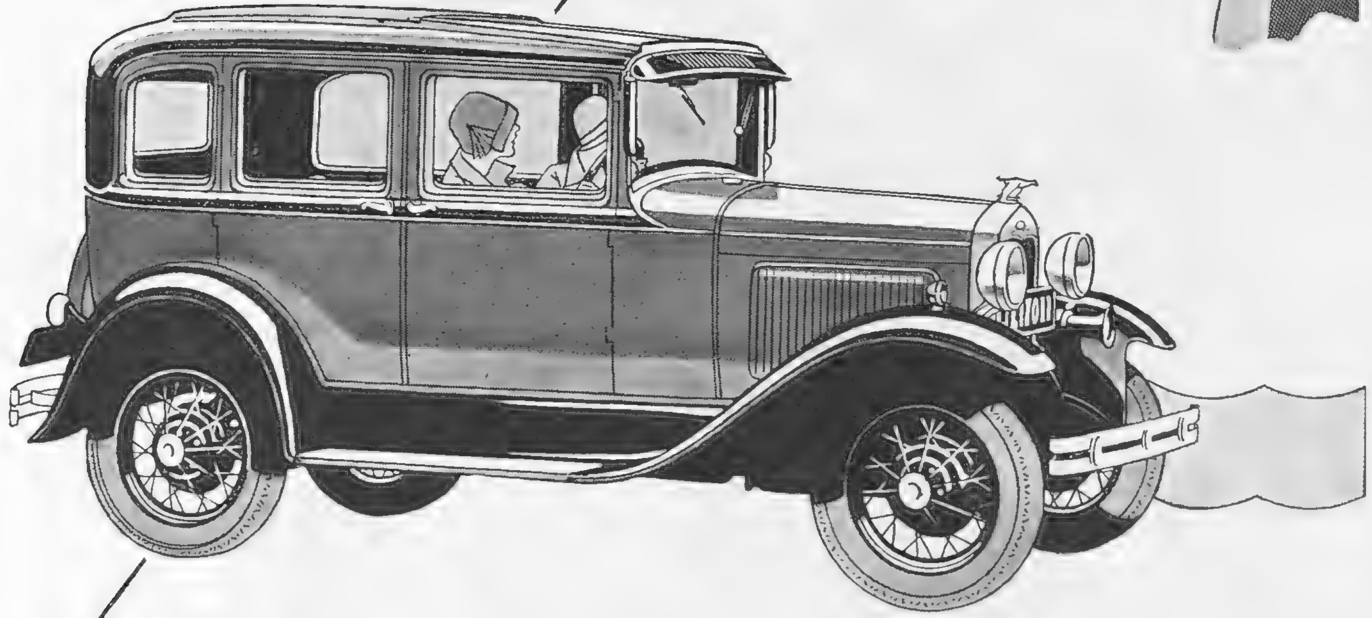

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AIRCRAFT

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
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Everywoman

(*Continued from page 16*)

" Wish me luck ! You're slow ! "

" I wish you luck, and you know it. Lea, are you in love ? "

" I believe I am, rapturously. I'm not cold, you know, Elena. I wish I were."

" So you believe you're in love—like *that*." And after a hesitating pause Elena said : " No woman can have everything. Nearly every woman, after all, finds a fly in the amber. There are always things to find out." Again she stopped, then cried resolutely : " It's all too marvellous, my dear. Dorian Vandela can certainly give you most of what you want."

Lea sat dreaming into the fire.

" I've known him such a short while."

" Yes."

" He's *rather* wonderful."

" . . . Yes."

IT came quite swiftly—the revelation. They were in a big villa just outside Algiers, for the honeymoon of early spring. All North Africa was at her best. A bride could ask no better setting for rapture than the big villa set high up over the topmost slope of the terraced town. Lea had no regrets about Jack. Her honeymoon was what she had always secretly known a honeymoon of hers would be—a revel of the emotions. She was rich and free from that fear that had in private searching moments beset her. But this was over. She was Mrs. Dorian Vandela.

And then one evening, in the big villa, she went down to dine, and he was not there. Neither had he come to her bedroom while she was dressing. All day he had been quiet and depressed and restless. Her French maid had been respectfully tender with her ; and in the face of the butler—Vandela's own servant whom they had brought with them—there were a quite inscrutable prudence, sympathy and benevolence. The staircase had seemed strangely forlorn, the hall strangely empty, as she walked through the house to dinner alone for the first time since her marriage. As she entered the dining-room, with its high windows open, framing the moonlit flowers and the starry sky without, it seemed as if she stepped into a desert. Her eyes travelled the length of the very long table of rosy marble, and saw that only one cover was laid, at the head of the table. This cover was for herself.

The butler—just such a calm and comfortable servant as she had often envied Elena—drew out her chair. His look guided her as firmly to it as if he had taken her hand and leading her had said : " Sit down."

She sat down. Then the vague ideas in her mind that, all day, there had been some dread or trouble walking through the house, crystallised into form. As the butler served her with iced melon, she half rose, asked him sharply : " Where is Mr. Vandela ? "

" The master, madam," the servant answered firmly, " is not very well."

She rose then. " Not well ! But when I went to my room to rest . . ." She remembered that she must have had two hours drowsing on her bed before she had dressed for dinner. It was three hours at least since she had seen Dorian.

" I'll go and see how he is—see what is the matter ! "

The butler had somehow, imperceptibly, reached the door and stood before it.

" Excuse me, madam ; but the master would not wish you to do that."

" Has he said so ? "

" No, madam ; but . . ."

" I don't understand you, Bennett. I must certainly go."

He had to stand aside, hold open the door, but there was intense reluctance in his every movement. " If you would dine first, madam. . . . Smith "—that was the valet—" would have the master in bed by then."

" In bed ! "

She moved past the butler, hurriedly yet with her beautiful trained walk. She was looking marvellous in one of the trousseau gowns that Lambière had given. The butler's eyes were on her like the eyes of a man who was sorry for her ; but he followed in her wake with the respectful poise of the servant doing his duty. She did not realise that he was so close behind her. She felt as she had felt on descending, entirely alone in the cool wide spaces of the house. She looked into the dressing-room adjoining her room. Her husband was not there. She looked into the next room, and the opposite room, and the next to that, which was built in a kind of turreted wing of the house, and was a room of treasures and collections. Her husband was there, lying sprawled on a divan, dead drunk.

The valet was standing over him, expertly unfastening his clothes.

A voice behind her said carefully : " We had been on the watch for this, madam ; but all the same it was unexpected—we had thought—we hoped that while the master was out here . . ."

She turned and went past the butler again, and again he followed her. He shut her into the long dining-room at the marble table and closed the door. She did not speak to him at all during the service of a dinner which she hardly savoured.

She went alone into the heavenly garden and wept alone ; and presently she slept alone.

BENNETT was waiting for her when she came down the next morning : " Madam, pardon me ; but may I suggest that I telephone for you, madam, postponing the little dinner party to-night, on account of Mr. Vandela's being very unwell ? You remember we expected the Consul, Sir Harvey Maples and Lady Maples ; and the Comtesse Monmoré, and that tennis player gentleman Mr. Vandela is interested in, madam ? "

" What do you mean ? " she asked slowly.

" These attacks last two or three days, madam, usually."

" Do you know what you are saying, Bennett ? "

" I have been with Mr. Vandela since he came down from Oxford, madam."

She went on into the garden, and the servant followed very discreetly and again stood near her.

" I'm afraid it has been a shock to you, madam."

" I don't believe it ! I don't believe it ! " she cried despairingly.

" Shall I telephone, madam ? "

" Yes ; telephone. Of course."

He hesitated a moment. " I think I'm exceeding my duty in mentioning to you, madam, that the master's doctor is Sir Benjamin Books."

He went back into the house. She walked to a stone seat under the cypresses and sat down. " I'm exceeding my duty." What had been meant by that ? She was struck with a horror ; and the whole of her was strung to attention. The whole of her splendid and happy vision of life was in jeopardy. She had steeped herself in this glowing and dreamy expectation of happiness to come—happiness like Elena's. Like nearly all women—like all women who are truly female—she wanted her young around her ; she loved her mate ; she mated with passion and glory ; but he was means to an end. The whole urge of nature was in her, simple and silent, as it had been in Elena too, for all their sophisticated modern looks ; for all their unnaturally attenuated and willowy mannequin figures ; their forced preoccupation with fashion and slavish adulation of any client who was rich ; for all their brilliant emergence for advertising purposes into night-life of the expensive sort in plumes borrowed from the showrooms. Yet, though Nature worked through her, simple and silent, single of motive, she had suddenly this wisdom tearing at her as if it would tear her heart and soul in two : that she didn't want a father so . . . afflicted . . . for her unborn children. She had the quasi-medical-pathological-analytical smattering of knowledge common to most of the younger people to-day, who stripped problems bare, saw life clear, made little compromise. She had heard even such problems fragmentarily discussed in Lambière's salons. There had been hag-ridden clients for whom even Lambière's show-girls felt pity.

She could hear the butler saying as if secretly : " I'm exceeding my duty in telling you . . ."

Under the dark cypresses that morning she sat thinking of the meaning of that. Secrecy ! Drunkards were terribly secret and subtle in their ways when they craved drink. Dorian would not like her to know the doctor to whom he went ; would not wish her to know any of his manœuvres and subterfuges and saviours. He would want—sullenly and stubbornly—to keep from her his dark hours and his dark ways.

A clear, cold, cruel, despairing conclusion came to her beneath the cypresses : " I'll have no children. My God ! I'll have no children if . . ."

The world was empty. The world was desert ; and bitter waters.

In the hall, going in, she passed Smith, the valet, on his way upstairs.

" Smith."

He stayed, reluctantly.

" I will see Mr. Vandela if he can see me."

Silence—averted look—then :

" I'm afraid the master is not well enough —even for you, madam—if you will allow Bennett and me just to arrange for him. We know, madam."

She kept thinking : " I'll have no children."

FOUR days later she came into the dining-room for dinner, and there in the oasis of light made in the soft gloom of the room by the long table with its many candles her husband stood, glossy in dinner clothes, pale, dark, handsome, absolutely himself except that he looked at her with a black opaque look like a man with a secret that is both abominable and precious to him, and which he does not intend to disclose.

He stood beside her chair, waiting to perform the service of pulling it out for her, instead of Bennett.

Bennett stood at the sideboard, with his back to them, arranging something or other.

She came forward to her chair ; they looked at each other, smileless ; she sat down ; Vandela bent, took her hand and kissed it. " You are really better, darling ? " she said.

" I am well again," he answered. " I'm sorry, darling, to have left you so alone these last few days."

The formal business of dinner was extremely welcome to both of them. Vandela sat as usual at his wife's right hand, and, in his every tone and *nuance*, was the lover as he had been before. She in turn responded with all the sweet female responses of voice and look just as before. Love seemed alight between them just as before. But there was between them her monstrous discovery of an abominable hidden thing—hurtful ; vicious ; disgusting ; immeasurably sad, and so shameful.

There was between them the expectation of walking away together, after the meal was over, into the dark bewitching gardens ; and there confessing ; and determining ; and perhaps fighting.

To-night there were no wines served at table. Bennett had an extraordinarily tempting and delicious fruit cup made by himself. He had not mentioned to her that there would be no wines served ; the tacit understanding between them was good enough.

She talked, and told Dorian that Lady Maples had called ; and another day the wife of the Italian Consul.

Then they went together out into the garden, the butler watching them go, his mouth tight and his eyes grim, saying to himself: "God help the poor devil! 'opes she'll know what to say to him."

"Which way shall we go, darling?" said Dorian unsteadily, taking her arm.

"Let's sit under the cypresses—so dark and cool; and we can see the lights of the shipping in the Bay."

"Aren't the stars marvellous to-night?"

She was absorbed entirely with the thing she had been brooding over. She went on without answer, feeling him fondling her arm and hand. He sighed heavily. She cared for him; she still cared for him, she told herself—but differently. She would be terribly sweet and kind—but differently.

She kept thinking, turgidly, of Elena and her child.

They reached the white stone semicircular seat, and sat down, back to the house and gardens, facing the shimmering Bay through the black pillars of the cypresses. And she waited for him to speak; and suddenly he was on his knees beside her, his arms about her loins, his head in her lap, sighing heavily. She laid a hand on his head, coldly.

"Darling?" he muttered.

"Poor Dorian!" she said.

"Oh, darling, I wish you didn't have to be sorry for me. You know I want to seem . . . something damned worth while in your eyes. Lea . . ."

"Tell me; tell me everything about it."

He remained stone still, holding her tightly gripped.

"I had hoped——"

"Hoped what, Dorian?"

"It wouldn't have happened—now. It's a thing you can't explain to a woman who doesn't know. It's a beast, tearing me in pieces. You'll have to——"

"What'll I have to do?"

"Make the best of the good times. I'll give you very good times. You must go away from me—let me alone when this—this curse——"

"What do you mean—'this curse'?"

"That. It's a curse, a disease." She could feel his face, hot and perspiring, through the impalpable sheath of her frock. "Most people that I know, know about me: *it*."

She tried to express love in her hand on his head.

"You can conquer it, dearest."

"God!" he said, "do you suppose I haven't tried? Do you suppose doctors haven't tried? No. We're all alike, we Vandelas. It comes out somehow."

"'It'?"

"The curse we've got on us. My father was the same; my grandfather. I've got a brother——"

"Go on."

"Never mind. I'll try, darling. I'll try. But I expect you'll have to put up with me as I am. Leave me to Bennett and Smith when I make a beast of myself; just leave me. But forgive me, Lea, won't you? Because I love you so."

"Forgiveness?" she whispered. "Of course."

He straightened up on his knees, and looked eagerly into her face in the deep shadow of the trees through which the moonlight shot in long spears of glowing white. "Lea, it was what made me love you so. Not only for your beauty, but because you're such a *woman*. I knew it, under all the damn clothes you showed off, under all your artifices, that you're not like just any other girl. I knew you were a warm, strong, kind woman. You are strong. You'll show me a light. You'll make a life for me, and I will thank you with all that I have."

"I'll talk to your doctor, Dorian, dearest."

"No, Lea. No. I ask you one thing. Let it alone."

"Who is your doctor, Dorian?"

He did not answer. She saw that he was not going to answer; neither did she need it, for Bennett had told her. She had merely been testing his willingness to put all his cards on the table. But they were never willing, these afflicted ones. They held tight to their secrets and their resources.

He was speaking again:

"You'll be happy. I'll make you happy. And you'll have children. They'll make you happier than, perhaps, I can."

She said: "There will be no children, Dorian."

He sprang up and sat beside her, arms round her. "Lea, you must have children. You must. You must. I want a child. I swear to you that a child would help—would make you forgive me all. You must have a child, darling. My darling. You mustn't brand me by telling me that!"

"It isn't fair!"

"Fair! Fair! What's 'fair'? Did the generations before me think of what's fair? Life isn't like that. Lea, promise me now, promise me—we'll have a child." And he said: "Children would be something for me to struggle for. Perhaps I could kill this raging thing in me if we had a son."

He held her tighter. "You're going to love me still? You must love me! You're going to?"

"I'll love you, poor sweet."

"And promise me . . ."

She kissed him and quietened him. They went in. He whispered: "Ask anything. Say anything you want to do." She murmured back, her brain on fire: "Go home. Away from here."

His doctor was Sir Benjamin Books.

SHE was in the famous doctor's consulting room. Under his charm and his courtesy and his keen attention she had sensed the caution, the reserve, which had held Dorian. She had to tell him that she was there without her husband's consent, without his knowledge.

"But you knew that I treat him, Mrs. Vandela?"

"Yes."

"He told you?"

"No. He would not tell me who it was. Someone else told me."

"Ah!"

She said nervously: "I want children."

"It is nice to hear a woman saying so."

"I want children terribly, more than anything in the world, I think . . . I did not know about my husband's—my husband's—trouble."

"I am so sorry for the worry you must be feeling, Mrs. Vandela."

"I want to ask you a question."

"One that I hope I can answer?"

"Is it fair to have a child?"

"'Fair'?"

"To the child. This weakness—the Vandelas—it's hereditary. I happen to have heard these things talked of a good deal—I was a mannequin before I married. Certain clients who came in had these—these tragedies I mean—I have thought a good deal——"

"Principally since finding out?"

"Yes."

He looked steadily for a few seconds at his clock, and paused before replying. That suggestion of time being short told her that he was not going to speak clearly or damagingly of what might be Vandela's personal wishes. At last he set out to explain without explaining.

"You ask me. . . ."

"Is—drunkenness—hereditary?"

"One would hardly put it like that," he said. "The drink habit goes with certain temperaments. The true drunkard is usually highly strung, of considerable imaginative powers, and so on. One might rather say that his temperament and constitution are handed on. The affliction may manifest itself as a form of epilepsy, or in drinking to excess, or some other form of constitutional lack of balance——"

"Stop!"

He stopped and rose, looking at the clock. But she remained seated, so he turned and looked down at her. She was extraordinarily tragic and fiery and beautiful.

"You mentioned 'epilepsy.' You know my husband's family medical history, I suppose. Have any of the Vandelas——?"

"I would rather you asked your husband, dear lady. The facts are not mine to give."

"You have given them."

She got up. "Thank you. Good-bye."

She was out of the room, out of the house, in the car again. Rolling into Baker Street, suddenly she saw on the pavement Jack Chester.

He turned to the left into a side street. In an instant she had signalled to stop the car, and was out on the kerb before the hastening chauffeur could alight to open the door. She said calmly: "Meet me at the Endymion Club in half an hour."

She turned also down the side street. Her feet had wings. Chester walked fast, but she was faster. As he turned into the open doorway of the shabby tall old house that held his bachelor suite, she was close behind him. She called softly to him on the dim staircase: Jack!"

He swung round and saw her. They stood silent and breathless. "It's urgent," She said, and came up the remaining two stairs to him. She caught his hand, twined her fingers into his. She was driven by the great, strong urge and desperation in herself; she was a stranger to herself. She whispered: "I'll come in for a minute." "No, please, Lea, you can't." "I can." He put an arm like a steel band, tightening, tightening, round her waist and almost lifted her through the nearest door, which was his own. And, almost, he lifted her thus down a very short corridor into a room.

Before they spoke again, they kissed each other. She was so ready.

"Jack, I love you. Why didn't I marry you?"

"I love you. Why didn't you?"

"You spoke too late."

"Why have you come?"

"I—I just saw you from the window of my car, and I got out, on impulse."

"You are married now? Happy?"

"Would I be here if I were happy?"

"What shall we do, Lea?"

"I'll come here again. I want to talk."

"'Talk'!"

She felt on fire all over with the significance of his derision.

"Let me come here again?"

"My God!" he said. "I'm starting next month for Rio, for the firm. Six months—we're not quite sure how long it'll take."

"That is next month."

But after the half-hour's madness she remembered her car waiting at the Endymion Club, and she smoothed herself, said a passionate *Au revoir*, took a taxicab to the club, and got once more into the limousine that she had so coveted.

SHE was a new woman, very strange to Vandela, who sought piteously and humbly to understand her. What was she doing? These long hours when she went out with the mysterious look of the vestal, and came back partly with the quiet triumph of a consecration, and partly lit with an equally mysterious flame—where did she spend them? Vandela did not so definitely analyse either her lambent beauty or her repose; he was indeed too wrought upon by the strain of his own battles; but he asked her: "Where are you going, my darling? What are you doing? What are you thinking?" She put him off quietly and satisfyingly. She said she was indeed thinking, thinking of his plea for a child, wondering whether indeed that might not help them.

He took, as he thought, advantage of her great softness, her regained softness and love. He thought that probably she was often with her great friend Elena Thames. He himself went privately to Elena to help him with Lea, and to Jim to help him with the good offices of Elena. He sought Sir Benjamin Books. He kept praying to Lea—terrified of her estrangement, as she had been estranged in the gardens above the shimmery Bay of Algiers—that she should relent; that they should have a child to save them both from destruction at each other's hands. It was one day when his ghastly craving had just begun, dimly, to tear at him again, offering him comfort and nepenthe, that all at once she told him, adorably, she was going to have a child. END.

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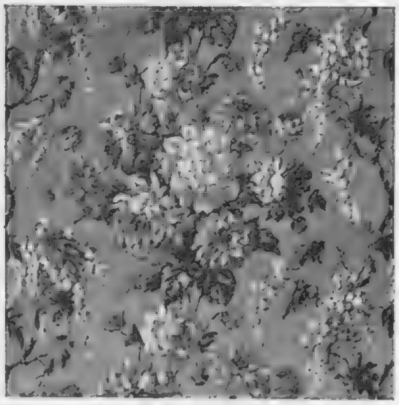

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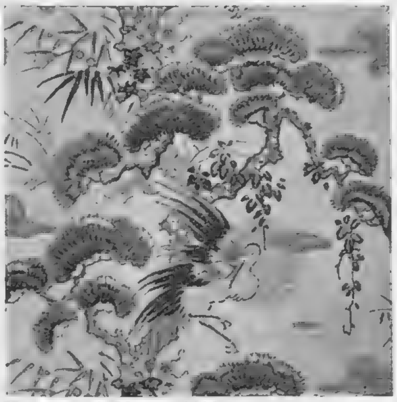

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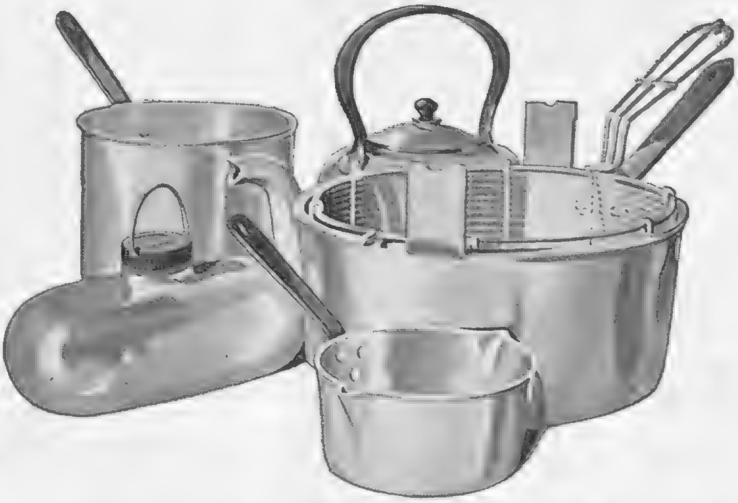

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Straight *from* Prison

(Continued from page 25)

"How long have you known him, Elfreda?"

"Ever since . . . you know, it happened. I couldn't have carried on sometimes . . . but for him. We owe him a lot, Guy."

So, not being able to have each other—they had built each other up into saints. And she would build her altar imperishably, gloriously on him, for the Reverend Hollywood Williams to worship at everlastingly.

"I want him to marry us, Guy."

It wasn't love, tenderness, pity. . . . It wasn't any of the lovely, sterile, holy things for which his sick, shamed heart had sought to revere her. It was a thwarted spiritual pride. Elfreda Stewart and the Reverend Hollywood Williams wanted to suffer silently. They did not know these things. He acquitted them of that. If Elfreda made the supreme sacrifice and married him, he would step to her saint's niche and Hollywood Williams would worship at it faithfully.

He looked at her neat little spinster face and said suddenly, crudely:

"I've got a bit of money, Elfreda . . put away quietly. I invested in another name . . . moons before the crash. Must have been the devil looking after his own."

"Guy, how much?"

"Five thousand pounds."

"I . . . I don't want to . . to hear about it, Guy, please! Don't let's mention it again." She was greatly disturbed.

"So I shan't be altogether dependent on you."

Elfreda blazed out: "I wanted to give you everything, to share everything. How dare you—other people's money!"

Then she crumpled. She knelt at his feet, kissing his hand with miserable apology, saying: "Nerves—just silly nerves."

"Elfreda, I couldn't give that money back now. I don't know whose it was originally."

"Surely your creditors . . ."

"Dear Elfreda—it would hardly amount to a shilling each . . . and it is all I have. Surely I suffered enough. I paid."

"I don't want to talk about it. I didn't know you had anything."

"I'm not going to chuck it away for any queer ideas, you know, Ellie. It's mine . . . and, by Jove! I've paid for it!"

"Don't! Don't let's talk about it, Guy, please! Let's forget about it."

He had a feeling that from the hour when he disclosed the five thousand pounds, Elfreda's mind itched and fidgeted with it. He was not far wrong.

Marriage with Guy would secure for Elfreda the Reverend Hollywood Williams for all time. Her sacrifice would be complete and he witness to it. Their minds and imaginations would never lose each other, and even their physical nearness would be comfortably sanctified.

Elfreda knew definitely, and her mind had time to encompass it, that Guy's illicit five thousand would sweeten and considerably embellish their life together. She did not really want to make the sacrifice of keeping a man, and a man with expensive tastes and habits, on four hundred a year. Five thousand pounds properly invested would bring in £4 10s. a week.

On the other hand, she had no wish for the Reverend Hollywood Williams to know of the existence of that sum, or her spiritual pride, her desire for perfection in his eyes, would force her to relinquish it.

BUTTER had lots of genial, tinny little friends that ran about in tinny little cars. They lived in tinny little houses and flats. They wore tinny jewellery and they banged and blew with surprising skill on tinny instruments. Between them they had bought up all the furniture of Butter's flat, and were waiting for her departure to remove it. The "bits and pieces" had brought Butter in nearly sixty pounds. She was no longer skittish. She had never reverted to that. Sometimes she looked puzzled and almost old under her yellow hair, as if she struggled with thoughts too big for her.

"When does the company sail, Butter, may I ask?"

"What company? Oh-h, the 'Bright Belles.' Oh, in a month."

He couldn't bear to think of her going. When he thought of her disappearance from his life, the nostalgia and terror of that first night out of prison, from which she had saved him, returned to him.

He was aware of an increased nervousness in Elfreda, but he did not guess the tenderness of her spiritual conscience pressed eternally against the fretsaw of his five thousand pounds, and one day in early autumn she said to him:

"I don't see the good of going on any longer like this, Guy—you spending money at a cheap hotel and I living here. I want you to meet Mr. Hollywood Williams this afternoon. He has a concrete proposal to make."

"All right, Elfreda."

It was one of those indescribable London days of dreadful autumnal beauty and sadness.

He walked through Regent's Park. He was aware of an immense capacity for living in himself. A sudden greedy capacity.

The windows in Elfreda's little flat were tightly shut to keep out the noise of traffic. It seemed somehow to shut out the noise of life itself that had throbbed and seeped joyously in his ears in the open air.

Elfreda went into the minute white kitchen to prepare tea, and the Reverend Hollywood Williams looked at Guy.

He said, "If I may say so, sir, you are a very lucky fellow. You have one woman in a thousand, in a million. I wonder if you realise her utter faithfulness. She seems to me very near . . . a saint."

Guy heard himself say, "She wants to be one."

The Reverend Hollywood Williams looked at him.

"That seems natural to me and natural to her."

Elfreda came back. They sat down in the vitiated atmosphere with little cups of tea before them and began to talk.

"He offered you £2 10s. a week as a start," Guy came back to hear him say, and he heard himself answer:

"What the devil would I do with that?"

The eyes of the two men met for the first time not as priest and layman, but just as men disliking each other.

The Reverend Hollywood Williams said, "If you were wise, my dear fellow, you would be proportionately grateful for it."

"Yes; think what it means, Guy. It means regular employment—something to do, occupation, and something coming in."

Guy looked at his own hand and saw that it was trembling as it held the fragile cup. He was interested in it. The hand was so terribly, attractively alive. The sense of life travelled up from the hand all over him till he throbbed with it as he had not done for nearly eight years.

Responding ardently to the throb, he said: "You talk as if I were a pauper."

There was a deathly silence.

The Reverend Hollywood Williams bent forward, and Guy saw in his face the first expression of real man-to-man interest he had ever seen.

He said, "Well, aren't you?"

He answered, "By Jove, I'm not! I've got five thousand pounds in the bank."

Then he saw Elfreda Stewart's face, and he knew that, reluctantly but finally, she rejected that five thousand pounds in favour of complete canonisation by the Reverend Hollywood Williams. For spiritual perfection in his eyes she would sacrifice ruthlessly the comfort and the little luxury that five thousand pounds would bring in—and the independence her husband would have secured by it.

She said—and her voice shook with feeling:

"I told him he must give it up. He must give it back where it belongs."

"Yes, you must give that back."

"And to whom, Mr. Williams?"

"To the people from whom you stole it."

He looked at them and laughed, and his laughter sounded in his own ears like the strong rush of winds.

"I'm going to keep my five thousand pounds. Elfreda wants me to."

The word leapt out from Elfreda's lips, "No!"

"I would not use your guilty money. I shouldn't feel happy, Guy."

"There is no guilty money, my dear Elfreda. It is the users who are guilty, not the money. Money is always good."

"This is too serious a thing to quibble about."

"Yes, by jove!" said Guy.

Elfreda was looking at him with burning eyes.

"You must choose between me and your money."

Hollywood Williams was looking at Elfreda. His hands were clasped in prayer. His lips were moving.

"Choose, Guy," said Elfreda steadily.

"I am sorry," said Guy, "but I choose the money."

"Then I never want to see you again."

He looked at them a little queerly, and a wry smile twisted his really charming mouth.

He said "All right," and he went out of the room, and shut the door, and in the minute hall he found his hat and went straight down to Butter.

He said, perfectly simply, "She's chucked me."

"Bad luck!"

Butter sat down suddenly on one of the sold pink armchairs. She was breathing rather heavily and he saw that she was white.

"Care for a fresh deal? With my sales here I have £100. Lend you £50. Fifty-fifty, what-what!"

He said, "America?"

"Canada, and why not?"

"I thought you said you were opening up in New York with 'Bright Belles'—aren't you?"

"No. I'm opening up being the sister-in-law's char in Canada. She's going to have her fourth baby, and my brother said I'd better come out. I went after the 'Bright Belles' show and they turned me down—said I was too old and too fat. I wasn't going to tell you. Why should I? I'd rather you thought of me as chorus than char. You'd get a job easy as winking, and then you can pay me back."

He heard himself say, "I want to marry you, Butter."

She did not move. She sat staring at him with the tears running down her face.

"Go on!"

"I'm terribly fond of you, Butter."

"My father was a greengrocer."

They made no move towards each other; except to move her mouth in speech she did not stir. She was still staring at him.

"Butter, you're rather a holy thing."

"I'm the cat's whiskers, if you only knew. Look here, there are passports and things . . . ."

"And marriage licences."

"Any chorus girl feels rich with a husband, you know. She has had to put up with the loan of so many other women's."

He laughed, but still they did not move.

"So you'd marry me—broke?"

"Well, it looks like it, old sport."

"But I'm not, you know, Butter. I have five thousand pounds of my own I can lay my hand on any minute."

Then the tears came like a sudden shower. She seemed to sparkle with them. He was aware only of the sweet sparkling of her face in the gathering gloom of that little room.

"I say, you're kidding?"

"No. Swear. Are you glad?"

"Glad? Oh, boy, I could eat you! Why, we can buy a little place of our own, and grow things—tomatoes, marrows, cows, sheep."

"You don't want me to give it back where it belongs."

"It belongs right here."

"That is how I feel."

"I say, Guy, old Straight Seams—did she know about the boodle?"

He nodded.

"My God! A woman like that would kick away her own step ladder from under her to see if she could fly."

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him enthusiastically.

END

Television

(*Continued from page* 43)

the moving picture been invented when Ibsen learned to write.

Besides, the narrowness of the censorship in England, as regards political opinion, has made it the clumsiest of weapons to use.

They banned "The Last Mile," a play which told of a revolution in a prison, and yet they passed "The Big House," which told, as a talkie, the same sort of story to many times the number of people that "The Last Mile" could have reached.

The propagandist will use the wireless, and the talkie, and the large-sale newspaper and more and more ignore the stage.

Oh, and yes, the art of the epigram has died. Wilde glittered when I was a boy, and in their plays, when I was young, Pinero and Carton and others often spoke in biting phrases and in pointed words.

Now, the half-wits merely bleat. They make "remarks," and they mistake cheekiness for challenge. They are like the little boys who used to write dirty words on walls. The spread of education merely resulted in our finding them written lower down.

You can see a moving picture in a railway train to-day, and, while travelling to Scotland or Penzance, you can turn on the wireless, either in your railway carriage or your motor car. You can even hear a concert, by wireless, in your aeroplane.

THE vast liners show moving pictures every night, and they publish newspapers for which news comes by wireless.

Within a few years, television will reach the mid-Atlantic steamer, the train travelling at sixty miles an hour, and the motor car, if it is large enough.

Yes, you will be able to turn it on in a pit or on the top of a mountain, just as, to-day, you can take a gramophone record underground, or high up in the air, and turn on Layton and Johnstone.

The theatre will become, more and more, merely a place of experiment and a means of training. You will show in it forms of art not intended for the great multitude; yet even these need not be done in the West End of London by professionals.

All over the country, earnest enthusiasts are staging Shaw, and Ibsen and Galsworthy and St. John Hankin, recruiting, to do so, theatrical companies from miners who work underground, and from cotton operatives who slave in the mills.

They have accents, it is true, but, otherwise, some of them are just as capable as the half-baked amateurs whose voices you cannot hear, half-way back in a West End theatre, and who wear club ties and eat club sandwiches.

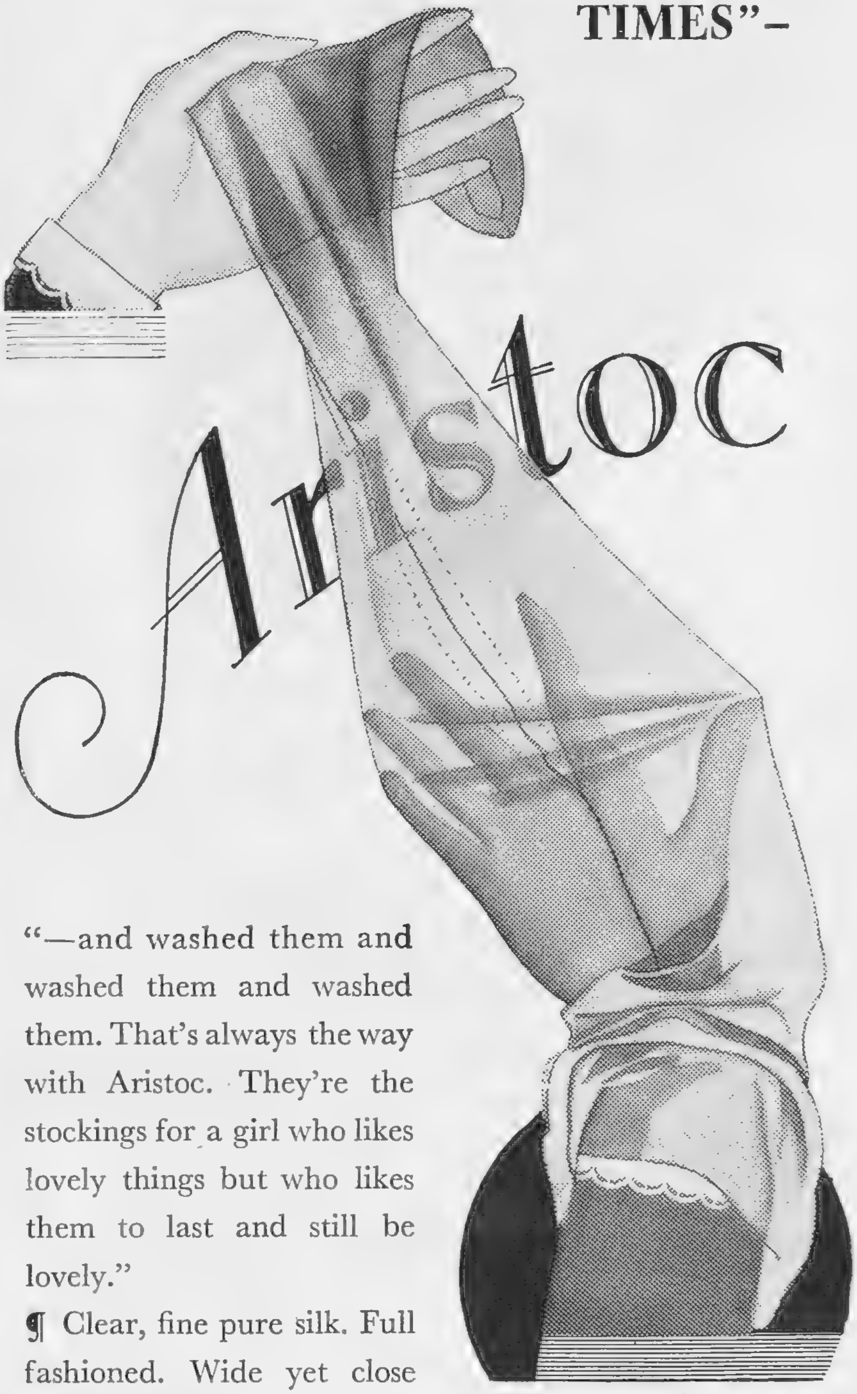
Then a new kind of wireless play will be developed. All they now do is to turn into a sightless thing a series of words written for an accompaniment of action. It is meaningless to-day, boring and tripish. Some genius must arrive to evolve a new kind of art for that.

Machinery will control us more and more. But there is one thing it cannot control, that is the soul of man. It was the soul of man that brought machinery into being, and, to the end, the soul of man will triumph.

One day it will burst into a new idea. Then, perhaps, the art of the theatre may be reborn.

END

"I'VE WORN THEM I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES"—



"—and washed them and washed them and washed them. That's always the way with Aristoc. They're the stockings for a girl who likes lovely things but who likes them to last and still be lovely."

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T*he* Red Flag

(*Continued from page* 55)

The general made a gesture.

"Fifty thousand taels more," he whispered, "to divide among the brigade-commanders and the colonels. They are greedy—men without shame."

Wang turned.

"Twenty-five thousand to divide among the brigadiers—after the surrender——"

"Forty thousand——"

IN squalid quasi-nakedness, Comrade Wang sat among a group of water coolies in a slum of Hankow.

"The Kuomintang comes, comrades," he said. "The poor man will be made rich. Therefore prepare for the day. Organise yourselves in a Labour Union even as the other workers are doing. Get staves prepared that your pickets may be armed. All the foreigners must be killed. There will be much loot. Also the Kuomintang will order that you are given double pay, even for holidays——"

IT was late August. Comrade Wang's motor-car raced honkingly through the crowded streets of Changsha, headquarters of the Kuomintang forces operating against Wu Pei-fu. That war-lord had returned from a campaign against a rival war-lord too late to save his province of Hupeh. Some of his generals had led their troops over to the enemy in the crisis of the battle. Others, among them those he most trusted, had withdrawn their divisions in persistent and inexplicable retreat. Already his triple capital-city of Hankow-Hanyang-Wuhan was menaced.

In Changsha the first period of military conquest was over. The period of "revolutionary consolidation" was in progress. Exhibited on posts, like horrible lacquer masks, the heads of many of the richest merchants adorned the streets. Every class of labour organised itself in Unions, truculently presenting fantastic demands to employers ruined if they complied with them, menaced with confiscation and prison if they did not. Ubiquitous Labour Union pickets armed with staves replaced the police, enforced obedience to the revolutionary decrees, compelled the proletariat to demonstrate in daily processions, to come out on strike, to riot when necessary. School children and students likewise formed their Unions, went on strike, expelled their teachers, demonstrated with banners proclaiming all the revolutionary slogans. On every wall were lurid posters depicting British soldiers tossing Chinese babies on their bayonets. The entire foreign community was paralysed, its missions and its businesses alike at a standstill. From far up-country stations the missionaries—still incredulous that such a thing could happen—arrived as fugitives after hairbreadth escapes, abandoning the work of years smitten suddenly into ruin. Despite the persistent efforts of the official propagandists to focus "All hate on the British," in practice the ignorant and excited proletariat did not trouble to differentiate between one hated foreigner and another. The well-to-do Chinese suffered most; all who could fled northwards to the safety of the International Settlement of Shanghai. The whole vast area of Southern China under the Kuomintang red flag was in the grip of an awful, all-pervading, demoralising fear—such a fear as now for nine years had gripped the immensity of Russia.

Comrade Wang's motor was checked at a cross-street. A demonstration was in progress. It was a procession of revolutionary women. At the head of one of the companies, Comrade Wang recognised an old acquaintance. It was Comrade May-ling, in officer's uniform, a heavy "parabellum" automatic pistol at her waistbelt, a red flag centred with hammer and sickle in her hand.

He waved to her amicably. She waved back, cried to him as she passed:

"The Revolution goes forward, comrade! The women emancipate themselves!"

The street was at last clear. His car sped on again, shearing a passage through the pedestrians springing to right and left, arrived at the Propaganda Office.

He hurried into the building, asked for Comrade Borodin. He had despatches he must deliver personally.

Presently an orderly came to fetch him. He was conducted to a room where, under large framed portraits of Sun Yat-sen and Lenin, a man in a white duck jacket sat at a desk and dictated to a secretary. It was Comrade Borodin, "adviser" to the Kuomintang Government, organiser of Revolution on the successful Russian model. Latvian Jew though he was, his prominent cheekbones and drooping moustache gave him a Mongolian appearance. He ran his fingers through his shock of thick wavy hair, his eyes craftily half-shut, spoke in English, the common tongue of these highly placed revolutionaries, of whom not only the foreigners but even many returned expatriates like Eugene Ch'en knew no Chinese.

"Say that the Nationalist Government deplores these excesses, which it does its best to restrain—the usual formula—times of revolutionary ferment—natural excitement of masses liberated from slavery—nevertheless foreigners can rely on protection from Nationalist Government——." He paused.

"Yes, comrade?" The secretary glanced up as she spoke. It was little Kuei-fei. Comrade Wang wondered what interest she represented. Everybody spied on everybody else. Every General had a Commissar attached to him. The Kuomintang spied on the Chinese Communists, and the Chinese Communists spied on the Kuomintang, while the Russian Komintern spied on both. Borodin and Chiang Kai-shek were spied on at every minute of their existence.

"How much money did the mob-leaders get?" queried Borodin sharply.

"A hundred thousand taels were paid in, comrade."

"There ought to have been at least two hundred thousand. There's too much of this damned eternal 'squeeze'!" He spoke in exasperation. "Don't they understand that if we don't pay the troops the Revolution is lost? Send Nikolaiev to me. I'll make those Union leaders shake their sleeves. And tell Korinsky to start another strike at the silk factories. We'll sweat those capitalists again. Also tell him to arrest the six biggest Chinese bankers who are not yet in prison, and execute them publicly at once."

Little Kuei-fei jotted down the orders. "Yes, comrade?"

"That's all."

Kuei-fei went out.

Borodin turned to Wang standing with military stiffness before him.

"Yes? What is it?"

"I bring despatches, comrade. From Comrade Muraviev, Sixth Army." He handed over his leather wallet, locked before it had been given him. (Nevertheless he had opened it, had copied the contents.)

Borodin took a bunch of keys from his pocket, unfastened the wallet, glanced through the papers with a frowning intentness. There was a formidably swift power of work in this man, a ruthless force of character. Wang felt secretly awed and uncomfortable in his presence.

Borodin looked up, his eyes piercing under their half-dropped lids.

"You are in the Party?"

"Yes, comrade. Moscow."

"I remember. How are things at the front?"

"Excellent, comrade. Revolutionary enthusiasm among the workers is increasing. The orders as to Terrorist organisations in Hankow are being carried out. The secret Labour Unions are ready to come out on the streets. If it were not for Wuchang, we could walk into the city. Everything is ripe."

"Good." He paused a moment, as though weighing this young Chinese. "And the Party loyalty in the regimental 'cells'? All are trustworthy?"

Comrade Wang thought quickly. He spoke with a smooth indifference.

"You should know that better than I, comrade. I heard rumours as to the Unit of the 101st Brigade. There is a leakage of Party directives to the Kuomintang Commissar in that brigade." Under his cool blandness, he smiled. The Communist Unit of the 101st Brigade was one of the most fanatically efficient in the Army. It would be a subtle stroke to discredit it with the Russian comrades. They would probably break it up, proof or no proof.

"The 101st Brigade." Borodin made a note. "Yes? Anything more?"

He tried to think of something more which would be safe, when someone strode quickly into the room.

It was General Chiang Kai-shek, commander-in-chief of the Kuomintang forces, slim, boyish, his uniform thick with the dust of a long journey. His voice was angry. "Comrade, can you spare me a minute—alone?"

Borodin looked at Wang.

"Dismissed!"

Outside the heavy hangings of the door Comrade Wang stooped as though to retie his bootlace. He could just hear Chiang Kai-shek's voice in indignation.

"Comrade, once again certain Communist Units in my troops have overridden my orders——"

The sentry in the corridor looked at Wang suspiciously. He had to straighten himself, hurry away. He must get in touch with Kuei-fei, he thought, during the few days he would be here. She was as pretty as ever. And always he had promised himself to make love to her if the chance came his way.

HE had met Kuei-fei outside the Propaganda Office, at the hour when work ceased for the day and its swarm of employees came pouring out. This was their second meeting. Last night he had taken her to supper in one of the big Chinese hotels on the riverside, where the bands played Western tunes for jazzing Russian and Chinese couples, and painted sing-song girls made tinkling music between the little tables filled with green-uniformed officers of the Kuomintang army. This evening Kuei-fei was taking him first to a garden she said was worth seeing, a garden where she often walked. He had acquiesced readily. Last night she had given him the slip at the end. This out-of-the-way excursion might afford a better opportunity of making a conquest.

The garden whither she conducted him, chattering bright superficialities the while, was just within the walls, the artificial pleasance of a wealthy merchant who had been decapitated in the first days of the Nationalist occupation. They walked along the skilfully devious paths strewn with hacked and yellowing shrubs, towards the artificial lake bridged to an artificial island, where was a pagoda with its panels smashed, its dragons overthrown and broken.

Kuei-fei paused. She sighed, looking about her.

"The name of this garden, comrade, is the 'Garden of Bright Happiness.' To me, it is a symbol. Is it a symbol to you also, I wonder?" She spoke in English, easiest for conversation since they came from widely distant provinces. Also—since one never knew who might be listening in this revolutionary Changsha—it was a safeguard against vulgar eavesdroppers.

What was she driving at? What did he care for that old foolish nonsense of cryptic symbols characteristic of that effetely antique China they were destroying? He replied gallantly.

"A symbol of bright happiness for us both, comrade?" He laughed as he put an arm around her. "Why shouldn't we have a good time, like

(*Continued on page* 116)

LADY MAUD WARRENDER
sees
a Woman's Dearest Wish fulfilled

MY attention has been drawn to the serious aspect of the loss of youth and of beauty to men and women who depend upon their looks for their wage-earning. Sagging skin and wrinkles come to everyone, and to thousands may mean tragedy, the tragedy of losing their job. In the case of actresses, especially in film work, the marks of age are fatal.

Most women who attempt to remove such marks of age from their faces sooner or later realise how impossible the task is.

I am, therefore, glad to find that the mental suffering of those women who have tried in vain to eradicate the wrinkles and signs of old age is totally unnecessary. *They can regain their lost looks.* I have just investigated the latest scientific method of rejuvenating the face by painless and scarless cosmetic surgery at the Hystogen Institute, 40, Baker Street, London, W.1, and I am completely astonished at the results. I interviewed the specialist with the wonder-working hands and he introduced to me cases actually under treatment, and also others he had treated some considerable time ago.

I found that deep-seated furrows between the eyes, crowsfeet under the eyes, wrinkles on the forehead, lines from nose to mouth, and loose skin on the neck had all been banished and the soft, rounded contours of youth restored. What surprised me equally was that the effect is permanent. Once this glorious appearance of youth has been recaptured it remains.

Maud Warrender

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all the other comrades ?" She detached herself, looked at him with serious eyes.

"Comrade," she said, "have I misjudged you ? In the train from Moscow I thought you were someone I could trust. Are you really——?"

He smiled. "Really what ?"

"A 'Red' ?"

He must be cautious. "The 'Reds' are necessary, comrade," he said. "They help us to free ourselves—from the foreign Imperialists—from the war-lords."

"Two thousand five hundred years ago, comrade," she answered earnestly, "China was torn and bleeding under rival war-lords, just as she is to-day. But it was not by violence that peace and happiness came again. It was because China gradually learned the wisdom of K'ung Fu-tze." She quoted : "'The Master said, People who are led in the paths they should go and made uniform and perfect as a field of ripe grain by means of the sword and torture may avoid transgression, but their ears will never redden with shame. People who are led in the path by good example springing from the heart will feel shame, and their excellence will flourish like a great tree.'"

What a quaint little thing she was ! He almost laughed. Fancy a modern Chinese student still knowing Confucius ! For himself, he had never read a line of that mustily old-fashioned sage.

"Did you bring me to this garden to teach me the sayings of K'ung Fu-tze ?" He looked at her with a sudden wary suspicion. "Are you not a Revolutionary, comrade ?"

She replied with an ecstatic fervour.

"I am a Revolutionary in every fibre of myself ! I exist only for the Revolution !"

He was utterly puzzled. "Then——?"

"Comrade, they killed Chen-dai, but his work goes on."

He began to understand. Chen-dai—the Gandhi of China—had been assassinated by the Reds in Canton last year. His quasi-mystical philosophic pacifism thwarted that intensified action against Hong-Kong which should provoke the British into the craved-for isolated declaration of war, detonating a world-catastrophe infallibly the prelude to world-revolution. He knew that Chen-dai's party still survived in that heterogeneous conglomerate of revolutionary parties which was the Kuomintang. His own section, secretly scheming to exploit the Russians and throw them over when success was won, had affiliations with those unpractical dreamers. But he had no interest in politics at this moment. All he wanted was two or three days' amusement with Kuei-fei. He must force the pace a little.

"You shall tell me about that later." He smiled insinuatingly. "Now—kiss me !"

She drew back.

"No, comrade. Do not be unworthy !"

This was ridiculous. "Why not ?—the other girl comrades don't make so much fuss about it. We're in a Revolution. Everybody makes love these days. Why waste time ?"

"I am not like the others, comrade. I am quite different. When I was only a little girl I dedicated myself to the people—to the Republic." Her voice went "religious"—reminded him of the children in the mission-school church when he was himself a boy. "I made a vow to myself that no human love should come between me and that ideal, that I would live only to make China united and free—a great nation." She smiled. "'On the highest summits, the snow is ever untrodden,' as the poet says."

What absurdity ! She was fooling him. "And your Red Army officer in Moscow, then ?" Ha, ha ! She had forgotten that he knew that !

She smiled again.

"He did not exist. I pretended it—to be like all the other girl comrades—not to draw attention to myself." She paused, spoke with an intense seriousness, yet piquantly naive. "Can't you understand, comrade ? It is necessary in great movements that one like me should dedicate herself. When I was at the mission-school I learned about Joan of Arc, and Charlotte Corday in the French Revolution. And in China there was the high-born maiden who sacrificed naked and gave her life that the newly built walls of Chinchew should stand for ever. Make love to the other girls, comrade. There are plenty to choose from. But I cannot make love—with anyone."

She was more desirable than ever in this refusal. He was not going to be played with by a superstitious little idiot like this.

"I want you, little one," he said. "You had better think again." An unpleasant tone came into his voice. "Don't forget that I have only to hint to the Unit what I know about you—and your head will be off your shoulders as soon as they have done torturing you."

He expected her to shrink in terror, to plead with him. There was an imminent ugly reality behind that menace. She laughed.

"Do you imagine I am as simple as that, comrade ?" She was suddenly quite different, was curtly business-like. "My mission is too important not to take elementary precautions. I know all about you. I know that you are secretly working against the Russians for all that you pretend to be a Communist—just as I do. I even know which secret circle of the Kuomintang gives you orders. A full denunciation of you came into the Propaganda Office last week."

He went cold in a sick fear.

"It is not true !"

She smiled.

"I intercepted it, comrade."

"Where is it now ?"

"In a safe place. But if you should try to denounce me, or if you should shoot me in this garden"—his hand had gone to the automatic at his belt—"Comrade Borodin will be reading it in an hour. So you see, comrade, I am quite safe."

He shivered.

"Why did you bring me here ?"

"Because I wanted to test you. Because I thought you could go all the way with me. I was wrong. We go only part of the way together. Very well. We will not interfere with each other. In our own ways, we are both working for China—and only for China. We will leave it at that. Now, comrade, let us go down to the hotel and dance. 'They' are suspicious of comrades who do not enjoy themselves."

He hated her in that new fear of her. These girl comrades could be terrible.

The next day he received urgent orders which sent him far from Changsha.

MARCH, 1927. Comrade Wang rode in a rickshaw through the splendidly European-built streets of the foreign concession at Hankow, now drearily deserted. Much had happened.

On January 3rd and 4th a thin line of British marines had stood for two days at the limit of the British Concession, with fixed bayonets stolidly barring the rush of the screaming crowd of coolies armed with staves and bricks, surging against them in fanatic frenzy. He had been one of the organisers of that mob, summoned with beating of gongs, told that all the loot of the Imperialists awaited them, sent again and again against those absurdly few and passive defenders, while the Nationalist troops crowding the city stood in grinning inactivity. It was a subtly cunning plan. The British marines, and the British gunboats in the river, would be forced to open fire. Britain would be committed to that isolated war which it was the sole end of Moscow's policy to provoke. The entire East would rise against her, and almost certainly Japan would seize the unique opportunity belligerently to proclaim herself "protectress of the Orient." Such a major war would make the World-Revolution certain. The other Imperialist Powers would stand jealously aloof or attempt to profit by Britain's embarrassment, while the British Socialists at home would paralyse her efforts and convert a "peace movement" into a revolution. Borodin had explained it all to them, with ruthless revolutionary logic. For the Kuomintang, the immediate end was enough. Comrade Wang had laughed in malignant delight as he stirred up that frenzied, hallucinated crowd of riff-raff. "Down with the capitalists ! Down with the British Imperialists !" The British had not opened fire. Rather than precipitate so momentous a conflict, they had preferred to surrender the Concession.

Its own "face" immensely improved by this victory, the Nationalist Government had proclaimed Hankow as the new National capital, had established its departmental offices in the fine buildings of the British Concession. (The Japanese had fortified their Concession with barbed-wire entanglements and machine-guns ; were not to be touched lest that "face" be lost in a repulse.) Overwhelming success was in sight. Chiang Kai-shek was on the point of capturing Shanghai and Nanking. Other great armies were being prepared for the final push northward to Pekin. In a few weeks the Revolution would be triumphant from end to end of China. Who would control it—the Russians with Borodin at their head, and the Chinese Communist Party as their agent, using China as but a step in the World-Revolution, or the specifically Chinese Kuomintang, all its ambitions achieved as soon as it became master of China ?

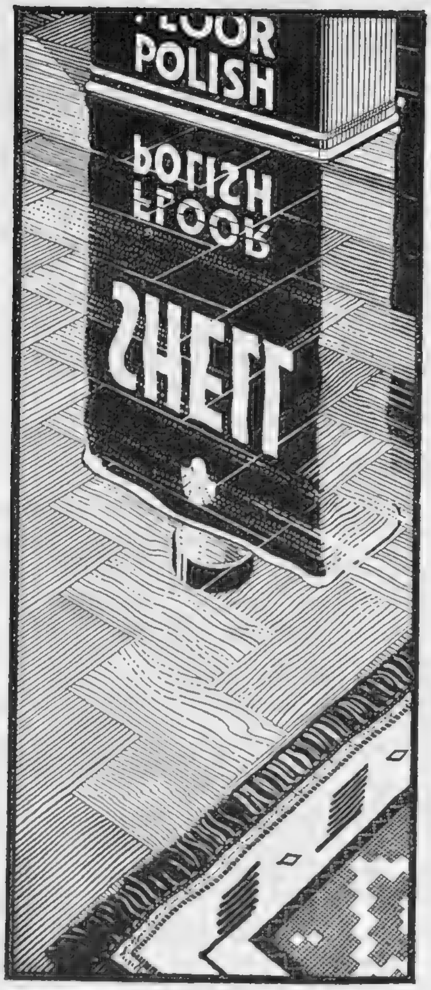
COMRADE WANG was acutely aware of that imminent alternative as he lounged back in the rickshaw drawn swiftly by the trotting coolie. Cynically expert in the mazy intricacy of intrigue complicating the Revolutionary movement, these past few months had made him an important person in that surreptitiously whispering underworld where the real battles were fought out. Conveniently prominent in the Communist Party, he was also in the inner ring of the patriotically Chinese group of the Kuomintang anxiously awaiting the moment to rid themselves of the ever more oppressive Russian tyranny. It was to a specially summoned secret meeting of that inner ring that he was proceeding now.

In the Chinese city he dismissed his rickshaw, walked through the narrow streets hung with long advertisement strips, entered a curio shop. The proprietor apparently dozed behind his counter, took no heed of Comrade Wang's disappearance into the back room. Half a dozen leaders of the Kuomintang were already there, sitting in semi-darkness.

They began business at once. Minutes were precious. The president of this committee passed round a sheet of typewritten paper. Comrade Wang read it in his turn. It contained secret orders from Borodin to the Communist Units in a brigade of Chiang Kai-shek's Sixth Army, now advancing to the capture of Nanking, already betrayed to them. Those orders prescribed an immediate massacre of all foreigners in the city, not only British, but Americans, Japanese, French and Italians as well. It was a startling reversal of the hitherto rigid Communist policy of "All hate on the British !" and at least nominal conciliation of all other foreigners. What did it mean ? What was the new game ? Comrade Wang passed the paper on in silence, his mind subtly at work to divine Borodin's ultimate purpose.

It was suddenly clear to him. Chiang Kai-shek, rendered too influential by his succession of victories, was now dangerous to the Russian plans. At any moment he might declare himself anti-Communist. Borodin was well aware that the Kuomintang was using Moscow as cynically as Moscow was using the Kuomintang. Each side was merely waiting for the propitious moment to strike the blow which should ensure its own predominance. Borodin had struck. If these orders were obeyed, there would be a united storm of protest from all the foreign nations, for once in harmony. Chiang Kai-shek, whose troops had perpetrated the massacre, would be fatally compromised with them, would

(*Continued on page* 118)



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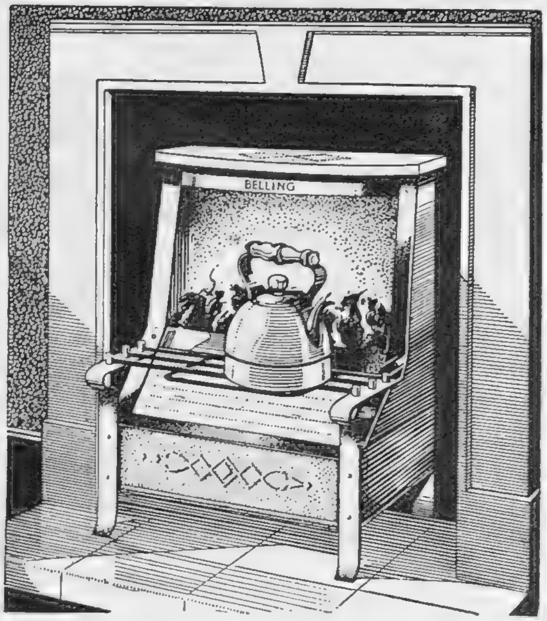

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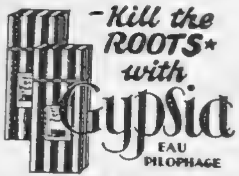

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receive no assistance in any anti-Communist move. On the other hand, the Russian-controlled "Nationalist" Government at Hankow, to whom the protest would be made, would have an excellent pretext to dismiss Chiang Kai-shek, thereby at once maintaining its "face" with the foreigners and eliminating the only possible headship of the Chinese party. Comrade Gallen had been the real brain behind Chiang Kai-shek's victories. He would be equally available for the final campaign on Pekin which would complete their conquest.

The president spoke.

"Comrades, what do you advise?"

A low-voiced discussion began. All saw what Borodin intended. No one was in the least concerned for the fate of these threatened foreigners. The question at issue was that of the best tactics to pursue—for even Chiang Kai-shek was still an incalculable quantity. They must beware of his acquiring too much personal power, lest he should dispense with the Kuomintang, and attempt to imitate the would-be Emperor, first President of the Republic, Yuan Shih-kai. Also, if it now came to a break with the Russians, they were anything but sure of being able to cope with the formidable Chang Tso-lin in the north. Yet, complicating everything, the Kuomintang must not allow Chiang Kai-shek to be ruined. Several members were in favour of informing Chiang Kai-shek of Borodin's order, so that he might prevent the case arising.

It came to Comrade Wang's turn.

"Comrades," he said softly, "I advise that we should by no means warn Chiang Kai-shek. Let the massacre be carried out. Then, immediately the affair has happened, let a copy of these orders be sent to Chiang Kai-shek. He hates Borodin as much as Borodin hates him. This will give him a weapon against him. Let Chiang Kai-shek be advised to proclaim a new Kuomintang Government at Nanking, and crush the Communists. It is an excellent excuse to get rid of these Russians. The foreigners, being informed of the cause of the massacre, will of course make their protests here at Hankow, and will secretly assist Chiang Kai-shek in whatever he may undertake against Borodin and company. The Hankow Government will be liquidated. We shall still be in power, but in Nanking. As anti-Communists, it may be easier for us to seize the International Concession at Shanghai. In any case, as all the people now hate the 'Reds,' we shall find it easier to capture Pekin. Moreover, Chiang Kai-shek's own position will be so precarious that he will not be able to set himself above the Kuomintang. That is what I advise, comrades. Let Borodin's order be carried out. Instead of ruining Chiang Kai-shek, he will ruin himself."

There was a low murmur of approbation. Wisdom was in Comrade Wang's heart. A slim figure arose in a dark corner.

"As the comrade who brought Borodin's directive to this committee," said a quiet feminine voice, the voice of Kuei-fei, "I ask permission to speak. What Comrade Wang says is quite true. Yet is there a higher truth than his. I urge that Chiang Kai-shek should be informed of this order, that the killing of the foreigners may be prevented. Not by violence will China attain to peace. The wisdom of Chen-dai speaks with my mouth."

How he hated her! She was the only woman he had ever bothered about.

"Comrade Kuei-fei arrogates to herself an authority to speak for Chen-dai," he said bitterly, "on no grounds whatever. She speaks with her own wisdom, the wisdom of a fanciful girl. I speak as a man trained in revolutionary tactics. It is essential that these foreigners should be killed. It is precisely the killing of them which will blow up Borodin and company. The event must first happen—and then Chiang Kai-shek be informed of why it happened. Only so can Chiang Kai-shek be put in such a position that he will be forced to act against the Russians to save himself."

Other members agreed. Wang's logic had carried the day. The massacre was to be permitted. Chiang Kai-shek would head the reaction it must provoke. Borodin would be blown up with his own explosive.

As Comrade Wang went out, Kuei-fei stopped him at the door.

"Comrade," she said, "you will succeed in your plan. I feel sure of it. Yet will you ruin China. Everything will fall to pieces if the Russians go now. All the revolutionary forces ought to be kept together until we reach Pekin. This playing off of one revolutionary force against another will perpetuate anarchy."

COMRADE WANG'S forecast had been fulfilled to the letter. The Sixth Army brigade had carried out Borodin's orders when it had entered Nanking, had killed all the foreigners it could, had been prevented from a general massacre only by the last-minute shell-fire of British and American warships anchored in the Yangtse. Chiang Kai-shek, informed of the ulterior purpose of the plot, had been furious. He had decimated the offending brigade, had rounded up and executed every Chinese Communist he could lay hands on, had proclaimed his independence of the Government at Hankow, had established another at Nanking. By his orders the Chinese Communist leaders were hunted down and beheaded all over the South from Changsha to Canton, where also he seized the Kuomintang Government funds. The Hankow Government had terribly "lost face," was left isolated in a pocket on the Yangtse, its existence only saved by a precarious victory over the Northerners simultaneously attacked by Chiang Kai-shek. From spring to summer the Revolutionary front was in a welter of conflicting intrigues. At the end of June Chiang Kai-shek sent an ultimatum to Hankow, demanding the disbandment of all Labour Unions, the dismissal of the Russians and the leading Chinese Communists. He followed it up by subverting the Hankow Eighth Army, and seized the Labour headquarters throughout the capital.

A few days later the Kuomintang General Ho Chien, commanding in Changsha, descended rapidly on Hankow, occupied the city, and expelled Borodin with his associates, including Eugene Chien. Moscow, appalled at this sudden collapse, published to the world a savagely angry manifesto announcing that the social and political Revolution in China was temporarily suspended, that the Hankow Government was now counter-revolutionary, to be attacked as such. Sun Yat-sen's widow, balancing between the parties, issued a manifesto to the effect that the social and political Revolution was now at an end. All over China south of the Yangtse the Chinese proletariat gave itself up with joyous ferocity to the extermination of the hated Communists.

Through that pandemonium of shrieks and yells, Comrade Wang's motor-car drove slowly on that baking afternoon. Just in front of him a mob was despatching some real or imaginary Communist, fighting like wild animals each to strike their blow. The car had to stop and wait.

With cool indifference he glanced at the horror being perpetrated. He himself was safe, wearing the armlet of a staff-officer of Ho Chien. He had publicly renounced all connection with the Communists he had associated with only to betray.

Suddenly he perceived Kuei-fei walking along the street. A diabolical thought flashed into his mind. *Now!*

"Comrade! Comrade Kuei-fei!" he called to her smilingly.

She came to the car. He leaned over, caught her arm, held it in a firm grip.

"Comrade"—the tone of his voice changed abruptly—"I invite you to ride with me."

She looked at him.

"Whither, comrade?"

"To my quarters, comrade. The summits are attained, comrade. The snow may now be trodden." He had a malicious pleasure in thus quoting her verse to her. "It is my turn now. You cannot denounce me to your Russian friends. And," he smiled significantly, "you are in danger, comrade. You see what the mob is doing?"

It was a thrill to him to see the sudden fear in her eyes.

"You mean, comrade——?"

He continued to smile, that deadly, significant smile.

"I mean, comrade, that if you do not accept my amiable invitation, I shall immediately denounce you to the mob as Borodin's own secretary!"

"But everyone knows that I was his secretary on behalf of the Kuomintang!" she said indignantly. "How dare you!"

"I dare anything," he replied. "It will afterwards be established that a terrible mistake was made—that's all." He smiled again, charmingly. "Quickly, comrade. I invite you to enter my car—this moment." It was exquisitely delicious to him thus to feel her in his power. Not now would she dare to scorn him.

She looked at him quietly.

"Never, comrade! Not even to save my life. Though the people kill me, still am I dedicate to them. One cannot unmake one's vows. And I loathe brigands such as you who perpetuate the anarchy and bloodshed of China."

He could have killed her with his own hands. In an Oriental sadism he prolonged this pleasure.

"I give you one last chance——!"

"Never!"

He jumped erect in his car, still holding her in his grip.

"Here is another Communist for the justice of the people!" he shouted.

As the mob came racing towards them with blood-curdling yells like a pack of hungry wolves, he flung her brutally into their midst.

"Drive on!" he said to the chauffeur.

With raucously hooting klaxon, the car forced its way through that horde of maddened cannibals, fighting to get at their victim.

END

Other People's Houses

(*Continued from page 73*)

two-foot frames. In this case the portraits are charming child studies of the owner's grandfather and great-aunt by Burnell, one of Lawrence's distinguished contemporaries.

Occupying the whole front of the house the drawing room is spacious, with a deep bow window on one side and an interesting wall recess on the other. Instead of having too much of one shade in the room, Lady Skipwith decided that some of the easy seats should be covered in putty-coloured and some in golden brocade. Her curtains are also of golden brocade, and the contrasting green fringe which trims them is repeated on the chairs. The standard lamps are of dull gilt in the shape of a deep cup of lotus leaves; in this the bulb is completely hidden, and the light thrown upwards to the ceiling. Greeny-blue walls and a polished floor form a soothing background to the walnut bureau, Chinese Chippendale chairs, and carved mantelpiece in stripped pine,

Lady Skipwith's own bedroom and bathroom are possibly the most delightful and original rooms in a house where good taste is everywhere. The winged upright chair and the lovely Italian bed are covered in dark red brocade, and Madame Récamier herself would have approved of the Empire sofa. The material on it is the fruit of careful search, and is a thick satin on which broad red stripes are divided by lines of corn-yellow and blue-grey. The curtains of the bow windows and the bed cushions are of the same material: while wrought-iron gates separate the bedroom from the bathroom, which has a pink marbled bath.

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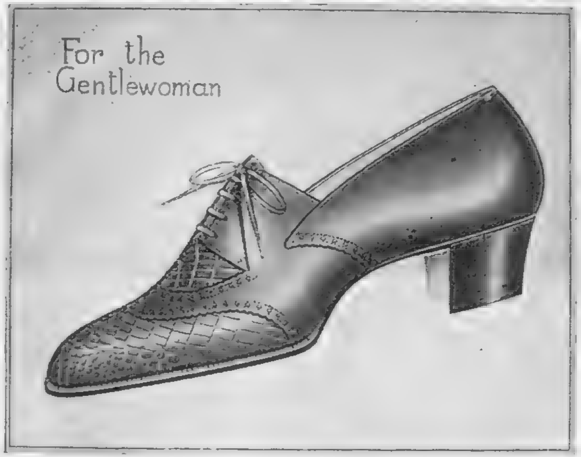

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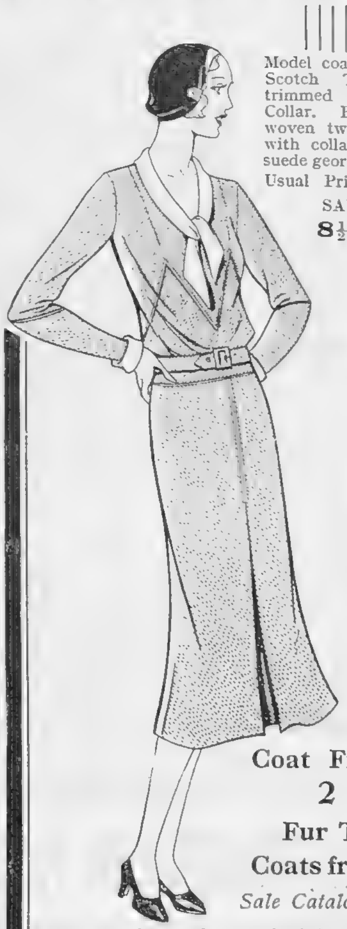

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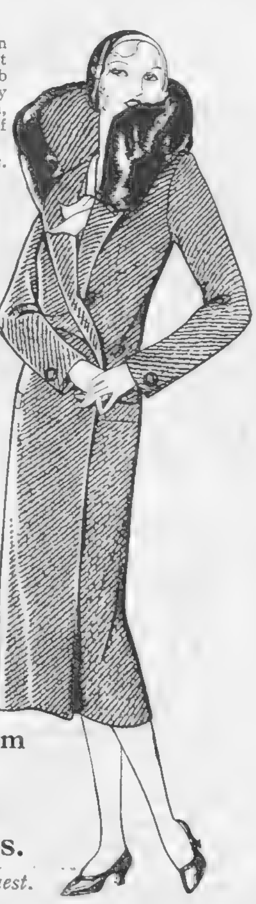

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The Private Life of the Gangster

(*Continued from page* 13)

the politicians and detectives he did business with—including one great stroke of business in which he and his gang looted a warehouse of £250,000 worth of liquor and left water in the barrels—didn't entirely approve of him; he flashed about among the girls too much. But even they had to approve his sentiments when he killed Duffy.

HE had brought Duffy in from New York to do some dirty work for him, but Duffy had fallen down on the job, with the result that O'Banion had to kill his men personally. Duffy went from bad to worse by falling in love with a girl named Mabel Exley, a dancer in a night club. You may have seen photos of Jack Diamond's fatal girl. Well, Mabel was like that, only, if it were humanly possible, sillier-looking. They lived together on the strength of Duffy's boasting. When it became clear, not only to her furless back, but to her empty stomach, that this New York killer was just a talker, she prepared to leave. Duffy's vanity was hurt. He protested. They had a row. She said if he tried to pull any raw stuff she would tell everything she knew about him. These poor little kittens of the underworld! She knew he was a killer, and had no more sense than to threaten to tell about his killings. Well, they found her quite peacefully dead in the appropriately named Carmen Avenue, Chicago. The fool killer, without money or influence, and knowing the police would get him for this, his first private and personal job, done without protection higher up, rushed round to O'Banion for aid to get out of the state. He had already let O'Banion down. He was now likely to lead a police inquiry directly to the door of the man who had brought him a thousand miles west into Chicago. "Here," said O'Banion, the bright Irish boy, "jump in my car. I'll get you out of town and we'll talk on the way." A day or two later they found Duffy on a snowbank on the outskirts of the city. He was quite dead. Five bullets.

O'Banion in his turn fell in love. She was a nice quiet girl, a Russian, Anna Kaniff. They had a pleasant apartment, and he never talked business in front of her. He introduced her to his mother, for whom, by the way, he could not do too much, either by way of money or attention. It was hard luck. O'Banion developed a domestic side and spent too much time quietly and happily at home with his wife, while the allied Capone gang were on the job day and night. Further, he was, with that fatal Irish streak of laziness, a buccaneer by preference, while Capone, with that hard Italian streak, was a super-humanly energetic and abnormally concentrated business man. In with the police, O'Banion felt too safe. He desired to retire, and performed that double-crossing coup I have mentioned. His Italian enemies lay low for two months. O'Banion was ready for them anyway. He had two gunmen guards in his flower shop, to which he stayed closer than a limpet to its rock, and he had a machine gun guard in an upper room opposite his place. Then the opportunity came. Merlo, head of the Sicilian Union, died, and O'Banion was up to his eyes in orders for flowers for the funeral. Among the orders was a telephone one for a floral wreath which would be called for early next afternoon. Thoughts of the funeral knocked apprehensions of assassination out of O'Banion's Irish head. His gunmen went out on deliveries, and he was unprotected, except for the two guns he himself always carried. Three men drove up in a funeral car. They entered, asked for the wreath, and one extended his hand to shake with O'Banion. As he firmly held the Irishman's hand his companions drew and shot O'Banion carefully in the heart, the throat and the head. O'Banion's happy private life was over.

He was buried to the accompaniment of 26 truckloads of flowers, in a silver casket inscribed "Suffer little children to come unto me." Perfume of flowers everywhere. Perfume also from the Grasse factories, imported, and sprayed on the more expensive of Gangland's women, whose befurred bodies were flanked by slickly tailored men with hard jaws and furtive glances ever active.

WE have been talking of the high fliers in the gang game, the chieftains of the tribe. Descending to the lower strata, glance at the personal lives of the rank and file, off the gang job of driving a truck of bootleg liquor, cooking alcohol in a cellar, operating a "tommy" gun from the murky depths of a gang automobile, or toting a "rod" either in defence of the big chief or in the business of bumping off someone who is annoying him. Self-indulgent, flashy, boastful, free spenders, self-conscious, cunning yet shallow, keen to look big and cut a brave figure in life and in death, they are easy tools of shrewd chiefs experienced in handling this sort of cheap human stuff. The code inculcated into them plays up to their moron vanity and serves the purposes of their chiefs. One day the guns splutter in a narrow street; there are vicious oaths, yells, the padding of fleeing feet. Two men lie in the gutter, life ebbing in the red streams from a dozen shot wounds. The police arrive before one expires. "Who did it?" asks the man in blue, bending over. "Your Aunt Maria," mutters the thug, with a tortured grin, as he dies. He hates to think that men will be saying after he is dead and rotting under the earth: "One-Finger Mike? He was no good. Why, he was yeller!" Or: "Dopey Swartz? That guy? Say, he was nuthin' more than a soft banana! When the cops come he was mother's little angel lamb."

It is etiquette to forget bad blood until after the funeral of a gentleman who has been bumped off (provided he is popular), and to pay respects irrespective of personal feelings, according to the place the dead man occupied in the hierarchy of the thugs. In a recent case where a gang captain was killed the expenses of the funeral amounted to £4,000, of which half was defrayed by subscriptions from his gang. The dead bootlegger's coffin cost £700. It was inlaid with silver. His partner presented it. It was thought a very nice gesture on his part. Only the widow complained that he might have paid for the flowers too, seeing that he would now be getting at least half of her late husband's share in a highly profitable business.

Your Pen Gives You Away

(*Continued from page* 81)

writing reproduces in miniature almost all the typical movements of her game. Anyone who ever saw her smashing stroke at the net will easily recognise that short, sharp, cutting stroke which drove the ball to the ground in the second downstroke of her *n* (see the word *can* in the middle of the second line); as also the wide-sweeping, forceful movement of her long drive in the beginning of all her *y*'s. But he will also call to mind the flexibility of the movement in which she swung back her arm behind her head to serve in the undulating strokes of the two *r*'s in the word *sorry*.

THE most typical handwriting of this dogmatic type is that of George Bernard Shaw. Even if the hundred and one anecdotes which are current about him did not daily prove this point, his writing (Fig. 6) would offer the evidence of his care and thoughtfulness in the imprint of his words, and of his claim that his dictum is the last and decisive word on the subject in question.

In our specimen the last character of every single word is more strongly emphasised than the beginning. In the word *you* the final stroke of the *u* is larger and more marked than the preceding one. In the next word, *may*, the same applies to the *y*; in the third word, *mention*, to the last stroke of the *n*, etc., until in the signature the end is even more emphasised by a fantastically long flourish, so that the last letter, *w*, is twice as high at the end as the preceding letters, which would form a sufficiently strong final emphasis even without the superfluous following paraph.

Orchestral conductors certainly reveal their calling very clearly by the strong emphasis of their directing movements. Sir Thomas Beecham (Fig. 7) writes a wide, horizontal stroke which dominates the whole signature, both over and under his name. This is the wide-sweeping movement which dominates his orchestra and calls it to attention before he raises his baton for the first beat.

A more subtle type of movement, controlled with vivid nervous force, imaginative and responsive, may be seen in the energetic and forceful signature of Furtwaengler (Fig. 8). Observe the two hooks over the *u* and the *a* of his signature. These are the musical sign for $\frac{1}{8}$ rest, such as it recurs in the beginning of the third bar in the music.

An interesting and certainly uncommon gesture shows in the handwriting of Sir Henry J. Wood (Fig. 9). Between christian and surname he emphasises the full-stop behind the initial J., and in addition to this he separates the two parts by a long, powerful stroke running from above downwards, which far exceeds the normal length of the letter *J*; under his name we find again the same movement which we have noted in Sir Thomas Beecham's handwriting as the command to attention before the beginning of the orchestral music. Here both strokes, the downward and the horizontal, are component parts of the same imperious gesture to the orchestra, the first movement of the outstretched, dominating arm at the moment when the music strikes up, and the all-embracing gesture which unites the orchestra to one single whole.

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The Lady on the Scale

(*Continued from page 79*)

together at Rugby. You see I was in the Apostles' house and he was in Slobber's."

"Then you'll know his tender ways. He spoiled two perfectly good bobbies, and left for parts unknown, the dear delightful idiot."

THE usual couple of snipers, stowed away somewhere in the bush, began to lard us just about then with their erratic efforts, and I shoved Mrs. Crawford Picton behind the sand-bags with a promptness that seemed to surprise her. "Friend Kwablah's white drill instructor keeps us lively," I pointed out.

"That's Dicky," said the lady with pride. "Of course he had to find a job to keep himself amused. I think it's rather thick of you, Major Bostock, not to have tumbled to him before. I suppose I can't ring him up to tell him that he's all the dear that ever happened, but that it's the other Mrs. Crawford Picton, the stout cat with the red hair, who's been naughty, and that the police admit extenuating circumstances, and that he can come home and shoot and break stocks as before without a stain on his character. I'd promise not even to drop a hint about matrimonial intentions, or to scare him in any way whatever."

"Sorry, ma'am. Telephoning's off. Junction engaged."

"Then if you can't arrange to send a message, I shall just have to drop in casuallike myself. Will you lend me your high-class hammock and those splendid carrier-boys again, Major?"

"Nothing doing. In an hour's time, dear lady, you go down to your canoe. By about lunch-time I've news that your fool Dicky will have wiped out the handful of Haûsa police we have here, and Kaye and I propose to go out fighting. We can decode their drum signals. Also we know the tender mercies of our Kwablah."

WE had a hefty little scrap just after that. The two snipers increased to a hundred, and in our camp we naturally went to cover. A fine cohort of Kwablah's troops were waiting for that moment, just inside the edge of the bush out of sight, and when we dived they rushed. But Kaye's a fine soldier, and he'd trained the men well. Our Haûsa police popped out of their burrows on the word, and stopped that charge with steady nickel, with only 75 per cent. misses, which is a high average for black shots.

Hell's delight was lit all right for an hour, and we even got in some pretty bayonet work. But when it was over, where was Mrs. Crawford Picton?

"Where's that dam' woman?" I said to him.

Kaye had half an ear shot off and was bleeding like a pig. He was always an unlucky beggar in a scrap.

"Pinched the hammock boys and gone all-out for the river, sir, if she's one ounce of sense."

I agreed.

BUT we were both wrong. Mrs. Crawford Picton had pushed off for Kwablah's headquarters. Of course, in my judgment, and I knew the country, mark you, it was plain suicide, and the hammock boys would look upon it in that light, and how she put ju-ju on them to make the beggars carry her is more than I can tell you. One thing's pretty plain: she must have been deadly gone on old Dicky Rùmford.

However, by some marvel she wasn't scuppered, and got there, and so far as Kaye and I and our Haûsa police were concerned she saved our bacon. There was no general attack. Colonel Rumford and Headman Kwablah fixed that up between them, and Kwablah and his men of valour marched back to their own villages outside our territory.

As there might have been a certain strain over the matter,

(*Continued on page 122*)

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B. & E., Jan.

The Lady *on the* Scale

Dicky didn't put in a polite call at my camp, and next time we blew into one another was at an Overley shoot in the late autumn. Mrs. Sarah gave her husband a rest this time, and used my shooting stick, and said how nice it was to be away from the mosquito hum.

"Stout lad, Dicky. Always was. Did you ever hear the tale of that suit-case full of stolen necklaces and things?"

"Oh, I suppose that fat Mrs. Crawford Picton with the red hair burgled them."

"She isn't fat, and she didn't. The dear female who owned them, and who is an acquaintance of yours, was doing a swindle. She insured the stuff, and than faked a burglary, and then got tangled up over the details. As it happened the brown leather suit-case marked S. Crawford Picton was yours, my dear, and not the other lady's, who, as I keep on telling you, isn't fat, and whose hair is genuine and grown on the premises, and not dyed."

Mrs. Crawford Picton looked at me rather thoughtfully. "You seem rather keen on defending the other Mrs. Crawford-Picton."

"Not at all," said I. "I'm merely stating obvious facts. Her name, by the way, has ceased to be Crawford-Picton. She is at present Mrs. Bostock, and seems reconciled to her fate. Kaye insisted on being best man, just to show there was no ill-feeling over losing his arm. I fell in love with her eighteen months ago when she cascaded off a scale in St. Pancras Station which registered her weight as eight-stone-one. The scale was wrong; she was only seven-stone-twelve; hence the shock.

"She has since owned up that she was very touched by the clever way I retrieved her when she tried to take a backward toss over her suit-case. See the idea?"

END

Desert Bred

(*Continued from page* 84)

that moment, with a rush, he felt completely Arab—"I must make my honour white . . ."

He must kill Colonel Fletcher. To-night. It was Kismet, fate—his own and the Englishman's . . .

He picked up an old Moorish dagger. He was about to slip it into his pocket. And then, all at once, he noticed that his right hand was trembling violently . . . and, with tragic suddenness, he felt something glide across his mind as with a veil of thick, bitter, black smoke—felt a terrible truth steal upon his soul with a clay-cold freezing touch . . . the knowledge that he was afraid.

He could not kill cold-bloodedly—justly, as he reasoned—though his honour demanded it, because these years spent among an alien folk, living an alien life, had fouled and degraded him, had sapped his manhood . . . and, the next second he decided what he must do:

"I must go back to the desert—back to mine own people—to regain what I have lost . . ."

Twenty-four hours earlier Letellier had come from Morocco to Paris on important business. On the following morning Hamed Ali called on him and said that he was going to resign.

The older man shook his head.

"Can't let you go," he replied. "France needs you still . . ."

"I am not French."

"Eh?" The Governor-General looked up sharply. "What's that?"

"I am an Arab."

"What's come over you?"

"The truth."

Letellier studied Hamed Ali's ravaged features.

"What has happened!" he demanded.

"Nothing."

"Don't be so secretive! Something *has* happened. I want to know."

Finally the other told him, and Letellier struck the table with his clenched fist. He was a great gentleman, a sensitive and tolerant man who had lived for years among the Arabs, who could see eye to eye with them, who understood and honoured their prejudices and their thin-skinned pride.

"Not his equal—aren't you? Well—by God and all the dear Saints—you are *my* equal!" He got up. He embraced the Arab in the French fashion. "Call me a sentimental old fool," he went on, "but I love you like my own son . . ."

Hamed Ali was deeply moved.

"I am grateful—so grateful," he stammered. "And yet—I must resign . . . For—don't you see—the next time, if I should run across Fletcher—I might not be afraid—and . . ."

"You might stick a knife between his ribs—and serve him damned well right. And then there'll be the devil to pay."

"Therefore—I must go back to Morocco."

"Right you are, my boy. But you will go back—as a French official. Have you any idea why I came to Paris?"

"No, sir."

"I'll tell you—though the news hasn't been released yet. Hell has popped loose down in the desert. The Benni Fahm have revolted. . . ."

"Oh . . ." Hamed Ali was excited.

"They've ambushed a squadron of Spahis, killed and wounded a number. I wired the Ministry at once. Ministry was all for moving down there with horse, foot, and the guns. Well—I'm against that sort of business. I believe in moral suasion. So I hopped over to Paris. Had a talk with the Ministry. Got them to see it my way. Right person has to be sent to talk sense to the Benni Fahm. And you're the right person. Willing to tackle the job?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course you must go alone—no military escort. When can you go?"

"To-day."

So Hamed Ali left Paris within the hour and, a day or two later, saw the Moroccan coast line jumping out of the coiling fog.

Hamed Ali was still dressed as a Frenchman. But, within an hour of landing, he entered a native tailor shop and reappeared, Arab from head to foot. Then he called on M. Ducastel, the local chief of the Bureau of Political Intelligence, and presented his credentials.

Ducastel was nervous and worried. Conditions in the desert—he explained—were steadily getting worse; soon the whole South would be a seething cauldron. . . .

"I'm afraid," he wound up, "the Governor-General is wrong. We ought to send troops there before it is too late."

"The Governor-General is not wrong."

"I hope so," sighed Ducastel. "For heaven's sake, hurry, Major Ali!"

THAT afternoon he left.

He travelled by train and caravan, silent with his thoughts amidst the beating of the wooden signal drums that spoke day and night with the Morse code, the chant, the gossip of all Africa, spreading the news, south, north, east, west, that thousands of warriors were rallying to the Benni Fahm, that soon their chief would proclaim *Jehad*, Holy War.

Hamed Ali knew that, once *Jehad* was proclaimed, the whole desert, as far as Timbuktoo, would be in flames; and so he hurried.

A tin of Mackintosh's famous assorted toffees, or a box of delicious chocolates of the same make, is a birthday gift that will be appreciated by children of all ages, and one that will be sure to find a welcome outside the nursery as well

He was tired. So tired. But he grudged each hour of rest. For he must get to the tents of the Benni Fahm—and he must succeed—must bring peace.

He must! How? He did not know. But it was his duty.

Not only because he was loyal to the French. Too—and mainly—because of Colonel Fletcher. Somehow, it was no longer a question of killing him. It was something bigger, finer. He must prove to Colonel Fletcher—at least in his own mind, since doubtless the Englishman would never know what was happening here, at the back of the beyond—that he, Hamed Ali, the Arab, could do this brave, this amazing thing.

So he rode on until, late on the seventeenth day since he had left Paris, he saw the chief oasis of the Benni Fahm.

He spurred his horse. As he galloped on it seemed to him as if he could hear the far, muffled echo of a mighty shouting. He entered the village; he saw there, in front of the little whitewashed mosque, an enormous gathering of men, Benni Fahm and, too, Arabs of other tribes, even of his own clan, the Benni Rahalah.

They were bunched together about a high platform. A white-robed man stood there. Hamed Ali recognised him. It was Hajji Zamil, the sheik of the Benni Fahm. He heard the latter's voice clear above the humming and zumming:

"Kill! Kill for the Faith!"

The man was preaching *Jehad*, Holy War.

Hamed Ali jumped from the saddle and ran forward. No one stopped him as he jostled and bumped into the mob. The tribesmen were too fanatically intent on what Hajji Zamil was saying.

". . . the Christians, the French, the foreigners! They are the masters—we the slaves! And why? Are we not as brave as they—as strong as they?"

On rolled his voice while Hamed Ali pushed into the crowd. He must reach the platform. He must! What would he do there? He did not know. But—he must reach the platform . . . it was an obsession in his brain—and always Hajji Zamil's voice rolling on, urging him on:

". . . and so I say to you that we must rise in our righteous wrath and strike for the Faith of Allah and the Prophet! . . ."

Hamed Ali was now within a few yards of the speaker.

"For the Faith!" his words boomed out. "Kill for the Faith! I proclaim Holy War!"

"Holy War!" Hamed Ali heard the wild chorus all about him. "Holy War!"

The next moment he heard his own voice sharply above the tumult:

"No! No! No!"

There was an amazed silence. People turned toward him, stared. He leapt for the platform. He caught the edge and scrambled up. A man of his own clan, a Benni Rahalah, recognised him.

"Hamed Ali"—he cried—"who fought for the French . . ."

"And who is still in the service of the French!" Hamed Ali declared loudly.

"Traitor!" voices bellowed angrily. "Ah!—traitor . . . ."

The crowd surged forward threateningly. Rifles and swords were raised.

He spoke more and more loudly, in an effort to be heard.

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"Listen to me, brother Moslems—oh, listen to me . . ."

Would they kill him before he had a chance to say whatever he was going to say? For an instant his heart stopped beating. Ah—he thought—the sea of faces at his feet. Savage, hate-distorted faces. Faces of men—and, too, of women. Allah—to find one friendly face among the lot—to encourage him, to make him feel less alone . . . one friendly look—one friendly smile! And then, the next second, he saw this friendly look and smile. For, directly below him, in the front rank of the crowd, was a girl—and, at once, he recognised her . . . why—Zainab it was . . . little brown-eyed Zainab of the Benni Fahm . . .

He noticed that her hair was braided with blue and saffron ribbons—and by this he knew, with a curious feeling of relief and elation, that she was not yet married . . . and there was laughter in his heart—exultation in his voice as he continued:

"The sheik Hajji Zamil has been preaching Holy War! He has promised you victory and slaughter! He was right!"

Again silence—amazed, wondering silence, while Hamed Ali went on.

First he spoke with flattery—knowing well his own race—wheedling, caressing. He acknowledged the tribesmen's bravery and strength. Yes. Momentarily they had the whip-hand. They could run through the desert like a storm and conquer it; could burn and destroy the French settlements; could kill; could dye the sands red . . .

". . . And—what *then?*" he demanded. A sinister growl came from the crowd; and he continued rapidly, with a threat in his voice and the strength of conviction. He spoke of the Day of Reckoning, the black, bitter day when the French would come, with horses and guns and soldiers—thousands and thousands and thousands—and take revenge in their turn.

"Always the spilling of blood and the price of blood paid ten times over! Holy War? And would you turn this land into a shambles—would you sacrifice your women and children because of—Holy War? If you are strong enough to fight with your hands, why are you not strong enough to fight with your brains? You *are*—if you will learn! I have proved it—I—the Arab—ah!"—with a sudden, quick look at Zainab—"the Benni Rahalah! And I—knowing both peace and war—I proclaim Peace—Holy Peace!"

Suddenly his knees tottered. The mass of heads below him heaved like the bow of a ship. He felt a dull jar as he dropped on the ground and lost consciousness.

When he came to he found himself in a large, dome-shaped tent. Something cool and moist was on his forehead. He opened his eyes. He was lying on a couch.

Through the semi-darkness he could see a figure near the entrance. It was Zainab.

He called:

"Zainab!"

She came up to him. He rose.

"You have won," she told him. "Oh, yes—you have won. Peace it is . . . and your name and fame will be wild-blown throughout the desert, from oasis to oasis . . ."

There was a long silence. Then he said:

"Years ago, when we were children, I told you that I loved you. You remember?"

"I remember."

"Boyishly I said it. Boastingly. And I say it again to-day. I love you!"

He looked at her. She did not move. Her eyes were starry, her lips parted.

Then, with a little smile, she replied:

"A Benni Fahm, I—and you a vagabond, a Benni Rahalah . . ."

"Pah!" he laughed. "And what does it matter—when soul speaks naked to soul and passion answers for both?"

And he took her in his arms. He spoke no more. Nor did she . . .

END

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The
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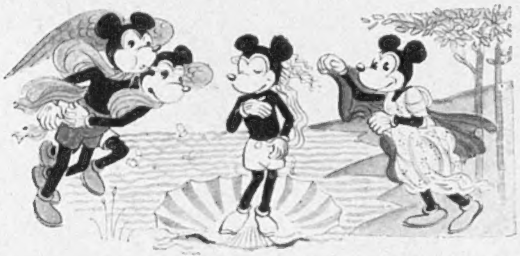
Printed by W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397, P. L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and Abroad, 18s. 6d. per annum; 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d.; and for Canada 14s. per annum; 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

THE GRAPHIC

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY THAT IS "DIFFERENT"

"It has been said that if William Shakespeare were in our midst today, he would not be writing comedies. Nor would he be writing tragedies. Nor, for the matter of that, dramatic histories. What he would be writing would be popular revues.

"This (like so many other statements) may (or may not) be true. But it cannot be disproved, any more than it can be disproved that if Johann Sebastian Bach were composing music now, he would be composing ragtime. Or that Mr. Walter Disney, who has given us Mickey Mouse, may be a reincarnation of Alessandro Botticelli, who gave us *The Birth of Venus*.



With apologies to Walt Disney and Al Botticelli

"It may even be argued that the finest artists of former ages would not have been drawn to fine art at all had there not been a widespread demand for it, and that if they had lived today, they might have been, not artists of any sort, but scientists, engineers, and so forth.

"Visitors to the Motor Show at Olympia may thus revolve the impressive thought that perhaps only by an accident of time have they been deprived of the pleasure of inspecting a Chaucer six-cylinder fabric saloon, fitted with a Palestrina engine and Tintoretto balloon tyres."

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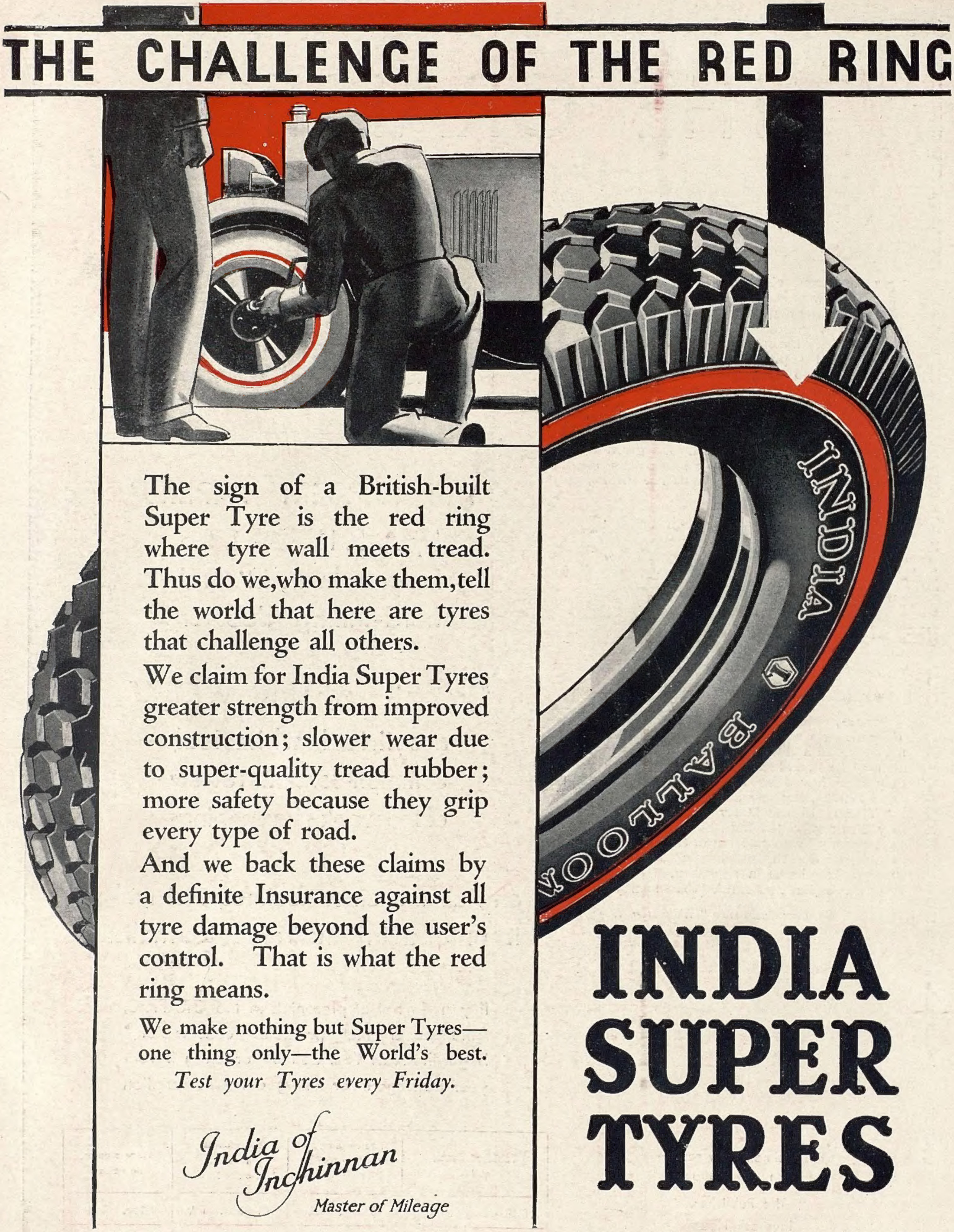

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